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MEMOIRS

OF

BARON BUNSEN.

VOL. I.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

Henry Adlard Sc.

Bunsen.

1847.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY RICHMOND.

London: Longmans & Co.

MEMOIRS

OF

Christian Charles Josias

BARON von BUNSEN

LATE MINISTER PLENIPOTENTIARY AND ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY
OF HIS MAJESTY FREDERIC WILLIAM IV. AT THE
COURT OF ST. JAMES.

DRAWN CHIEFLY FROM FAMILY PAPERS BY HIS WIDOW

FRANCES BARONESS BUNSEN.

SECOND EDITION, ABRIDGED AND CORRECTED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1869.

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PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION.

THE PRESENT EDITION is an abridgment of the Memoir of Baron Bunsen published in 1868.

The special aim held in view throughout this task has been so to shorten the original work, that no one of the many aspects of Bunsen's life and character should be lost sight of; and that, in fact, the shorter biography should convey as much knowledge of him as would be acquired from the larger volumes.

February, 1869.

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MEMOIRS

OF

BARON BUNSEN.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY YEARS.

BIRTH AND PARENTAGE OF BUNSEN—BOYHOOD—CONFIRMATION—SCHUMACHER'S RECOLLECTIONS—UNIVERSITY OF GÖTTINGEN—LETTERS TO HIS FAMILY—ABEKEN'S RECOLLECTIONS—CHRISTIANA BUNSEN.

> 'I hope I shall be pardoned for drawing an imperfect image of him, especially when even the rudest draught that endeavours to counterfeit him will have much delightful loveliness in it.'—*Introduction to 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson.'*

Bonn: 29th December, 1860.

SINCE the last breath was exhaled, and the life of life to me, and to so many besides, has been transfused to a nobler existence, one month has elapsed, during which I have unceasingly meditated on the solemn charge given to me on this very day two months ago: 'Write yourself the history of our common life. You can do it: you have it in your power;—only be not mistrustful of yourself.'

The more I contemplate the richly-filled past, the more does it present itself as a series of dissolving

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views, and the more difficult, or rather impossible, is it to produce the distinctness called for by a subject which has a right to appear as historical truth, not mingled with fiction, as is the case with many well-known personal records. But my best endeavours shall not be wanting: and the result shall go forth, claiming the much-required indulgence of my readers.

My husband was born on the 25th August, 1791, at Corbach, in the Principality of Waldeck; the child of parents advanced in life, who had married (in 1790) for the sake of companionship and mutual care in old age, and probably little anticipated such blessing upon their union. His father, Henrich Christian Bunsen (fourth son of an advocate of the same name), born 29th May, 1743, belonged to a regiment of natives of Waldeck, engaged in the Dutch service, which he was induced to enter by the promise and prospect of further provision after his term of military service should be past; that is, of such a post in his native country as should furnish opportunity of working. It was not the bread of idleness that he asked or desired. But after twenty-nine years of service in a country where, although he made friends and was much respected, he was yet a foreigner, he came back home-sick to Corbach, to find the graves of most of his family; his means of subsistence being restricted to the scanty produce of a few acres of land, and a small retiring pension from Holland, besides what his own industry in making copies of law documents might work out in addition.

He was distinguished for correctness of language, and an original terseness of expression, which caused his sayings to be much quoted by his son and daughter, and to remain firmly implanted in their minds. A valedictory utterance, when his son departed to Marburg, was—

In clothing, live up to your means;
In food, below your means;
In dwelling, above your means.

Another of his paternal precepts was—

Werde nicht Soldat. Ducke dich nicht vor Junkern.

Little as is known of the details of Henrich Bunsen's life, the few outward facts are yet of importance in the impressions which they were likely to make upon the mind of his son. He must have been possessed of very considerable mental powers; was unswerving in rectitude, founded on deep-seated Christian faith; remarkable, in an age of general laxity in moral and religious observances, for the steadiness and fervency of his outward acknowledgment in word and deed of God and His Providence in the world. He gave proofs of unbiassed judgment and independence of opinion, not 'calling evil good and good evil' because it might be high-placed in human society, a quality rare even in our own time, in spite of the public experience of the last seventy years, in which so many of the strongholds of prejudice have been broken down. He it was who implanted in the mind of his son that strong independence of the fascination of external circumstances of rank and condition, that decided estimation of the dignity of man as man, that contempt of pretensions based on the accidents of birth and station, upon which his conduct throughout life was grounded. Henrich Bunsen must have learnt well all that he had the opportunity of learning: he delighted in his Latin lore, and in reading as much as his scanty leisure allowed. He was a man of warm affections, and had dotingly loved the wife of his youth (Susanna Hofmann, married 1771), the companion of a part of his term of expatriation in Holland, the mother of his two daughters, Christiana and Helene; she died young, in 1782, in giving birth to twins, who quickly followed her to the grave. The widower, whose scanty means had just supplied the needs of himself and family while managed by a careful wife, may well have been heart- and spirit-broken on finding himself alone, the joy of his heart and eyes reft from him, with two very young daughters left in want of care, food, clothing, and education. But help was near in the person of his sister, married in Amsterdam, who obtained the permission of her husband to receive her nieces into their family. Helene Stricker is said to have resembled her brother in person and character, being of strong affections, high-principled, and resolute in the performance of every duty.

The course of military service was at length embittered to him beyond endurance by the successful opposition made to his promotion by officers of family connections: and he gave up at length, after twenty-nine years of 'hope deferred,' and returned to Corbach in 1789.

The family to which Bunsen belonged would seem to have dwelt at Corbach for centuries, and the three ears of corn in their escutcheon indicate the condition of agriculturists. Bunsen always expressed himself as proud to belong to 'that kernel of the nation, the cultivated and cultivating class of society.' His grandfather, Henrich Christian, an advocate in Corbach, born 1708, was the first of whom any record is preserved, as the family abode, with all the family memorials it contained, perished in a conflagration, which took place during the retreat of the French army in the Seven Years' War. No individual of the branch of the family to which the subject of these memoirs belonged became known beyond the narrow circle of the Principality. Another branch, resident at Arolsen, spread into other parts of Germany, and from its ramifications have proceeded several persons justly held in honour, at Berlin, Göttingen, Frankfort, Marburg, Cassel,—from one of whom descends the present celebrated professor of chemistry, a man of genius equal to his moral and mental worth, Robert Bunsen of Heidelberg.

Henrich Christian took to his wife, in 1790, Johannette Eleonore Brocken, then aged 41, who had lived fifteen years in the Palace of Bergheim, highly valued for her intelligent and devoted care of the young family of the Countess of Waldeck, Christine Wilhelmine, born Countess of Ysenburg-Büdingen, who continued to her for life the small salary which she had before received, then considered ample, supplied her with the marriage portion of house-linen and furniture which a bride in Germany is expected to bring of her own, and honoured the wedding, which took place in the church at Bergheim, by giving a dinner and ball in the Palace to the married pair and their guests. These instances of favour indicate unusual merits in the object of them: and they must the less remain unnoticed, as Johannette Eleonore has left little other trace of her existence, besides the material one of being the mother of her son. But although she took the best care of the infant years of her only child, she made upon his mind no such impression of devoted love as to excite a warm return on his part, and his first consciousness of feminine tenderness and of the maternal qualities which attach a child was awakened by his eldest sister Christiana. The portraits of the parents testify to the resemblance of the son to his father; of his mother's features none could be traced in him but her short and curling upper lip.

The birth of this son is marked by the father in his note-book on the 25th August, 1791, and his baptism on the 28th (the next following Sunday), in St. Kilian's church at Corbach. After notification of the birth and baptism, the father has added the ejaculation, 'O God, guide him by Thy grace, and let him grow up in Thy love and fear and in all virtue, to the joy of his parents. Amen. Henrich Christian Bunsen.'

This prayer was indeed heard, and answered to the full.

The same fatherly hand kept note of the date, 4th September, 1797, when his son, six years of age, began to have private lessons from a student named Merle, reading and writing having been previously taught him by the parents, whose handwriting was remarkably good. The date is also given, on the 1st January, 1798, of his reading the morning prayer out of the collection of Benjamin Schmolck* at the family devotions. When at Easter of the same year he was admitted to the Gymnasium or Latin School of Corbach, under Curtze, who was then the master, he at once took a higher class than was usual with beginners. Every date has been preserved of his progress up to the highest form, which he reached at Michaelmas, 1808, at sixteen years of age. All accounts testify to his having seized upon the information offered as a property to which he had a natural claim, achieving tasks with a power and certainty as though he already possessed by intuition the knowledge he was acquiring. Thus he became the delight of his teachers and the pride of his father, while with his schoolfellows in general he was popular, as he had always time and power to spare to execute the tasks which others had not accomplished; in return for which help he required those who possessed voices to sing to him, or when rambling in the woods to pick for him wild strawberries, which his shortsightedness prevented him from seeing on the ground.

The person whose influence, after that of his father, told most upon the years of his childhood was his sister Christiana, eighteen years older than himself, the greater part of whose early life was spent in the Netherlands. She paid a visit to her father at Corbach

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* The helps to devotion both in prose and poetry of this pious and venerable writer were widely spread in private families in Germany during the former part of the eighteenth century; and selections from them are found in Bunsen's *Hymn Collection*, published in 1832, where the catalogue of hymn-poets contains a short notice of his life.

(probably in 1798 or 1799) and had the power of interesting and attaching her young brother more than any other person, impressing upon his mind the conclusions of her powerful and independent understanding, and her principles of unflinching rectitude and sound Christianity. Her recollections have furnished the few anecdotes that remain of his boyhood. She described him as a beautiful child, fair-complexioned and curly-haired, with the bright eye and fine chiselling of features which they who have seen him to the last still hold in remembrance: self-willed and unmanageable except by his father, to whose authoritative commands he never failed to yield, as with herself he readily gave way to reason, or promised submission when she threatened never again to sing to him. An incident of earliest days might seem too insignificant to mention, were it not ever worth while to evoke a pleasing vision before the mind's eye. He had been taken out to walk at some distance from his native town, where the corn and grass fields alternated without intermediate fences, at the time of year when both were grown high. His parents walked along the path, and he vanished from their sight. After a time they searched and called in all directions, and at length found him sitting, overshadowed by the tall grass standing for hay, and so perfectly happy in seeking flowers that he was neither frightened at being alone, nor roused from his infant reverie and contemplation by the frequent sound of his own name.

Throughout life he had intense delight in air and sunshine, and the sight of God's creation; but more in its combined effect, than in its individualities; and though capable of much bodily exertion, he had no taste for exercise for its own sake, but preferred to imbibe pleasure in perfect ease and repose, as in infancy.

Between the ages of thirteen and fourteen, Bunsen was in the habit of saving all the small coin he became master of, to purchase books, or to subscribe to the circulating library of Corbach, the catalogue of which was scanty in proportion to the rate of subscription, and consisted mainly of works of a class, upon which in the whole remainder of his life he bestowed the very smallest fraction of time and attention; namely, novels, chiefly translations from Richardson and Mrs. Radcliffe: but he found there, and eagerly devoured, a translation of Shakespeare's works, which, however indifferent, was the best in existence previous to the incomparable work of Schlegel. Besides these he had read all the books in his father's small collection, and those belonging to neighbours. About this time he learnt English, from the pastor of a distant village. Glover's 'Leonidas' is mentioned as one of the books they read together, a copy of which had strayed into the possession of the pastor, whose small store formed the whole amount of English literature thereabouts attainable.

An attempt to teach him to sing, as all others were taught in the earliest school-years, was given up as fruitless. He had, however, great pleasure in hearing music, and an extremely keen perception of correct tune; but he could not accomplish the notes of the scale, and would himself relate that he could go up, but always failed in coming down again. His father had made a point of his attending a dancing class for a short time, but all endeavours proved vain to drill and discipline the movements of his limbs.

At the age of fourteen his Confirmation took place, after six months' attendance upon the regular teaching of the Pastor of St. Kilian's Church. From his recollections of the tone and tendency of this course of instruction, it must have been that of the latter half of the eighteenth century, in which a system of half-virtues and half-truths was inculcated under the name of Christianity; and it presented itself to his reflecting mind in strong contrast to the faith, which had been the support of his father through all the severe trials of his life, and to those manly Christian principles, to which Bunsen had listened with reverence from his infancy. Christian convictions, reference to Providential guidance, 'vindication of the ways of God to man,' uncomplaining endurance of an uninterrupted course of labour and struggle under narrow circumstances, were by precept and example habitually inculcated in that paternal dwelling; and these impressions were so strong at that period of his life that the plan of devoting himself to divinity as a profession was the first he formed; and it was long adhered to, as extracts from his early letters testify.

From a Letter to his eldest Sister, Christiana.

[Translation.] Corbach: 14th February, 1808.

According to your desire, I send my discourse on Hope, which, as containing the thoughts of a brother, may not displease you. It is very short, because the regulation is absolute, not to occupy more than ten or twelve minutes, which is a very narrow space for a subject so abundant. A copy was sent to the Countess at Bergheim, by her desire, and she thought well enough of it to send it for my better recommendation to Göttingen, from whence as yet no answer has been received; and I doubt much whether any can soon be expected, for the Professors are in a state of extreme oppression, the contribution of 174,000 francs being laid upon forty of their number, to be divided among them as best they can, which may well fall heavily upon many.

The oppressive and demoralising rule of Jerome Bonaparte weighed heavily upon Westphalia.

This is the place most fitted for the introduction of portions of a valuable contribution connected with Bunsen's boyhood, from a beloved schoolfellow, who survived him but a year. It seemed advisable not to suppress the latter part of this paper, written at the especial request of the editor of these pages, even though it extends beyond the period as yet under contemplation. The writer, Wolrad Schumacher, was often mentioned by Bunsen as one of the two schoolfellows between whom and himself the strongest attachment subsisted; the other being Wilhelm Scipio, selected in 1848 to be, for a short time, the ruling Minister in the Principality of Waldeck, to which he belonged. The only record of Wilhelm Scipio, who was early withdrawn from a life with which he was not fitted to contend, is in the following words of Schumacher:—'Wilhelm Scipio was an amiable youth, who, owing to his gentleness and an impediment in his speech, was much teased by schoolfellows; therefore peculiarly adapted to seek and find refuge and kindness with Bunsen, who loved what was refined and protected what was oppressed.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF BUNSEN.

By Wolrad Schumacher, of Arolsen.

[Translation.]

'The question asked is, What was the boy Bunsen? I can only reply by giving to understand what he was to me—what was the effect of his life and being upon me; and for that purpose I am compelled in the first place to speak of myself.

'I lived at Arolsen happily in the years of childhood, well off in everything that could rejoice or animate the heart of a boy. I had a father to whom I looked up as the model of what a man ought to be. . . .

'I had a mother, as gentle, affectionate, ready to help and console in all conditions and contingencies, as good a support and refuge, as ever boy had. Also an elder and devoted sister, whose bright eyes were ever lovingly directed towards me; who led me to my earliest school, and with whom my relation was one of unruffled peace. Opposite to me dwelt the friend early won and long preserved,* and his father the Town-Councillor Bunsen. . . .

'If my personal circumstances were favourable, local circumstances were not less so. The open, cheerful, well-kept town, the many avenues of oak and chestnut trees, the abundant fruit-gardens in which the town seemed imbedded, the neighbouring woods, the wide spaces for kite-flying—nothing was wanting to our enjoyment. So far all was well; but I was now called to experience the first changes of fate, and what it is in life to suffer privations. . . .

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* This was Reinhard Bunsen, who entered the public service in Prussia early in life, and died a judge at Berlin in 1863; a friend through life to Bunsen, as his father had been among the first kind promoters of his outward interests.

'On a sudden it was decided that I was to be sent to school at Corbach, where I had an uncle. I had scarcely comprehended or fancied what was to betide me, when one Sunday in November, 1805, an opportunity offered of a conveyance to Corbach by which I was to go at once. I left Arolsen with extreme sorrow, which was not diminished by the gloomy aspect of my new abode and my new teacher. But my heart did not break nor harden. All at once I found myself sitting beside Christian Bunsen, in the dwelling of his parents, kindly received by them as well as by their son. How this happened I have no remembrance, so suddenly and rapidly did all the late occurrences drag me along with them; but all at once I found myself spending whole winter evenings in that house. The father read the newspaper or a book, the mother sat by him knitting, a female servant was spinning in the corner behind the stove, Christian and I sat on a bench under the window towards the street, somewhat in the shade. Little do I recall of what was spoken, when suddenly we start up at the sound of a bell which summons me home; the leave-taking at the house-door extended to some length; then he accompanies me to my home; I follow him back to his own; till at last parting becomes unavoidable. Thus passed the winter of 1805, when in every free hour of the day I sought refuge in Bunsen's abode. . . .

'To describe the external appearance of Bunsen at that age would be a task beyond my power; but the photograph after Richmond's portrait has enabled me to recall much that was striking in the expression of his countenance even in those early years, particularly in the eye, with its bright clear depth, conveying the consciousness of cheerful, or rather joyous enthusiasm; while the strength of character and power to rule and influence was instinctively felt, as though remaining in reserve until the *will* should summon them to action.

'The father of this remarkable boy was a little aged man, of strongly expressive features, with penetrating resolute eyes and bushy eyebrows; decided, hot-tempered, but, when the outer world showed itself peaceably towards him, full of kindness and good-nature. Firmness, faithfulness, and integrity were clearly denoted in his whole countenance, and also the power and will to defend himself to the uttermost against any aggression. He had quitted with honour the Waldeck-Dutch military service, his right shoulder and leg both injured; but in spite of this infirmity he retained his upright carriage and military demeanour so thoroughly, that when, in exercising on certain days in the year a company of country militia, he stood in soldierlike bearing in his plain blue and yellow uniform with scanty epaulettes, sword, and cane, he might have been the very image of a worn and weather-beaten old English admiral. Except on such an occasion, or when, in his private capacity or in that of a citizen, some right was to be maintained, he rarely showed himself in public. He lived upon a small pension and the produce of an insignificant landed property, with the help of what he could earn in transcribing the business papers of an advocate of Corbach. . . .

'The mother was a small delicately-formed woman, always active and occupied with the objects of her care; casting looks of respect upon her husband, while looks of love were all bestowed upon her darling son. Both parents lived in the love and fear of God, and in habits of prayer and religious edification. . . .

'Christian Bunsen's own small room was in the upper story, towards the garden. Here, during my Corbach school-years, did I go in and out, finding my friend never otherwise than occupied, full of zeal and earnestness over his books. In the morning he was up with the sun, which shone straight into his window, looking to the east. During the summer evenings, when I came in the twilight to fetch him to walk, he was reading or writing, but ever turned from his occupation to receive me with bright kindness. Throughout the school, he was admired as a genius, but by no one so much as by myself. . . . In knowledge and comprehension, no individual could measure with him in any degree, and his laboriousness cast all the rest into shade. The execution of an essay of forty-one pages, set as a task, in one week, was unheard of except in his case; and the sixty pages of fair transcript accomplished in one Sunday for the procrastinating advocate, to help his overtasked father, might well astonish those aware of the fact. Yet more was his memory matter of astonishment. On a day of school-examination, Counsellor Bunsen of Arolsen, who was the appointed commissioner, expressed the wish to hear Schiller's poem of "The Bell" declaimed the following day, and the question went round who would volunteer for this performance; but as no one had already learnt the poem by heart, no one would offer to learn and recite it in that short time. Christian Bunsen, however, nothing daunted, and believing in the possibility, accepted and executed the task. . . .

'I never saw him playing at games of skill or chance, nor indeed at any festival or fruit-gathering; he loved to bathe, and sometimes would play at ball, also at chess or picquet with me alone, on which occasions I found that the niceties and refinements of the games were almost instinctively perceived by him. I had opportunity of observing the right feeling which dictated his behaviour towards a very young female cousin, who was for a time on a visit to his parents. She was thoroughly shy and apprehensive, but the kindness of his little cares and attentions soon gave her courage even so far as to venture to join in our conversation. His notice of her was not owing to any preference, but granted as due to her tender age and her relationship.

'His share of the payment of the advocate, which his father failed not punctually to deliver to him as soon as obtained, was scrupulously laid by and never broken into, that it might accumulate into a sufficiency for the purchase of books (such as a new edition by Wolff or by Voss), which when he was so happy as to have acquired he hastened to secure from injury in a handsome half-binding. I have never met in life a more passionate lover of books, and with the bookbinder he entertained ever a sort of intimacy and sympathy. Sometimes would he let fall a word about *India*, which was unaccountable to me, as at that time I connected only a geographical conception with that name.

'His behaviour towards all his teachers was exemplary; but his relation to each of them was different, and the variety of feeling was denoted distinctly though delicately, whether by tone of voice, or the expression of eye, or a more respectful distance in manner; but even where he doubted the authority of the weaker head, no sign of disrespect was suffered to appear. His gratitude towards the dispensers of instruction was invariable and deepfelt. . . . With regard to his schoolfellows in general he was the most inoffensive youth in the entire school, but in self-defence, if aggression were attempted, he could be terrible in expression of countenance and resolute demeanour; when, however, these means of intimidation had proved sufficient, sunshine returned instantaneously.

'*Plus ultra* was Bunsen's motto during the time at Göttingen; later, as is well known, he chose *In silentio et spe*.

'The great event of his stay at Göttingen was his first literary attempt, an Essay on the Athenian Law of Inheritance, which obtained the prize, and attracted much attention. He accomplished this work in the summer of 1812, during which he attended the lectures on the Pandects by Hugo, in order to take in the whole subject of laws and customs regarding inheritance, which he also went through with Dr. Reck, or, according to his own expression, caused to be beaten into him. On the important day of decision (15th November, 1812) I was stationed at the *aula* to bring instantaneous intelligence of the name to which the prize would be adjudged—to him who waited at home. I took my post close to the door, and as soon as Mitscherlich, having unfolded the sealed paper, had read the name, 'Christianus Carolus Josias Bunsen,' I ran off without hearing what followed. The joy which my news created is not to be described; it had no check, and seemed to have no end, making its way in rapturous demonstrations. At such times Bunsen was most attaching, pouring forth his very soul of light and love towards his sympathising friends. Great was my surprise the next morning early, to find him at his work, absorbed as usual, as though nothing uncommon had happened.

'The demeanour of Bunsen was peculiar and original under the anticipation of any critical turn in life. Moved evidently in his inmost consciousness, he yet seemed to behold that which was impending as without him, or rather above him. From whence help was to come he doubted not, the question *how* occupied his serious cogitations; yet did he live on cheerfully the while in a certain quiet confidence. . . .

'I saw Bunsen on his return from a visit to Berlin in 1828, at his birthplace. He had issued forth from that dwelling with the thatched roof ten years before and was now a man upon whom many eyes and hopes were fixed. How handsome and how winning did I feel him to be! how greatly was I impressed by the maturity of his entire being, the grand style of that countenance, of energetic earnestness, never so striking as when lighted up by a smile! It was at this time that his likeness to Napoleon I., which in his journey through France in 1816 nearly brought him into trouble, was especially observed. (A portrait of Napoleon as First Consul, presented to the town of Brügge, and now hanging in a hall at the Townhouse, may be mentioned as bearing a remarkable resemblance to Bunsen at this time.) In the year 1845, on his way from the Castle of Stolzenfels, I saw him again in his native town, and in 1852 I was with him on "the second Capitol" as he called Carlton Terrace in London. (This was an allusion to his words on leaving the long-enjoyed dwelling at Rome. In strongly compressed emotion he exclaimed, on passing through the door, never to be re-entered, to his wife and surrounding friends, "We go to build up another Capitol.") His head had then gained a new beauty in soft and waving silvery hair; otherwise in nothing did I find him altered.

'Overlooking his life, as I now can from first to last, I behold ever the same thread, the same tissue: I have never perceived a change, and to believe that any such had taken place would be impossible to me. At the time when his influence was great with Frederick William III. and with the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick William IV., great was also the spite entertained against him in well-known circles:

a consequence of which was his being accused of "intrigue," and of being more sly than any man in the monarchy. I consider such tendencies to have been foreign to his nature, and that no crooked ways can be found in his course of action. The words of Gustavus Adolphus, used in allusion to himself, might apply here also: *Qui se fait brebis, loup le mange.** . . . .

'The current of certain conviction, rising from the depths of the heart, flows through the works of his riper age, in his "Hippolytus," in "God in History," in the "Introduction to his Bible Work:" like the gulf-stream, imparting renovating warmth wherever its influence reaches.

'Bunsen's mother died the 27th December, 1819, his father on the 18th January, 1820. In the Church Register at Corbach, after the notice of the death of the latter, are inscribed the words "Hominis probi," by the incumbent, Pfarrer Weigel, well known as strictly conscientious, loving and observing truth: and such a testimony to the worth of the deceased is the more to be noted, as single in its kind in that register.

'Had the death of that man's son been marked in a similar manner in the Register at Bonn, I can for my part entertain no doubt as to the words which would have been suitable:—but the significance, the worth, the importance of Bunsen's life, character, and works, are not yet acknowledged, according to his full desert, in the father-land: as they one day will, and as I believe they are beginning to be unfolded.'

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* Reinhard Bunsen, speaking of the subject of this memoir in a letter dated Berlin, 28th December, 1841, confirms this statement of the jealousy which many persons of distinction felt towards him at the time referred to. 'Apart from his being,' he says, 'a *parvenu* and not *noble*. . . his demeanour, which is that of a man who crouches before no one, is peculiarly hateful to them.'

During the combination of home-life with the school-teaching of Corbach, Bunsen's father had made it possible, by dint of industry, to bear the cost of his son's education; but, to meet University expenses, other help was indispensable, and as early as 1802 application was made for one of the 'stipendia,' or scholarships founded by the liberality of former rulers of Waldeck, for the support of students at the University of Marburg. The testimony of merit granted by his master, Christian Freybe, dated May, 1808, was most forcibly worded; yet it was not without difficulty and delay that, at the intercession of his godmother the Countess of Waldeck, Bunsen obtained the small allowance of fifty thalers, with which he set forth on the 29th October, 1808, with five fellow-students, towards Marburg, being entrusted with the money intended for three of them, besides a hundred thalers, the remnant of the savings of his father's hard working years. His account-book, still extant, shows that he most scrupulously fulfilled the trust reposed in him.

Bunsen always remembered with pleasure the year he spent in Marburg, and was strongly impressed by the picturesque aspect of the town, the beautiful architecture of the church of St. Elizabeth and the surrounding country; but he was soon convinced that it was too small a University to offer the opportunities he needed, both for advancement in his pursuit of knowledge, and for giving instruction to others with a view to self-support. It is recorded that Arnoldi, the chief Professor of Theology at Marburg, expressed regret at Bunsen's not having been induced to remain there and follow that course of study; the more so as he had once preached a sermon in the church of St. Elizabeth, as it seems, with general approbation.* Bunsen mentions in one of his early letters an apprehension that neither his voice nor chest were strong enough for the calling to which he then felt most inclined—a circumstance which may well surprise those who had opportunity of observing the uncommon power of both these organs, even to the close of his life. The decision to leave Marburg, and thus renounce the scholarship granted for studying at that especial University, was an act of great moral courage; for he was well aware that at Göttingen his expenses would be greater, and his apparent means of meeting them still more inconsiderable; but he reckoned upon the opportunities offered by the more distinguished University, and upon the countenance of the distinguished Heyne† (to whom the Countess of Waldeck had recommended him), and, above all, he was conscious of the 'man within him,'—

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* It is not unusual in German Universities for students who have attended the lectures of Professors of Divinity to be invited and encouraged to preach occasionally, even though they may not have decided finally upon following up that career.

† Heyne was at that time the leading classical scholar in Germany, and his edition of *Virgil* is still a standard work. His place as a commentator is described as being not in the critical school, but rather among those who draw the reader's attention to the matter treated, and to the æsthetical merits of the author.

> 'And, full of sanguine youth's ingenuous creed,
> Thought worth must rise and talents must succeed.'

The enlargement of mind and liberality of views which caused the father to grant the meed of his approbation to the determination of his son, without any attempt at controlling his freedom of action by the dictates of common-place prudence, is worthy of the more admiration as his was an authoritative nature, and, during the childhood of his son, when he had expressed his will, he would be obeyed. But he had formed a just estimate both of the abilities and character of the treasure granted to his old age, and, far from trammelling his independence of action, he granted him the support of his confidence as well as of his devoted affection.

In October, 1809, at eighteen years of age, Bunsen entered Göttingen, where Heyne, full of years and of honour, received and treated him with paternal kindness, perceiving from the first that he had to do with a student of uncommon gifts and acquirements, and meeting with the sympathy of genius the confiding nature of Bunsen. But the memorials of this golden period of life, as Niebuhr calls it—*Die goldene Zeit des Werdens*—are, unhappily, very scanty. A few letters only have been preserved.

Letter to his Parents.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 25th March, 1810.

This letter will be unexpected by you, but yet more unexpected the intelligence that you will find in it, which has been to myself no less surprising. . . .

Last Friday, Heyne sent me by his servant some puzzling passages in Persius and another writer, and wrote to desire that I would make a commentary upon them, and bring it to him on Saturday afternoon. I knew nothing of any further object, but sat down to work and wrote my essay, carried it to him, but found him so busily engaged with other persons that I could not anticipate having more than a momentary interview to deliver my paper. But I was at once informed by him that I was appointed to give four hours of instruction in Latin every week to the third class—he said he thought that was a thing I should like. He was well aware of my condition and my wishes. I had fixed in my mind to go to him next Sunday to ask to be helped to an opportunity of giving private lessons, which request I had already made to Professor Bunsen. The work will give me little trouble. What salary I am to obtain I know not; it will not be considerable, but something at any rate, and a foundation stone.

Letter to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 7th October, 1810.

I am now in a very convenient position, residing altogether with the son of an American merchant named Astor, boarded and lodged in the best manner. . . . My own studies in Latin and Greek are necessarily somewhat interrupted in consequence, but, on the other hand, I have occasion to improve in English, and such a mode of life is in more than one respect useful to me. . . . It is at the least a satisfaction that my teachers have chosen me for this post out of the whole mass of students. I continue giving my lessons as before in the school, because I retain thereby something certain in Göttingen. God's providence will order all for the best, if I perform my own obligation, and duly exert the powers that He has given me.

In February, 1810, little more than three months after he reached Göttingen, he was recommended by Heyne as teacher of the German language to William Backhouse Astor, son of the celebrated Astor of New York, and thus commenced a connection which led to important results; in the first instance as securing his independent position at the University, but chiefly because he and Mr. Astor became attached to each other. The latter took so much pleasure in the society of Bunsen, as to endeavour more and more to secure his company and guidance, wherever he wished to direct his way through Germany.

It would seem, however, that during the first year, 1810, Bunsen remained entirely at Göttingen. In 1811, after a short visit in April to his parents at Corbach, he accompanied Arthur Schopenhauer (afterwards known by his metaphysical writings (on a tour to Gotha, Weimar, and Jena, during which he was some time in the house of the then celebrated Frau Schopenhauer, the mother of his companion, who showed him every possible attention, although he could little have harmonised with her family in taste and opinions. The time he spent with them was important as his first introduction to the remarkable men of Weimar, who met in Madame Schopenhauer's house, where he had the gratification of being presented to Göthe.

Bunsen's time at Göttingen was spent in constant and energetic mental activity, divided between the instruction of Mr. Astor and his own varied pursuits, diversified by those social meetings among friends entertaining the same views of life as himself, and walks into the country with favourite associates, to which he ever looked back with peculiar satisfaction.

In the autumn he made an excursion with Mr. Astor to Dresden and Leipzig, and returned the 18th October to Göttingen, where at Easter of the following year, 1812, he was appointed teacher of Hebrew in the highest form of the school, and for Greek in the next form,—a distinction which in his letters he mentions rejoicingly. The habit formed under the auspices of his judicious father of rising in the morning long before the hour when even the most industrious began their day's labour, stood him in good stead. During his years at school, his father was the person who always woke him at three o'clock in the morning, and at the University he never failed to secure for himself the undisturbed morning hours. He had through life the happy faculty of sleeping at will for minutes whenever fatigued in body or mind, after which he became fresh again to go on for hours.

His 'Essay on the Athenian Law of Inheritance,' the prize for which was adjudged to him in November 1812, is said to take a standard position in the study of Athenian jurisprudence. The premium received on this occasion was twenty-five gold ducats; and so much attention was attracted by this effort of the young student that three months later (12th February, 1813), the University of Jena bestowed upon him the unsolicited distinction of a diploma as *Doctor of Philosophy*. The essay exists to this hour only in the original Latin; for although, from passages in his letters in the years 1817 and 1818, he would seem to have contemplated publishing it in an enlarged and more complete form in German, this intention was never fulfilled.

Bunsen to his Parents.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 1st January, 1813.

All blessing be upon my dear parents in the new year! Neither in person nor in the form of a letter could I accomplish appearing before you at the beginning of this year, but at least from my room I pour forth my greeting. Never did I commence a new year with more emotion than now! When in the night of the last first of January, I sat solitary before my desk and looked over the series of wishes and of questions which in the same midnight hour two years ago I had written down, gazing with joy and hope into the future; and when I then contemplated the images of my past life, and considered how the Almighty has blessed me from earliest days in such kind parents, and otherwise so variously, and later, in a land of strangers and in a doubtful position, had cleared up my dark anticipations and fulfilled my timid wishes; and when at last, turning to the present, I beheld a sufficient and satisfactory response to my yearnings after the future, in the guidance of my life, by ways so unexpected, to a point where I now tread those fields of knowledge which I had then loved rather than seen,—in the midst of friendship and happiness fully as great as I had ventured to desire, heightened by the remembrance of those who are dear to me;—then did sadness steal over me, and a melancholy doubt seize on my spirit, lest I should have enjoyed and possessed too much of good for the share of a mortal, and that some hard blow might tear away a portion of the blessings granted, to remind me of the transitory nature of all that is earthly. And yet has the year now past proved one of the most cheerful and fortunate in my life. Even the loss of Heyne reminds me of the abundant kindness he showed me to the very last. You will therefore feel how solemn was the consciousness with which I met its last hour.

The whole Christmas time had been very precious, in allowing me one week in which to live entirely to myself and the Christmas festival brought a store of bright recollections from earliest childhood. I kept the holy eve with Ludwig Abeken, of Osnabrück, whom I have known since last autumn, and who is bound to me like a brother: with him, and a few others who are dear to me, I read the beginning of the Gospel of Luke and other portions of the Bible, which I have often before me, besides Plato and other books of study in Greek. The next morning I decked out my room with branches of fir and tapers, and a pianoforte, which I had borrowed for the festival time, as my friend plays it remarkably well. The following evening we met at supper in a somewhat larger party, but only of friends and habitual associates, and did not separate till after midnight. Through the days between Christmas and the New Year study was unremitting, but on New Year's eve I finished the large and important Greek book with which I had been busied. At ten o'clock I went with Becker of Gotha (son of a well-known author who is now imprisoned on that account by the French at Magdeburg), with Ulrich of Jena, and Susemiehl of Kiel (both students of medicine), and also with my old friend and countryman Wolrad Schumacher, to the room of my Osnabrück friend for a social meeting. Thus we were a company from all parts of our fatherland, and composed of all faculties: three philologers, Abeken and myself, each reckoned as half a theologian, one student of divinity, two of medicine, and one of law. Outside, the entire long street shone with light and reverberated with music, vocal and instrumental. Then the clock struck twelve, all doors and windows burst open, and the street was alive with human heads and the voice of congratulation. We however, in deep silence, touched glasses to honour the expiring year, and severally embraced without the power of uttering a word, till after a pause we joined in the fine song of Voss: 'The year's last hour tolls forth with deep'ning chime a solemn sound.' Then did the gloom of the imminent parting and the probability that for the last time on earth I now looked upon many of those around me so possess my mind, that I could not refrain from tears, and by the time they came to the last verse I was wholly overcome, which seldom happens to me. Towards one o'clock we again became cheerful, and with singing and sound of guitar we moved homewards to my dwelling, where Schumacher remained with me. I began the work of the new year with that which had most occupied me in the last. Next morning I received the cordial salutations of my three favourite pupils.

At Easter, when I come to you, I shall beg for the ring which you presented to me four years ago.* As to America, pray be not anxious; thither I shall not go as long as a Germany yet exists.

An account may here find its place, which Ludwig Abeken, the friend mentioned with such endearing terms in the foregoing letter, gave of Bunsen at this time in a letter to a brother, dated the 16th November, 1812, which has already been printed elsewhere. After details of utter depression of spirits, consequent upon a morbid state of body (in fact, as was known later, of an incipient tumour in the head, which caused, alas! not many years after, the premature death of this gifted youth), Abeken continues as follows:—

[Translation.]

. . . . I feel irresistibly drawn to that admirable being: he met me with all the more kindness and tender consideration as Ulrich had informed him of my state of melancholy; and I left the house touched and comforted.

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* The ring in question was his father's betrothal ring, given to Bunsen on the solemn occasion of departing to the University, and which he evidently declined to take possession of until he should have 'earned his spurs.'

On Sunday afternoon, they both came to fetch me for a walk on the Plesse,—and ever did it become clearer to me what a treasure I have found in my new acquaintance; in every subject of conversation was revealed the depth and polish of his mental cultivation. The ruins of the Plesse roused my mind to new pleasures; in these as in Paulinzelle, trees rise out of the fallen building, just as in myself also new life had sprung up, and I could now turn a free and cheerful glance upon the world. On the way back, Bunsen joined me apart from the others, and related much of Heyne, to whom he has been considerably indebted for his advancement. We talked of Sophocles, of Plato, of Johannes Müller, of Herder. He told me what I might expect here in the way of philosophy, and what an enjoyment he had procured himself in the establishment of a philosophical society, which he invited me to join. I answered that I believed myself unequal to the requirements of the society, but he argued away my doubts, and I heartily thanked him for the offer. It was so unusual, that a man whom I could love and honour should advance to meet me! Hitherto, whenever I had found such, it was I who had to make the way; and now did one of a standing far above mine, whom from the first moment I had loved and honoured, approach me closely: and this consciousness did my heart good. We resumed our conversation on the Antigone. Bunsen asked me with an indescribable look, a beam of kindness and benevolence, whether we should not be brothers? What a blessed moment was that! I had not known before what it was to have a friend, and now my heart expanded. I could speak little, but the whole gloomy past vanished from my sight, and I held fast the happy present. I spent the evening at Ulrich's, where Bunsen also was. After supper he read passages out of the New Testament,—that of the man who built his house on the rock, that of the lilies of the field, and the last chapter of John. Never had I felt so happy; my life, and what I am capable of becoming, seemed to clear up before me. The contemplation of a friend, so far advanced beyond any other of those devoted to study in Göttingen, far from discouraging, inspires me with courage and power to urge my way forward, and strive to become worthy of him. . . . As suffering had left me no quiet, so joy allowed not of my becoming composed. My entire being is changed; my friends call me in sport the New-born, and they are right: what I never thought to attain, the unclouded enjoyment of the present, and the power of holding fast and employing the moment, is granted to me in the highest degree. Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock I went with Becker to the lecture-hall, where Mitscherlich, in the presence of the assembled University, made a Latin address, at the close of which he announced the names of those to whom prizes had been adjudged. Imagine my delight when he finished with the words:—*Auctor victricis commentationis est Carolus Christianus Bunsen.* I rushed off to Bunsen, who assured me that the joy of his friends over his good fortune was more valuable to him than the prize itself. . . .

The following letter breathes the same exalted and enthusiastic sentiments:—

Bunsen to Agricola.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 1812.

C. Bunsen on the blessed Christmas Day
Hails his friend Agricola!
Blessing and salvation in the New Year!

. . . . When I think what an amount of all that is good and precious has flowed out to meet me in the course of the last year, and feel the joy of life within my heart, and courage by the activity of love to do good among my brethren—then this room becomes too narrow for me, the sky before me pours forth radiance, and with every gush my fulness of joy grows warmer, fuller, and more intense!

And then does the consciousness seize me of the all-ruling Nemesis, which dwells in the bottom of man's heart, and recals him from exultation to sobriety of joy in life,' with more or less sternness, compelling his return to self-possession, when happiness, even though fairly won and lawfully enjoyed, would have floated him in its exuberance over the bounds of humanity.

It is not so difficult to endure misfortune; but good fortune is a heavy burden, and to bear it as one ought is a difficult art to be learnt. This idea floated before me indistinctly in earliest childhood, in the brightest moments of existence; and more clearly in overlooking the history of the revolutions in things human—where the contemplative spirit may discern an influence above the whirlpool of events, by which all human purpose, when it has once transgressed its limits and ventured beyond its natural boundaries, is consigned inevitably to penal retribution. In the study of antiquity, this thought has pointed my way like a lightning flash; and never may it be lost to my consciousness!

To the Same.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 13th July, 1813.

. . . . Poor and lonely did I arrive in this place. Heyne received me, guided me, bore with me, encouraged me, showed me in himself the example of a high and noble energy and indefatigable activity in a calling which was not that to which his merit entitled him. He might have superintended and administered and maintained an entire kingdom without more effort and with yet greater efficiency than the University for which he lived: he was too great for a mere philologer, and in general for a professor of mere learning in the age into which he was cast, and he was more distinguished in every other way than in this. Consider what it was to have guided the studies, influenced the mental cultivation of two generations, during half a century!—and, what is more, to have estimated and rated at its just value a far higher condition of intellectual development, with a measure of insight and devotedness just the reverse of what was attributed to him by the narrowness of opinion, founded only on the casual and insignificant utterances of his mind. And what has he established or founded at the cost of this exertion of faculties?

Learning annihilates itself, and the most perfect is the first submerged; for the next age scales with ease the height which cost the preceding the full vigour of life. Yet, two things remain of him, and will not perish—the one, the tribute left by his free spirit to the finest productions of the human mind, and what he felt, thought, and has immortalized in many men of excellence gone before. Read his explanations of Tischbein's engravings from Homer, his last preface to Virgil, and especially his oration on the death of Müller, and you will understand what I mean. I speak not of his political instinct, made evident in his survey of the public and private life of the ancients. The other memorial, which will subsist of him yet more warm in life than the first, is the remembrance of his generosity, to which numbers owe a deep obligation, and which in me at least has left traces not to be effaced.

Should I ever be able to effect anything not unworthy of him at least in scope and intention, to his manes shall it be in gratitude consecrated.

The 7th April of this same year 1813 is marked as the date of his setting out on a journey with Mr. Astor by Frankfort and Würzburg to Vienna, from whence they went on to Milan and the lakes of the north of Italy, receiving intelligence of the great events by which the French armies were driven out of Germany, like indistinct echoes from a distance listened for with intense interest.

Letter to Wolrad Schumacher.

[Translation.] Vienna: 14th May, 1813.

Although I have been for more than a month almost every day further and further removed from you, it is as if I had in fact come nearer; for no difference of calling, no separate occupation, now keeps us asunder, and the former immediate contact of our souls, in which we lived only for our friendship and were *one* in will and deed, I feel with all its strength vibrating through my heart's longings. If the course of life, after once drawing us together, has thus again parted us, let us nevertheless, in the innermost of our being, remain united! . . .

Bunsen to Ernst Schulze.

[Translation.] Munich: 1st July, 1813.

. . . I have found more in Munich than I had ventured to expect: by Jacobi I have been received with uncommon friendliness; he has interested himself in a truly paternal manner in me and my concerns, which was the more gratifying, as I had been informed from the first that he was often found, even by his friends, cold and distant, under the irritation produced in his sensitive nature by recent events. In his house and through his introduction, I have seen and made the acquaintance of many remarkable men. . . . But I have not thereby been confined to one set. Schelling before all must be mentioned as having received me well, after his fashion, giving me frequent occasions of becoming acquainted with his philosophical views and judgments, in his own original and peculiar manner. His mode of disputation is rough and angular; his peremptoriness and his paradoxes terrible. Once he undertook to explain animal magnetism, and for this purpose to give an idea of Time, from which resulted that all is present and in existence—the Present, as existing in the actual moment:

the Future, as existing in a future moment. When I demanded the proof, he referred me to the word *is*, which applies to existence, in the sentence that 'this *is* future.' Seckendorf, who was present (with him I have become closely acquainted, to my great satisfaction), attempted to draw attention to the confounding the subject we (*i.e.* him who pronounces that sentence) with the objective: or, rather, to point out a simple grammatical misunderstanding—in short, declared the position impossible. 'Well,' replied Schelling drily, 'you have not understood me.' Two Professors (his worshippers), who were present, had meanwhile endeavoured by their exclamations, 'Only observe, all *is*, all *exists*' (to which the wife of Schelling, a clever woman, assented), to help me into conviction: and a vehement beating the air—for arguing and holding fast by any firm point were out of the question—would have arisen, if I had not contrived to escape by giving a playful turn to the conversation. I am perfectly aware that Schelling *could* have expressed and carried through his real opinion far better, *i. e.* rationally. I tell the anecdote merely to give an idea of his manner in conversation. But the result of my intercourse with him has been an unlimited respect for his intellectual powers and for what he has done towards rationalising the natural sciences: and I reckon greatly upon him for the clearing up of several points, for the most part not of a speculative nature, which are ever pursuing one another in my head with contentions *for* and *against*.

I converse almost daily with Thiersch: he is animated, active, dexterous, and clever in a high degree, at the same time communicative and extremely obliging—most charming when in good humour. He lives here in most desirable conditions, and with prospects still better; and will, without doubt, hold the first place within his especial field of action. But upon one point we cannot agree, and that is no less than the fundamental principle of philology. We have already given up the attempt to convert each other: I at least have not swerved a hair's breadth from the point of view which I have held these two years, and I intend rather to apply what I mean, than attempt to *prove* it. At the suggestion of Thiersch, I have taken part in the instruction in the Persian language, which he and a few others receive from Scherer. But my principal occupation is the study of criminal law, and the collecting of generally useful knowledge, to me as unknown and foreign as to my friend, and which there is here every encouragement to obtain. We intend, for instance, to make a second excursion to Landshut with Wiebeking and Reichenbach, whose telescope is considered to be better than Herschel's. In reading law we are assisted by Feuerbach himself, who has granted to me and my researches a most encouraging reception.

Thus does the morning pass, mostly in work, which we occasionally interrupt by resorting to the collection of objects of art to behold the Apollo, or a painting of Guido's, or the like, or by making visits (which, I am glad to say, here are not stiff but generally agreeable), or by the sight of military exercises. In the afternoon various sights are visited, and the evening is spent in society or in the theatre. At the end of the day I let the present and the future contend with remembrance, until all are blended by the soothing power of dreams, and variously brought again before the soul. But the 'hour of prime' again belongs rigorously to the present and future. Thus does life glide easily along, and my position becomes daily more agreeable and valuable to me.

A passage in the journal of Ernst Schulze, the poet, records and describes members of the band of intimate friends, who ministered so effectually to each other at Göttingen, and who all admired him as their ornament.* It is dated 9th May, 1815, but the intimacy of the writer with Bunsen was of earlier date; and many other parts of Schulze's MS. contain notices of meetings with his friend.

On recommencing his journal, after an interruption of nearly one year and a quarter, of which time about half was spent in active service during the campaign against the French in 1813, E. Schulze describes his state of melancholy on his return to Göttingen towards the end of that year, and then writes as follows:—'My isolation led me back to my friends. By the untiring efforts of Bunsen our whole circle, consisting of Lachmann, Lücke, Reck, Bunsen, and myself, and further widened by the addition of the admirable Brandis,—also in intimacy less close, by that of Brandis's brother, of Jacobi, Klenze, and Ulrich—was brought together again. A spirit of zealous but friendly emulation arose amongst us; and on a certain cheerful evening, at my suggestion, we made a vow, each to each other and to all, that we would effect something great in our lives. It was a noble circle, in which an oppressed heart could expand and breathe again,—Bunsen, the man of kingly and all-ruling spirit, considering all branches of knowledge, all forms of mental exertion, but as means to accomplish a single great object,—who, open at all times to every sort of impression, could with indescribable power appropriate and make his own all that seemed in nature most opposite,—who, with the keenest, and at times appalling clearness of intellectual perception, united a depth of sympathising feeling, and who, with an energy, ceaselessly diverted into a multitude of channels, never lost sight of his object;—Brandis, whose cheerful faithful heart beamed from his countenance, and in whom much learning and keen intelligence had not lessened the power of pleasing, and being pleased;—Lachmann, fine-grained, critical, satirical, and witty, but with the vague longings of a heart that knew not its will or its way, of irritable fibre, and almost feverish temperament;—Lücke, in all the radiance of prosperous love and of religious enthusiasm, upright, firm, earnestly endeavouring after a sphere of active usefulness, yet deeply meditative, and inclined to mysticism:—lastly, the unimpassioned Reck, ever taking care of his friends, ever provided with good advice for every one, having a clear and intelligent but always politic view of life, and making amends to his associates by zeal and faithful attachment for his want of susceptibility of the beautiful, and for the absence of polish and refinement. The bond which united us was at this time riveted for ever, and I hope that our country will experience for good the effects of our association.'

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* In a letter from Bunsen of 1841, he thus mentions Schulze:—'He was one of my dearest friends, after whom I named my son Ernest. Of a circle of nine who lived together at Göttingen in the momentous years from 1809–1814, he was the first who left this earth; his affection towards those left behind, you will see expressed in his poem 'Cecilia.' There never was a nobler mind; he was a poet by nature, of chivalrous patriotism, despite of bodily debility: of immense learning, and as a friend, faithful and affectionate.'

This passage is in the original as eloquently expressed as it is fervidly conceived; and now, after the lapse of nearly half a century, it revives mournful reflections on the short and joyless career of the writer. He who records the troth-plighting of this brilliant group of friends was the first to depart from a life, of which the most desirable distinction was that of having been beloved, admired, and regretted by all within his sphere of influence, in a degree hard to be comprehended by those, whose only further means of judging of him are derived from the biographical memoir compiled by Markgraff. He therein appears 'driven on the waves of this troublesome world,' without rudder or compass, as having, even in such early youth, lost the freshness and elasticity of the moral fibre, so that a morbid longing after excitement, in order to escape self-consciousness, destroyed all capability of joy, or satisfaction in existence: and he died heart-broken, from having wilfully built on the sand. Poems of his were published, and are still much read, all showing poetic powers of a high order employed on insignificant subjects. His joining the Volunteers in the campaign of the year 1813 may be here mentioned on account of an anecdote proving the attachment of Bunsen, who, when he found that Schulze was not to be prevailed upon to desist from his purpose of risking with a weak constitution the hardships of military service, himself went to Hanover to make such representations to the officers who collected and commanded the Volunteers, as might induce them to assign to Schulze a position in the staff or otherwise among those least likely to be called into action. Bunsen on this occasion first saw and made his application to Augustus Kestner, himself one of the Volunteers, and appointed by General

Beaulieu to receive and register applicants. The request was, in fact, attended to, for Schulze had his wish of joining the ranks of the defenders of his country, and yet returned unscathed from the campaign. Lachmann attained the distinction anticipated for him, among critical and philological writers, being reckoned among the first in rank, as well as among the founders of the new school of criticism. His 'Edition of the New Testament' is now regarded as the basis of the purest text of the Gospels. He therefore succeeded thoroughly in fulfilling the engagement entered into by the friends, though his course was cut short by sharp sufferings at a comparatively early date. Lücke was not called away from active and happy usefulness, till after he had accomplished his literary purpose in a critical edition of the Gospel of St. John, attaining high estimation as a theological teacher and writer. Dr. Carl Reck and Prof. Ch. Aug. Brandis were the last survivors of that distinguished group: and the latter is to be congratulated as having also fulfilled the design of his life's labour, in completing a 'History of Greek Philosophy.' Extracts from Bunsen's letters will mark the love and the high estimation, in which he held his peculiarly valued friend Brandis from the first years of University fellowship to the last hours of life; and it would be neglecting one of the near interests of Bunsen's heart not to mark that sentiments analogous to those which he entertained have been the willing tribute paid by all minds privileged to approach with any nearness to Brandis, whose portrait in the passage quoted from Ernst Schulze will still be found accurate in resemblance. Brandis, though deprived by death of the object of his deepest affection, was happy in the possession of what all nations and ages have proclaimed the best of earth's treasures,—a family of sons, well endowed in body and mind, high in merit and in honour. Reck, after being a guide and oracle to his younger companions at the University, lingered on at Göttingen until every living interest in the place had died away or been withdrawn elsewhere: his distinguished faculties unemployed, except in writing occasional pamphlets, and his originally kind disposition soured, perhaps by comparing his own lot of insignificance with the distinction attained by his early associates. His letters of unsparing comment, and advice, and clear-sighted calculation of the future, were always held in great account by Bunsen, gladly received and carefully preserved. Another of the intimate friends of Bunsen was Wilhelm Hey, beloved and honoured by the whole circle, but not enumerated in the preceding list because he had sooner quitted the University than the rest. His was a refined and poetical spirit, although he possessed mathematical genius and power of highest rank; and his beneficent life as a teacher and an example of the purest Christianity closed in 1855, in the parish of Ichtershausen, near Gotha. Agricola died a worthy President of the Consistory at Gotha; he and Becker were sons-in-law to Friedrich Perthes, whose biography (the work of his son Clement, Professor at the University of Bonn) is a worthy monument of a man, not merely good in himself, and a promoter of good, but great in influence and efficiency, whose existence has in a manner consecrated the places of his habitation on earth, and whose spirit, in moral power, is yet felt to be living among his descendants. The letters received from Friedrich Perthes in Rome were among the most welcome to Bunsen, from his wide and intelligent grasp of fact and reality, whether in the moral, intellectual, or political conditions of society, as well as from the utterance of the cordial sympathy of the honoured writer. Becker was highly valued at Gotha as a publisher, and called by his fellow-citizens to posts of honour and trust, lastly to the German Parliament at Frankfort in 1848. He died in 1865. Hey's 'Poetical Fables for Children,' illustrated by Otto Speckter, ensure to his name the gratitude of posterity, as well as of his contemporaries. But, as is often the case with first-rate characters, the man was better still than his works.*

Bunsen to Becker.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 13th May, 1814.

. . . What season† could be better suited for the full and joyous consciousness of one's own happiness, or for the cheerful celebration of festivals of love and friendship, than the present? And also, when was a louder summons heard to joint efforts in the great work to which we look forward, for the awakening of the great day, whose faintest dawn already refreshes our innermost life, and gilds our holiest moments of joy?

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* In the days that preceded his dissolution Hey was for ever heard pouring forth his soul in beautiful verse, with sufficient distinctness of enunciation to be taken down in pencil by some of those that surrounded his bedside. 'Precious Elijah—songs like unto those of the dying swan!' exclaims Bunsen in a letter of November, 1855, 'an instance of mortal man being carried to Heaven alive, *i. e.* a spirit returning to the Father.'

† Congratulation to Becker upon a joyful event in his family.

Each of these sentiments has no doubt long possessed you, heart and soul. You have extended to me the right hand of fellowship in the first and last duty of man, to serve his fellow-creatures, even when I appeared to deviate from the line of our common aim. Nothing but the innermost conviction that on my return I should find myself more vigorous, more steady for the appointed task, could have excited me just in this festival-time of our nation to act unhesitatingly upon a resolution, long cherished, and acknowledged to be the right one. . . . Through the day each of us friends is busied in his own peculiar field of occupation, our paths remaining separate; but the leisure of evening brings us together to converse upon what our usefulness for the nation may be, and how to start upon it worthily and manfully. We are resolved to let no opportunity pass of labouring in the good cause in any way in which we shall be conscious of strength and calling. This spirit in us has been yet more roused by the entrance of a fourth into a circle, a young East-Frieslander, Mitscherlich, —who having studied principally Oriental literature at Heidelberg and at Paris, is preparing here for a long and important journey to those regions. The similarity of his convictions and aims soon brought him into nearer intimacy with us; and as his uprightness and candour of mind could not but open our hearts towards him, so did his clearness of understanding and strength of will command our esteem, as well as enliven and strengthen our own purposes.*

On these points we are, I think, agreed, viz.:—That now or never Germany ought to obtain a strong Constitution, sheltered from despotism: That every one should be not merely permitted, but bound to make known, openly and fearlessly, the opinions which he holds conjointly with many worthy and rational men: That in no European country more than among us has a political instinct for the common weal been so long wanting, and is still wanting so far as action goes: That many have bent their necks under a disgraceful servitude, and also oppressed the free spirit in others: That no need is so pressing as to do for Peace what has been done for War. Most of all are *we* bound to serve the public, who have not been allowed to raise an arm in battle and upon whom, consequently, the fatherland has double claims.

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* Mitscherlich's purpose in life underwent a change. He distinguished himself greatly as Professor of Chemistry at the University of Berlin.

A call from without soon made itself heard.

The remaining portion of this letter, and several more letters to the same friend, record the first occasion of Bunsen's writing for the Press, to remonstrate against threatened, and in part enforced alterations in the administration of his native Principality of Waldeck, by which the time-honoured remains of genuine Teutonic self-government would have been lost for ever under a modern Napoleonistic centralisation. Whilst he was engaged in writing, a general protest from persons of weight in the small State was laid before the great Minister Baron Stein, then at the height of his power, and through his advocacy with the Allied Powers the Edict, though already in progress of execution, was revoked. For this reason Bunsen's pamphlet, carefully worked out and elucidated by references and documents, needed not to be published. Without any regret but with a quiet satisfaction at having fulfilled a public duty he laid aside this his first political Essay.

Mr. Astor, having been summoned to America by his father, left Göttingen in August 1814, under a promise which he faithfully kept, even exceeding it in punctuality, to return to Europe within two years. Hereupon Bunsen had started also, as we have seen, in the company of his friend Brandis, with Holland for his final object, there to visit his sister Christiana. 'I cannot express,' are his words, in a letter of 18th September, 'how full my heart is in the thought of at last seeing you. Surely in sight of the haven, Providence will not suffer me to be shipwrecked! But you must anticipate my arrival in a quiet spirit, and not form such an image of me in your fancy as would make me shy of presenting myself in person. May the Almighty keep and preserve you!'

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Rotterdam: 1st November, 1814.

. . . After celebrating the Festival of Victory at Cologne (the anniversary of the battle of Leipzig, Oct. 18) I hastened on, and found indeed my own sister in heart and mind. A few days filled up the long chasm of eight years' separation. She has given way to my entreaties to accompany me back to our own fatherland. I shall not be at Göttingen before December 1.

The meeting which thus took place proved in its consequences an important epoch in the life of Bunsen, not only from riveting the bond which had connected him from early childhood with his sister, but from the deep impression which he received of religious life in Holland. He had imbibed the reality of Christianity from the devout habits of his earliest home, from the tenor of his father's conversation, and from his unflinching faith and courage; but since he had been among men, no mind had been capable of acting upon him in such a manner as to develop and expand the religion of childhood, which, on the contrary, had to struggle for self-preservation in an atmosphere of indifference and forgetfulness. He had received his mother's Bible as a farewell gift on departing for the University, and was one of a small number of students who had not ceased to make use of such a book. In Holland he came into immediate contact with his sister's strongly defined opinions and into the spiritual atmosphere of men and women of commanding intelligence, for whom Christianity was an all-pervading element and guide of sentiment and conduct. 'Their religion not a restless doubt, still less a composed cant, but a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating, the whole of life:—it testified incessantly and indisputably to every heart, that this earthly life, with its riches and possessions and good and evil hap, is not intrinsically a reality at all, but a shadow of realities, eternal, infinite; that this time-world plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of eternity; and man's little life has duties alone that are great' (Carlyle, *Past and Present*, p. 90).

Bunsen ever retained a grateful recollection of the short time spent in Holland and of the kindness with which he was received there, and would dwell with pleasure on the respect inspired by the serious, unpretending manner of carrying out the weightier matters of the law, 'judgment, mercy, and faith,' conspicuous in Dutch society. From Rotterdam he made a tour to Leyden, Amsterdam, and the Hague.

In a letter from Leyden, November 27th, 1814, he suggests diplomatically that his sister may complete her preparations for departure as well or better in his absence, and assures her of his arrival within the week, if she shall announce being ready to accompany him to Sardam or Amsterdam, as she may decide upon one or the other as the point from whence to make their excursions together; after which they will direct their way to Corbach. But on the day for which he had announced himself, his sister received a half sheet of paper, half-burnt in haste and excitement, containing the words—

[Translation.] 3rd December, 1814.
(Birthday of my friend Ludwig Abeken.)

Triumph! triumph! dearest sister, could I but run and show you the spoils of this day! but I can only write, and that very shortly. Only think! to-day was an auction of Oriental MS., among which was one, of which perhaps only eight or nine exist in Europe—worth at least 300 thalers. I went without any hope of obtaining it, and I have purchased it for *twelve* florins! Besides this, I have bought eight others, which I could at once sell in Germany for 100 florins. These shall cover the expense of our journey, but the first I keep. Oh! I am so glad!* Your

CHRISTIAN.

Maria Christiana Bunsen, the elder half-sister, who exercised much influence over Bunsen's younger years, and remained during the whole of her life the object of a respect and affection on his part rather filial than fraternal, was the first-born of her father's first marriage, and entered, on July 15, 1772, on a life which proved a nearly uninterrupted course of severe trial. Her power of quick observation and strong feeling was early exercised by sharing and witnessing the energetic struggles and patient endurance of her parents during the first ten years of her life. Calamity seemed to reach its height in the death of her mother and the twin infants. Her consequent removal, however, to dwell under the care of her Aunt Helene Stricker (married and settled at Amsterdam) was fortunate in its effect on the development of her character and the formation of her principles and habits of life; for the aunt was cast in a similar mould to her brother Henrich Bunsen, and united the same vigour of mind and character to the same clear-sightedness and self-devotedness. But her wholesome influence and judicious management ended too soon for the full benefit of her niece; for a short and violent disorder carried her off in the year 1787, when Christiana, barely fifteen years of age, had nearly been driven to follow her only proctectress to the grave, by the combined effects of vehement grief and of unmeasured blood-letting. Christiana was laid low for a time, and blighted for the whole of life, never having known aught before but the health and strength which her tall and well-formed figure and clear complexion seemed to indicate; and never throughout her lengthened existence did her nerves recover a healthy tone. The widowed uncle acted the part of a charitable relative in retaining the two sisters under his roof until the elder found a home for herself, and the younger could be received by her father at Corbach, after his second marriage. In the note-book of Henrich Christian is the statement that his brother-in-law had received into his family, and caused to be instructed in Christianity, his two daughters, Maria Christiana and Helene Friderica, with the addition, 'May God bless him and his only child for this!' The pressure of such unavoidable protection was not, however, lightened by a personal relation of affection as in the case of the deceased aunt; and it may be easily conceived how bitter to the high spirit and unsubmissive nature of Christiana was the necessity of waiting until she could attain a position in which her maintenance would depend upon her own efforts. She entered upon the arduous duties of companion and sick-nurse to an aged invalid lady. This difficult relation turned out satisfactorily, inasmuch as she was highly approved of, and returned by sincere attachment the kindness of her protectress, who bequeathed to her an independent provision after a long period of service, in which her remains of natural health and strength were effectually dissipated by fatigue and nearly total seclusion from fresh air, in sharing the room inhabited by her rheumatic patient by night as well as by day, where every aperture, even to the very key-hole, was carefully closed up against the possible entrance of air. The date of the old lady's death, after which Christiana entered upon a period of unshackled activity, has not been ascertained; but the beginning of this laborious imprisonment must have occurred between the year 1787, when her aunt died, and 1789, when her father left Holland and the army, and settled in his native town, therefore when

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* The MS. so peculiarly exulted over was of the Persian poet Firdusi: this purpose of selling any of these acquisitions was never executed.

Christiana was between fifteen and seventeen; to which period is also to be assigned the short bright vision of the poetry of life, which came across her track but to vanish. Her acquaintance with a young officer of good family, named Faber, can have been but of very short duration, but it was sufficient to originate in him a preference so exclusive, and an attachment so decided, as to last for life. On occasion of his being under military orders to remove elsewhere, he wrote to express the sentiments which had been no secret to her, and entreat her to write to him and keep him informed of her place of abode, against the time when he might hope to return in circumstances of fortune such as would enable him to marry: an expectation not vague and unfounded, as his parents were wealthy. This proposal Christiana with trepidation showed to her father, who had a paternal interest in Faber, from his having been in a manner consigned to his care by relations, and who on that account considered his honour concerned in not allowing of any engagement between the young officer and his portionless daughter, whom he accordingly ordered to refrain entirely from answering that letter, or carrying on in any way any sort of correspondence with the writer. The harsh command was implicitly obeyed. It was not difficult to conceal the destination of Christiana, and the enquiries instituted by Faber, after her father had left Holland, failed to elicit the name of her place of abode. The regiment to which he belonged was ordered off on distant service, as forming a portion of the French army (Holland being then under the compulsory direction of France); and two-and-twenty years elapsed before Faber made the discovery that the object of his early and faithful attachment lived at Amsterdam, independent and respected. A meeting was appointed for them in the house of a female friend. Faber was easily recognised as less worn by the brunt of war than she had been by the struggles of every-day life; but in the pallid and emaciated woman of thirty-nine he could at first find nothing of the girl of seventeen, whom he had left in bloom and freshness; and the secret anguish of both, as in confidential conversation they mutually unravelled the web of their separate course, and traced the particulars of the divided existence which seemed as though it must have lasted for life, may be imagined by those whose sympathies have not been so absorbed by fictitious pictures of suffering, as to find the romance of real life insipid. The stunning shock of the first glance once overcome, Faber was not long in retracing the qualities of heart and powers of mind, which in combination with long-lost youth had so long fixed his affections. He urged upon Christiana the immediate fulfilment of the engagement which, though never formally made, had yet been faithfully kept, and the more, as he was under orders with his regiment to form a part of the myriad army then collecting by order of Napoleon I. for the campaign of 1812 in Russia, and his leave of absence was on the point of expiring. But Christiana insisted upon the delay of their marriage, until he should have returned from the Russian expedition—from which he never came back. Thus his departure from Amsterdam was to them a final parting. She had long to wait before anything like certain intelligence, that Faber was in the number of the fallen, arrived to confirm apprehension; and before it came, the failure of banks and of mercantile houses throughout Holland (consequent upon the unsparing extortions of the Imperial government) had swallowed up the whole of the funds from which she derived her maintenance—the result of the labour and endurance of the best years of life. Without health and without earthly hope, she was therefore thrown upon her own powers of mind and body for subsistence, the more difficult to obtain as her pride suggested the keeping her unmerited misfortune secret. For a while she struggled on, retaining the same neat lodging as before, executing fine needlework for the linen warehouses, and meeting her daily expenses as she could with the produce of her industry, until her sight began to fail, and the already shattered frame gave way. A kind-hearted physician came unsummoned, and suspecting the cause to be the want of care and comfort, communicated in confidence his observations to a few of her friends, whose character and kindness would have deserved at her hands a willing and not compulsory communication of her distress. From that moment all appliances for the sick were supplied anonymously, with that persevering delicacy of benevolence so remarkable in Dutch society. On her recovery, she submitted to the necessity of disclosing the facts of her condition to two female friends, one being Madame de Bischong (related to her former invalid protectress), a lady who considered her large fortune to be the patrimony of the poor, and whose life was spent in the endeavour to relieve misery of every kind. She, from that time, made Christiana an allowance sufficient for her comfort, as long as she was without other provision, that is, until her brother was in a condition to maintain her.

The visit of Christiana to her father in her brother's infancy (which probably took place in 1798 or 1799) would seem to have been undertaken as a home-return for life; and the great affection which began and subsisted between her and the engaging child, whom every circumstance combined to make the sole hope and joy of a sorrow-stricken family, would have seemed reason sufficient for bearing and forbearing, in order to be able to remain under the paternal roof. But Christiana, though strongly attached to her father, had not enough of the spirit of conciliation in her nature to remain on peaceable terms with her stepmother and younger sister, except at a distance; and the perpetual contact and friction of uncongenial characters in a household of limited means became intolerable. Her return, therefore, to Holland, and to a life of independence, active usefulness among the poor and sick, and more desirable social relations, was felt by herself to be a necessity. But her father was never reconciled to the loss of her society; and the need which he felt of his daughter's presence must have been made clear to the son at a very early age, as is proved by allusions to the subject, and to the reasons which might induce her to prefer living in Holland, and even in schoolboy letters. This eager desire to make it possible to visit her, as soon as a journey from Göttingen could be afforded, is continually made evident, as well as the hope that his arguments, brought to bear in person, would be more effectual than in writing, to secure her returning to make amends, as far as might be, for his own absence from home. Of his sister's misfortunes and indigent condition he had no idea till they met, as has been said, in October 1814, when the day after a recognition, almost as rapturous as though the parties had been lovers instead of brother and sister, she disclosed, in a paroxysm of tears, that she was not only penniless, but indebted to friends for her support, without prospect of relief but from him, as her bodily powers in their broken condition were utterly incapable of any kind of labour or exertion. The sympathy of the hearer was roused, as may be imagined, but no fear or mistrust was felt as to his being enabled to bear the additional weight, which so unexpectedly fell upon him, far as he was as yet from any distinct prospect of personal independence. He never, through life, shrank from responsibility, however great the personal risk incurred, and had a strong conviction that what ought to be done would be acomplished, even though the means of accomplishment were not visible; as Providence would help, if only he should not be wanting in courage and perseverance. His sister must not be left a recipient of the alms even of her high-minded friend—that was clear; and she must be prevailed upon to re-enter the paternal household (in a far less expensive country than any part of Holland), where it might be within his power to contribute to meet the cost of her maintenance, until he should be appointed to a professorship, and thus be enabled to offer her to share a home of his own. He accordingly reconducted her, as it were, in triumph to his father's house, where he caused by his presence the last gleam of joy that ever visited it; for not very long after this date his good father's powers of mind and body declined together, and the year 1814 would seem to have been the last of full intelligence and self-possession.

In that year, in the accustomed note-book, Henrich Christian reckoned up the amount of his earnings—'Account of cash-receipts, by God's mercy obtained for transcribing law-documents, between 1793 and 1814: sum total, 3,020 thalers 33 groschen;' and he made three copies of the whole, one for each of his children.

CHAPTER II.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH LÜCKE—NIEBUHR—PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES—MR. ASTOR—VISIT TO PARIS—PROJECTED JOURNEY TO AMERICA AND INDIA —ITALY—MR. CATHCART—ROME—LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

THE beginning of the year 1815 found Bunsen again at Göttingen, in a course of vigorous study, and of a species of social intercourse, which, though affording useful relaxation from close application, brought his faculties into no less strong action. Such habitual communion of aspiring minds, all fixed on intellectual progress, enjoying their own and each other's development, not suppressing high spirits, nor losing individual independence in partisanship, but by common consent 'snatching the life of life' in a free interchange of thought and opinion, at the last moment before parting to be dispersed in various directions to their manifold destinations, is a spectacle which, it is to be feared, belongs to the past only; and the high poetry (Sophocles, Shakespeare, Göthe) which ruled the hour in these social meetings, alternating with 'heart-easing mirth,' will rarely perhaps be found among the pastimes of any modern University.

In a letter written in 1861, by Herr von Bethman-Hollweg, mention is made of the sensation produced by Bunsen's suddenly quitting a lecture-room in the Göttingen University, in indignation at the unworthy manner in which the most sacred subjects were treated by a certain dignified teacher of rationalism. The '*Herr Abt*' (a title in some places retained from Romanist times) paused at the interruption produced, and hazarded the remark, that 'some one belonging to the Old Testament had possibly slipped in unrecognised;' which called forth a burst of laughter from the entire auditory, all being as well aware as the lecturer himself who it was that had mortified him. The date of the occurrence is not given. The members of the circle of Bunsen's peculiar intimates were all well known as being, each from his own point of view, in opposition to the ruling system of so-called religious instruction at that time.

Bunsen to Becker.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 20th March, 1815.

My journey into Holland last autumn was one of the most agreeable that I ever made. All that this remarkable people possess—land, language, manners, art—is so entirely of one character, and, as it were, out of one mould, that nowhere, perhaps, could the connection of these appearances with one another be more clearly perceived. Thus also is the inner nature and the history of the poetry of this nation a counterpart of their school of painting. In all, the German, or, if you will, the Teutonic character, is worked out into form in a manner more decidedly national than anywhere else. Perhaps I may one day carry out the theme which rests on this example.

This journey has yet more confirmed my decision to become acquainted with the entire Germanic race, and then to proceed with the development of my governing ideas For this purpose I am about to travel with Brandis to Copenhagen to learn Danish, and, above all, Icelandic.

To Lücke.

[Translation.] Copenhagen: 16th June, 1815.

Beloved Lücke!—The sun shines brightly over the sea and the green slopes, which extend from the last line of waves to my cheerful dwelling: the noise of the town disturbs not the calm of my spirit, in which the sunbeams of memory are reflected, clear as the light of heaven in the water-mirror. Thus, I can fancy myself back again in your happy circle, on the flowery turf, in the garden, or in the snug corner of the friendly room. I have never thought more of Germany than in these latter days—now in gladness, and now in sadness—and often seem to myself as if transported, out of the ocean teeming with life and restless in motion, into an artificial pond, in which nothing short of a tempest from without could create even a ripple on the surface, and impede the process of corruption. This is a just image of the contrast between the present national life in Germany and in Denmark. The sacred enthusiasm for the common cause of the country is found to have died away, soon after you have crossed the Elbe, at least on my line of travel: the cultivator of the soil in his solitary abode exults in not seeing a soldier, and in not being obliged to become one, and knows and cares not what takes place beyond his own narrow horizon. The inhabitant of the town is only troubled by the stagnation in trade—and all national spirit is wanting. . . . In general I work alone with Brandis till three o'clock, then we join the Brandis family, and either remain with them till midnight, or from thence proceed in the evening to the beautiful royal gardens, or visit some friendly house (of Oersted, Oehlenschläger, Kaalrupp, &c.), or return to our own peaceful rooms. Visits have become more frequent, as I had need of practice in Danish conversation, instead of poring constantly over books; but they will again give place to the regular study of Icelandic, which I am about to begin. I put off till later making longer expeditions through the garden of Freya, as the Danes, not unfitly, name Seeland. The society here is pleasing, as being easy and unconstrained, and animated by musical talent, but is not otherwise calculated to produce a strong impression. I am most intimate with Oehlenschläger, who reads with me his own tragedies, and is by far the most gifted and cultivated man among the Danes. He is vain of himself and fond of display, but in a childlike, rather than an arrogant manner. Brandis's father * is decidedly the most distinguished and powerful individual whose acquaintance the journey to Denmark has procured to me; his stores of universal knowledge, his penetrating intellect and extreme animation, above all, his strong rectitude of judgment and unprejudiced views of life, proceeding from manifold experience, join to render intercourse with him profitable and invigorating, as well as enjoyable to me.

Bunsen to Reinhard Bunsen at Berlin.

[Translation.] Copenhagen: 15th July, 1815.

No letter from home; but one from you, without which the day would have passed very gloomily, as the newspapers are not cheering; they have not yet announced the entry into Paris, and have been altogether silent about Blücher since the 26th. Yet I will dismiss anxiety—God will surely grant a good issue—and I shall give myself up to the feelings of joy called forth by the much that is to be rejoiced in. How often do I wish to be only for one hour in Germany, above all in Prussia, to share and communicate my enthusiastic exultation and thankfulness with thousands and millions of souls equally inspired! that is the only thing here wanting to me.

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* Dr. Brandis, after an extensive practice in his native city of Hildesheim, and having made himself known by medical writings of high merit, was called to Copenhagen as Physician to the King of Denmark.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation,] Copenhagen : 10th October, 1815.

In answer to an enquiry addressed to Niebuhr by Brandis, he writes as follows :—

'That State in Northern Germany which gladly receives every German, from wheresoever he may come, and considers every one thus entering as a citizen born, is *the true Germany*. That such a State should prove inconvenient to others of inferior importance, which persist in continuing their isolated existence, regardless of the will of Providence and of the general good, is of no consequence whatever; nor even does it matter, that in its present management there are defects and imperfections. Taking all in all, I would not exchange our nation for that of ancient Rome.'

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin : 21st November, 1815.

We left Copenhagen on the 30th, and soon encountered heavy gales. Our little boat was nearly capsized by the waves. The greatest efforts of our sailors with their oars were required. At last, on the 6th, we reached the harbour of Swinemünde. To consider Berlin as the centre of action for the newly awakened spirit is just and right; but to suppose the results hitherto obtained to be equal to existing demands would be an error. As an ideal treatment of the empirical sciences, and especially of history, had formerly taken root here, in opposition to the ancient lifeless and material system of study, so now a tendency to realism is wholly supplanting idealism; and it is on the ground of positivism that the new University is based, the impossibility having been felt of resisting the spirit of the age. Lachmann ought to come here with his Propertius : he may be sure, not only of subsistence, but of honour. Schulze must accompany him. With much awe and reverence did

I approach the great men of learning, and left them, with increase of the latter, but discarding the former. My visits to Neibuhr, Schleiermacher, and Solger demand the first notice, but I can now only speak of those to Niebuhr. It would be hard to describe my astonishment at his command over the entire domain of knowledge. All that can be known seems to be within his grasp, and everything known to him to be at hand, as if held by a thread. He met me at once with the advice to carry out my project of an Oriental journey of linguistic research for the Prussian Government. I should gladly write to you much more of Niebuhr—in particular of his indescribably pleasing and benevolent manner, which alone accounts for his not being repulsive and harsh, with so much decision of character and opinion. His heart is evidently full of kindness. . . . On Saturday, he took Brandis and myself to dine with the so-called *Lawless Club*,* and made us acquainted with Savigny, Schleiermacher, and Reimer (the publisher): nearly all the members call each other by the friendly Thou.

The winter of 1815 to 1816, spent at Berlin, was in many respects important, and in none more so than through the influence gained over Bunsen's mind by the preaching of Schleiermacher, aided by the personal impression of his mind and character. But Bunsen's chief aim was to condense and systematise the subjects of his habitual meditation, with a view to the great ideal aim of his life. The result, in a small number of pages, was submitted to Niebuhr, who granted it his earnest and approving, not to say, admiring notice, and thereupon formed the opinion, afterwards expressed on an important occasion, that Bunsen was 'perhaps the most distinguished of his younger countrymen.'

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* This Club was established by the efforts of Schleiermacher, to bring together at a friendly meal, once a fortnight, men of varied occupations, and of different shades of opinion. The name was selected, on the first occasion of meeting, out of a number proposed, to designate the absence of rule or of preeminence among its members. The Club still exists.

A letter dated Berlin, Jan. 27, 1816, expresses warm acknowledgments to his sister for her successful arrangements for the celebration of the 'silver wedding,' and for the full account she had written of the family festival, into the pleasure of which the parents would seem to have fully entered. The scene was soon, alas! to change. A violent attack of rheumatic gout, to which his father was subject, brought on a condition of debility of body and mind which continued, only varying in degree, until he was released by death four years later. His son felt the shock severely; it must have been the first sorrow of his life.

[Translation.]

And have I indeed looked upon him for the last time, as the ideal image of a fine old age, in health of body and mind? All, all that is passed! Since I quitted the home of childhood, the most earnest wish of my soul has been, that he might have joy in me and in the conditions of my life; and now that my hopes and prospects brighten, he is become incapable of rejoicing over anything with full clearness or perception! This state of suffering pains me doubly, from its cause and nature—first because it has most probably been brought on, as you justly observe, by his unremitting and unsparing exertions by day and night; and next, because he is tormented by a number of anxieties, which he did not allow to prey upon his mind, as long as it was in its native unconquerable vigour. On this account, your being with him is an inexpressible comfort to me, as I know that you alone possess influence enough over his feelings, to quiet down his distress into a mere sadness, and bring him back to rest in God and in the divine Mediator, and perhaps even to tranquil consciousness; so that you can, better than any spiritual guide, smooth his way to death.

Mr. Astor, anticipating his promised return to Europe and to his friend by fully three months, arrived at Paris towards the end of November, 1815. It was some time before Bunsen received his invitation to join him there, and this seems to have disconcerted the plans he had meanwhile formed for the winter. At first hopes were entertained that Mr. Astor would be induced to pay a lengthened visit to Berlin, then such an intellectual centre as it has probably not been before or since. A protracted correspondence took place between them. When at length it became clear to Bunsen that Mr. Astor had resolved to await his arrival at Paris, he started from Berlin, and spending a few days with his friends Becker, Hey, Agricola, &c., at Gotha, with Lücke and others at Göttingen, and with his sorely stricken family at Corbach, he made all haste to cross the French frontier. The following letters were written in the course of this journey:—

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Göttingen: 19th March, 1816.

Beloved Friend!—This day is the anniversary of an hour of crisis, as strongly fixed in my memory as in yours; the origin not only of closer confidence and more intimate friendship, but of the peculiar love and estimation which binds my whole inward being indissolubly to yours. For even as the intensity of your suffering gave me occasion to see more clearly than before into the depths of faithfulness and self-devotedness in your mied, so did also the moral energy, so eminently and powerfully developed in your manful struggle with grief, seize upon my mind with sympathetic attraction. When God shall send *me* sorrow, should I learn to endure and combat, should I ever attain to the power and the strength which I ask of God, I shall chiefly acknowledge the benefit derived from the contemplation of your doing and suffering in the past year.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Frankfort: January, 1816.

That I am here, and wherefore I came, you will have learnt from the diary in which I have written of the concerns of our friends. These lines therefore are devoted to my dearest friend, to yourself, my beloved Brandis, and to your sorrows. I know that your wound is fresh, and I need not apprehend, by my mention of it, to tear it open anew; for a man has nothing more sacred, of all that is essentially his own, than his grief. Let us then again clearly utter the fact, that God saw not good to grant your heart's desire; therein lies an abyss of suffering for your faithful and deeply sensitive nature, and also the beginning of a possibility of tranquillisation and of consolation. With the removal of hope, uncertainty (the most terrible of evils) has also been removed; wherefore, renouncing all delusion, let the mind's eye take in the whole affliction; and thereby, and therewith only, discern and receive the pervading ray of divine light and strength within us. Consider your calling, by means of hard-earned power and virtue to further the work of God in suffering humanity; consider our divine Forerunner and Example. If you place Him before your eyes, and feel the influence of blessing which flows from this immediate representation of God through the contemplative soul, and consider how you are called, more than many and most, to the exercise of the work of love, and that you have not far to look for opportunity, you cannot fail to experience the consoling power of the Spirit of God. I can only refer you to yourself:—but though mistrustful of my own slumbering energy, I yet go forward with integrity of will and aroused spirit to meet my own time of trial. My own words must fall back upon me, if I should in my own case forget them; you must then place not only these my convictions but yourself before me. First, however, begin with the unhappy Schulze, who knows and will know nothing of that inward power, or of the demands of moral obligation. He is indeed wretched.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Metz: 2nd April, 1816.

[After thanking her for advice given, he continues:—] I have thus received another proof, though for my conviction I needed it not, what a treasure of experience, judgment, and fortitude lies in your mind. Consider well, that whosoever has such gifts, should rejoice in the life of usefulness pointed out by God, and not be cast down but joyfully rest in Him. I promise you work enough to do with me, and I will try to prove to you that I can learn to profit by your counsels.

Amid the confused sounds of lamentation, abuse and complaint of the French that one hears, one would fain stop one's ears. But I have contrived to conciliate my travelling companions, and to listen to the detail of their grievances. Some will in a degree hear reason, others not at all; but as to admitting that they can have been beaten in a regular battle, that is out of the question with every one alike. There are many families still at Metz of German origin, the town having become French only since 1550; but the people will not believe that, as they know nothing of history. Only at two hours' distance from Metz, German is still the language of the people—but, it is true, everybody speaks French as well.

At Paris Bunsen was received by Mr. Astor with all the cordiality of their long-tried intimacy. But there was a difficulty, and Mr. Astor solved it in the most considerate manner. Despairing of the arrival of his friend, he had engaged himself to accompany a few of his countrymen on a three months' tour to Rome, *viâ* Florence, thus giving Bunsen time to conclude his Persian studies at Paris, under the auspices of Silvestre de Sacy, at that time, probably, the greatest Oriental scholar in Europe. It was agreed that Bunsen and Astor should meet in Italy three months later.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Paris: 27th April, 1816.

. . . Of myself I must tell you, that I am deeper in work than ever. In order to get well into the course of study, and at the same time to abridge the time of waiting, I have ventured upon great, and what you may reckon audacious, undertakings. At first I only planned following de Sacy's lectures on Firdusi, which the Persian scholars in general do not attend, but which he carries on with two French pupils, one of whom has been eight, the other twelve years studying under him. To the great surprise of the latter I appeared among them, as a listener, a week ago; and to their vexation (because I was a cause of delay) in the next following lecture (which was yesterday), I already translated my portion; and as each time from 170 to 190 verses are gone through, there was enough to satisfy my appetite. But thereupon de Sacy would insist upon conducting me also into Meschoud and Sadi, partly from love to the subject, as he is *de Sacy*, and partly from the sort of noble pride the French have in showing how much they are willing to do for one; besides he thinks much of Germany and of his reputation there. I therefore entered upon those lectures also, and having prepared myself as well as I could, and thus understood something of Sadi, I shall next week take my place in the ranks, and translate with the others. But this step drew another after it. For the understanding of the two latter poets a knowledge of Arabic is indispensable, if the thing is not to be done superficially, on account of the use of Arabic roots and idioms. Wherefore de Sacy proposed to me to attend an Arabic lecture, which he would as much as possible arrange for me. As I had now got well into the work, and felt that I should be able later to read on in Firdusi by myself, when I should have had the necessary practice, I accepted the offer, and shall begin next week to translate *Pilpai*, and possibly afterwards the Koran. When I now add that I continue twice a week to read Persian with Langlés, you will be aware that from morning till night I have enough to do in preparation and repetition: and this I do, with *fury* and delight, because I must get on, and I do get on. I have arranged my plan to my mind, with consideration of what I can learn here better than anywhere else. I work in the morning from five till ten; then, in the garden of the Luxembourg (only three minutes' walk), I drink my coffee. Then I work again, till five o'clock, when I dine. My hours are from nine to ten for Persian in the Collège de France (close by), and from three to five with Langlés, at the distance of a quarter of an hour's walk. The Arabic is on Thursday from twelve to two; and between times I read MSS. at the Bibliothèque, or go to Schlaberndorf From seven to half-past nine, or at the utmost ten, I am about some writing exercise; later I mean to give that time to the French theatre, for the sake of improvement in the language.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Paris: 11th May, 1816.

I thought I should have studied here all these three months only one language, the ancient Persian, that in which my manuscript is written. But the modern Persian is in another respect important, as being in the East what the French language is, or was, in Europe,—that which every person of cultivation speaks. This modern Persian consists more than half of a mixture of Arabic, a language related to the Hebrew like the Danish to the German, which therefore must be learnt together with the Persian. It had been my project to learn Arabic in England; but Professor de Sacy here has met my wishes in so very kind and obliging a manner, and his method of teaching is so admirable, that I have been induced to attempt that also in this place, and I have to thank God for such a blessing upon my endeavour, that my progress has been more considerable than I had hoped. I may look forward to being able, when I leave Paris after three months, to read both the ancient and modern Persian and to speak the latter. Thus very possibly I may gain a whole year in my preparation for India, for I should not require to learn any other language in Europe, having made out that of the Indian tongues very little could be acquired at Paris, and to appear at Calcutta as a learner with respect to those would be no disgrace, as I might even surprise them there by being prepared in Persian. There and in England I should appear with no other pretension than that of being a Greek and Latin scholar, saying nothing about what I may have studied and learnt besides. You know that the English demand of every man to make one thing his profession, and one who pretends to many at a time is considered empty and not to be trusted. My prize essay (which I intend to improve and complete and reprint) treats of the connection between ancient Indian and Grecian laws and religious mysteries, and will thus prove doubly useful to me. I look upon going from Italy to England with Astor as fixed; after that he means to be for some months in Germany,—'you can remain in England and in Germany as long as you wish (Astor said); but then, go to India by way of America; my father wishes to see you there, and would send you on to India in one of his vessels.' As to this point, I have come to no decision. I am perfectly well, and arrange my day as I like; work from six in the morning till four in the afternoon, only in the course of that time having a walk in the garden of the Luxembourg, where I also often study; from four to six I dine and walk, from six to seven sleep; from seven to eleven work again. In that manner I can make it possible to work in the evening, which otherwise I never could. I have overtaken in study some of the French students who had begun a year ago. God be thanked for His help! Before I go to bed I read a chapter in the New Testament (last night Corinthians xii.), in the morning on rising one in the Old Testament; yesterday I began the Psalms from the first.

On June 15, when preparing to leave Paris and proceed to Florence, to meet Mr. Astor, according to the promise given, he writes:—

[Translation.]

I can now help myself on alone in all that I had intended to learn here, as I have learnt in these two months the method of study and have become acquainted with the means of help; and an equally considerable gain has been the acquaintance of French Oriental scholars, and of a young German (Freytag), who is become a real friend, so that I can now reckon an Orientalist among my friends; and lastly, of the celebrated and illustrious Alexander von Humboldt, . . . who intends in a few years to visit Asia, where I may hope to meet him. He has been beyond measure kind and obliging to me, and from him I shall receive the best recommendations for Italy and England, as well as from his brother, now Prussian Minister in London. Lastly, the winter in Rome may become to me, by the presence of Niebuhr, more instructive and fruitful than in any other place. Thus has God ordained all things for me for the best, according to His will, not mine, and far better than I deserve.

A letter dated August 6th, at Florence, announces his arrival there on July 23, after a journey, tedious enough according to modern notions, but which he designates as prosperous and agreeable, even though he had experienced, as far as the frontier of Italy, an uninterrupted course of cold and rainy weather, 'so that cloaked and clothed as in winter, he had yet shivered in the midst of figs and olives.' It was on this journey that he was placed in momentary embarrassment, by his resemblance to Napoleon I. and his family, at one of the stopping-places of the Diligence between Lyons and Marseilles. He was called out by the police from the *table d'hôte*, where he sat with his companions of the Diligence, and subjected to close examination, as a supposed *Napolèonide*, having, in spite of prohibition, crossed the frontier from Germany: the testimony, however, of all his fellow-travellers to his having occupied a place in the Diligence in their company all the way from Paris, and of one of them, that he had seen him at Paris, was finally admitted to be satisfactory.

In Florence he found at the banker's a letter from Mr. Astor, whom he immediately afterwards met in person. Mr. Astor had left Rome precipitately, on his way to New York, in consequence of his father's having urged his speedy return. The disappointment on both sides was great. Mr. Astor renewed in the most pressing manner his request that Bunsen would accompany him to New York; but when he found Bunsen obdurate about not leaving Europe until he should be better prepared for his Oriental journey, he took leave of him. The friends parted to meet again in Heidelberg, after a lapse of forty-one years.

After having seen Mr. Astor depart, Bunsen was left to reflections sufficiently discouraging to have crushed the energies of almost any other less buoyant nature—his own cherished prospects broken up, and his sister's letters giving the most heart-rending details of the bodily sufferings as well as the mental decay of his father. He labours to quiet the apprehensions of his sister, assuring her that having received this check is a sort of consolation, as it had seemed to him 'unfair to be the only fortunate individual in the family visited by sickness and trial of every sort, which he had not been able effectually to relieve.'

[Translation.]

By the late event my soul has been brought into a wholesome shade, far more beneficial than the former sunshine of fortune; a feeling of repose, tranquillity, and peace of mind steals over me, and I am led to seek the inward, in proportion as I am deprived of the outward, support. And thus I become aware more than ever, of the power that God has placed in me, and also how much I have been wanting in the full exertion and worthy use (in and through God) of that strength which he has given. The only difference I find as regards my studies is, that I can now work much more than in the former condition of things. The forenoon is devoted entirely to the Persian language; then I rest from exertion, and strengthen myself in contemplation of the wonderful works of art that Florence possesses; after which I dine, and return to my room, or wander in the beautiful valley amid vines, fig-trees, orange-trees, and cypresses. The only disturbance I experience is from the good-natured people with whom I lodge, and their children, who like to talk to me; but cheering and pleasing though they be, I know it is better to avoid this intimacy, and thus I am going to remove into the country, half an hour's distance from Florence, to a lodging in a park (the Cascine) with the finest of prospects, where I may be quite free from disturbance. The same day that I was busy with my removal one of my travelling companions from Paris arrived, an Englishman, who at that time, for the sake of going further with me, took the Marseilles route, and on his arrival here sought me out at once. He liked the situation of my new lodgings, and immediately engaged rooms in the same house. He had a Frenchman with him as a kind of secretary, from whom he desired to learn French; but though studying with much application, he found his progress to be slow; and on my birthday (August 25) he asked me whether I could not put him into a way of really acquiring French; if I would do him that service, he would gladly assist me in the execution of my Indian plans, of which I had informed him, when we were travelling together.

The letter goes on with particulars of Mr. Cathcart's having allowed his French companion to give up his engagement, and induced Bunsen to spare him three hours daily for instruction in French for four months, besides showing and explaining to him the curiosities of Florence, and afterwards of Rome. This arrangement suited perfectly with Bunsen's plan of awaiting the arrival of Niebuhr at Florence, on his way to Rome, and he writes further to his sister, 'See! thus far has God helped me! you will believe that I am thankful! Giving lessons disturbs me but little, as I may choose the hours that suit me, and I profit much by the practice of speaking English.'

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] Florence: 10th August, 1816.

I am working here with real fury: in the morning at Firdusi till nine; from that time till twelve, at the Laurentian Library, over the Firdusi MS.; from twelve till three in the Gallery, where I imbibe undisturbedly the grandeur of those ancient forms, even to ecstasy, particularly the Niobe. At three dinner, and, from four to seven, again in the Library. At seven I return to my lodging, and find my landlady and her sister spinning in our common hall, and talk or read Italian with them. . . . I continue to read the New Testament, and desire to go through both Old and New in the original languages; but I have need first of more inward comprehension of the sense. . . . I contemplate working out a part of my general researches into the nature of language, as the beginning of the projected course well known to you.

Bunsen to Ernst Schulze.

[Translation.] Florence: 25th September, 1816.

Let me express to you something that I have borne about in my mind for years, and in full consciousness since 1813. Misunderstandings between you and me I have never apprehended; but I did fear to wound the inner man, which ought to be held sacred, as the Egyptians shrank from unveiling the image of Isis. This, too, I now fear no longer; if I err in my confidence, you can but tell me.

Every man, I believe, can only represent in entire truth, whether in life, or in any other art, what he has himself really known, beheld, experienced. Now we find that each individual, more or less, particularly in an age of high mental culture, has received into himself the forms, and, so to say, the phantasms belonging to his epoch. To guard himself against the latter may well be difficult to one who, like yourself, is gifted with the seer's wide-reaching and sympathetic vision. The very creative power which God has given him brings forth, out of adventitious views, foreign to his own, original forms of life and feeling in all varieties, and seduces the poet to handle such a world of supposed existence, as though it were properly his own and a reality, by the working of his inner man. Thus does it seem to me that, in the days that are past, your poetical soul has seen and represented much, without its being *lived through*, as it were *in yourself*; this therefore you could not inwardly feel and believe to be near and real. Now that is exactly what no mortal can do with impunity. Thus did you gradually lose the power of believing in what is true in itself; and for all your representations, whether of love, of faith, of all primary ideas in life, you ended by knowing no basis but that of your own fancy, which was able at any time to destroy the entire fabric of its creation. You suffered the fate of many a poet before you, viz. to be incapable of believing in that, by which you were bringing to consciousness the unspoken sensations of many a reader's soul.

But now, as I firmly believe, your life has taken a rare and most salutary turn. With few men has the leading hand of God shown itself more visibly than in your case. Heavy sorrow has been allotted to you. Truly, if you will but continue to *live through* in yourself what your verses contain, how glorious is the life that awaits you! The poet's fine perception will find itself combined with a warm love of real life, and the artistic power which God bestows with the ethical which alone elevates man into man's estate. Your first step must be, to throw off everything which threatens to separate in you the *poet* from the *man*. Tear yourself away, and—come to us!

Bunsen to Agricola.

[Translation.] Florence: 7th October, 1816.

You must imagine what I feel in wandering with Niebuhr over the ruins of the ancient, pre-Roman, Etruscan magnificence, and then again among the splendid monuments of the destroyed liberty of the modern Athens, the city of Dante and Machiavelli. What can be more venerable and affecting than the melancholy, the mourning of a great man over the human race? It is like the Divine Spirit in human form beholding with human sadness the vain rushing of the generations of men towards an abyss; or like Prometheus witnessing and deploring from his rock the gradual extinction of the sparks he had kindled. And with all this wide grasp of contemplation, what a clear and single eye has Niebuhr for everything individual, what a certainty in his knowledge of fact,—in a word, what inward completeness!

. . . .

Thus far have I written and am at the end of my paper, without a word in reference to yourself and your labours! Do with your law documents as I do with the vocabularies of languages,—be subject to them for a time, and then you will be able to subdue them!

The connection thus entered into with Mr. Cathcart was carried through satisfactorily to the end, and it was the earnest desire of the latter to have protracted it much longer, and to have induced his young friend to accompany him to England, where he believed he could have forwarded the fulfilment of his wishes with regard to India by introductions to persons of influence. But passages in letters written even before he left Florence prove that his conversations with Niebuhr, and reflection on the information obtained, had gradually brought about a change in Bunsen's view with regard to the necessity of his long-projected expedition to India; and the question was considered, whether or not the same end might be accomplished within the limits of Europe. In every plan or prospect for himself (that is, in order to work out those philosophical and theological problems to which he had early resolved to devote his life) he never failed to combine that of supporting and comforting first his parents, and secondly his beloved elder sister: the younger was married and provided for. The tenderest regard to spare the feelings of Christiana, as well as to minister to her needs in body and mind, is evinced in every letter, from the time of the renewal of their acquaintance and intercourse in October 1814; and his letters from Florence and Rome are peculiarly urgent upon her to accept quietly and without murmur the dispensation of Providence, which obliged her to be a receiver, instead of a giver. 'My heart bleeds, not to be able to do anything for you, but to supply this wretched cash. I feel that I am not worthy of the happiness to be called upon to take care of you, my invaluable sister —you, who are so much more worthy than myself! Only my love towards you could give me a right to this privilege, and to the hope and confidence that you will not consider me unworthy to be the provider of those outward things, which it is a happiness to be able to give, and a proof of affection to accept. If it would but please God to restore your health and that of my old father, I should be the happiest of mortals!'

From the very precise accounts given in these letters of sums received and expended, it is clear that very little was used by himself, or laid out in books, his only temptation to expense. The greater part went to meet the present maintenance and past obligations of his sister, whose friends in Holland had advanced, in her time of extreme need, sums which were considered by him as debts of honour, and entirely paid up by successive instalments, before October 1816, when he mentions rejoicingly that the last remnant of the debt was cleared off.

In another letter of October 1, he speaks with satisfaction of the 'connection with Mr. Cathcart, which I regard as one of the most fortunate occurrences of my life;' and looks forward to the enjoyment of 'Rome, with all its treasures, still the capital of the world,' and of the society of Niebuhr, 'equally sole of his kind with Rome; him alone I can acknowledge as my lord and master, because his instructions, and his personal excellence in every respect, as well as in that of learning, stand highest in estimation among all the men I know. He is essentially the person to form me into a thorough man and citizen of my country: moreover, as regards the realisation of my plans to become a Prussian, he is equally the man.'

Letter to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation. Rome: 13th December, 1816.

. . . . To have a year of leisure now is worth more to me than I can express. Although in my Oriental studies I must here help myself on without a teacher, except in Arabic, for which I have found a native instructor, Don Tommaso El Kusch, yet do I expect to get on here better than elsewhere. One part of my necessary work (in Greek) is performed with the co-operation of the friend of my heart, Brandis; and then I have daily the instructive and inspiring presence of Niebuhr, . . . and on all sides the grand monuments of mental greatness in days of old. . . . Such surrounding scenes and objects are calculated to raise the human mind above the vulgarity, emptiness, and insignificance of our time, which (with few exceptions) notwithstanding a vast parade of learning and enlightenment, is devoid of actual light and warmth: all that is great and true in character is lost in striving after external show. Where are now those marked and God-gifted beings, of whom one can say that they are complete men?

It is matter of rejoicing, that among the young German artists here a circle has been formed of such as seek to revive among themselves the earnest, pious, faithful spirit of the ancient painters, and who are in consequence achieving works of such high merit as excite general astonishment.* Alas! some of these, who before were unbelievers, but had come to the conviction that no help was to be found but in God, in disgust at the indifference and infidelity of the Protestants of Germany, and in despair of the cause, have sought their salvation in Roman Catholicism, which in truth has in this place many worthy and pious, and at the same time intellectually distinguished members, while the acknowledged piety of the present Pope (Pius VII.), and the indescribable splendour and solemnity of the public worship, are yet more calculated to work upon the imagination. Brandis and I have told these new friends, that we shall never become Catholics, but that we honour them in their conviction, more than such as believe nothing. Now again would I call down the blessing of God upon you, upon our parents, our sister and brother-in-law. May He strengthen us all, whether for joy or grief, by His Spirit.

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* 'Their frescoes,' he says in a letter to E. Schulze, dated 14th December, 1816, speaking of Cornelius, Overbeck, and other artist friends, 'have so astonished Canova, that he intends to give them an opportunity of painting in the Vatican.'

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] Rome: 12th February, 1817.

My most earnest longing is towards the study of the Bible. Could I but read the Bible with you! God will doubtless help. Were there but a spirit of power, making itself felt among Protestants! not trifling and toying. In our time, as in Martin Luther's, the kernel must be laboriously extracted and contended for; strong and valiant minds are needed, which may God send! . . . This carrying on of pursuits so different, as enquiries historical, philosophical, and linguistic,—Plato, Firdusi, the Koran, Dante, Isaiah, the Edda, &c.,—calls for tranquillity and order, such as cannot subsist externally without being founded within. But much has yet to be done for such a foundation.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Rome: 8th February, 1817.

An English family with three daughters take an interest in me, and by them I have been introduced to the Duchess of Devonshire, and to other persons. A learned young Englishman (Mr. William Clifford) lodges now in the same story with me; I read German with him, and he corrects my English writing. I live altogether retired, to avoid interruption and loss of time, and am so absorbed in my own ideas and researches, that as to my susceptibility of heart, in every respect, you may be more at ease, if possible, than ever. How needful this repose is to me, I feel more every day. During the last few years I had taken in more than I could in the time digest, and had I been compelled to proceed to further researches, the fruit of former labour might have glided away from me. . . . Meanwhile Rome offers me everything that I could wish, for keeping me in animated activity, and in constant remembrance of what is alone true and great in life. At the same time, at this season it is truly an earthly paradise; the weather almost uninterruptedly fine, and the air never colder than with us in the finest spring. In my room, with a sunny aspect, I never need fire, and mostly sit to write with open windows; the almond-trees are full of blossom, and everything expanding into verdure. I would willingly exchange with you as regards the cold, if I could thus enable you to experience the effect of the sun; but that is just now impossible.

As to my writing on the subject of Holland, that is at present one of the many impossible things. When I am again in Germany and have all materials at hand and leisure, then I can take the subject into consideration; but to write a book upon it does not fall in with the course of my present work. I could only make due mention of it in its proper place in my projected larger work. But the Dutch ought now to do something for themselves in profiting by the renewed freedom of all communication with Germany, for they are in many respects behindhand.

The intention of earnestly advocating a closer correspondence and more constant interchange of thought between Holland and Germany had been entertained by Bunsen when in Holland, and is mentioned in a letter from Leyden. The especial sympathy which he anticipated from the theological mind in Holland has in a remarkable manner responded to his hopes since his decease, in the convictions of distinguished men at Leyden and at Gröningen, whose system very much agrees with, and is, in some matters, founded upon his writings. All those who have intimately conversed with Bunsen must be aware how earnestly he desired the increase of intercourse between thoughtful minds of each and every one of the cultivated and free-spirited nations, and wished that the intellectual and intelligent of all lands had but as much acquaintance with each other's mental occupation as in the age of the Reformation, when mind acted upon mind in despite of distance, like the reflection and reproduction of light from corresponding mirrors. More particularly did he labour to convince his own countrymen, that although Germans possess eminently the privilege of acting as the intellectual instructors of mankind, yet they should not forget that other nationalities may also strike out truths, by which the common stock may be increased; and he regretted, and never failed to reprove, the spirit of exclusiveness, which he considered to be gaining ground in the world. The high value which he entertained for the English mind and the English nation is too well known, and too often expressed by him, to need further dwelling upon in this place; but he entered with fulness of interest into the characteristic excellences of every nation; and alien to his character and convictions as were what are termed French tendencies and principles, he had a high estimation of the intellectual and moral power and perspicuity of the French mind, and ardently desired and anticipated, that the debt due to human society would some day be splendidly paid, and the full contribution made which France is capable of making, to the sum of good in the Christian social system. A passage in his preface to the German edition of his 'Hippolytus' shows his estimation of the Italian, of the Spanish, and of the Russian nationality; and the image that he was fond of using with regard to Italy, of the 'absence and the need of the Italian chord in the musical harmony of Europe, in which as yet only the vibrations of the German, the French, and the English chords are heard,' might have been extended further, had but the mental conditions of all nations answered to his demands on the universality of intelligence, in all its varieties of form. Nor were his sympathies bounded by the Atlantic. He took the most affectionate interest in American progress, and deplored, as a public and private calamity, the existing causes of hindrance to that moral expansion, holding in highest estimation the capabilities of development, for the best purposes, of the young giant State; and among his last valedictory utterances was the observation, 'The Americans are in a difficult pass—have great difficulties to overcome—but they will succeed at last.' His cosmopolitan sentiments had their root in an entirely German heart. It has been well observed of him by those who had enjoyed much opportunity of judging, that his cast of mind and character was essentially German, and it was from his own national centre of thought and contemplation that he looked out upon, and entered into, every worthy variety of humanity.

The last letter to his sister notified Bunsen's introduction to an English family, consisting of father, mother, and three daughters; the next, dated April 30, 1817, after announcing that he had sent some Italian engravings, &c., to his sister, contains the following abrupt communication:—

[Translation.]

Another piece of news is, that for about eight days I have almost been a little in love. Be not alarmed; only a little, and without consequences. I visited the family mentioned in my former letter because they were very kind in inviting me, and I had frequent opportunities of intercourse with them. I conversed naturally with the eldest daughter most of all (the second being engaged, and the third a child of thirteen years of age)—she understands German very well, besides French and Italian. . . . I read German with her with pleasure, and liked to discuss and dispute with her—as she makes the same objections to the principles of German literature that you do, and is a very earnest Christian of the Church of England. All this went on well, until the time of their departure from Rome approached: and I yielded to my inclination to profit by the mother's extreme kindness in inviting me, almost daily, to walk and drive out with them. Having, at first, believed myself quite safe (the more so as I cannot think of marrying, without impairing my whole scheme of mental development—and least of all, could I think of pretending to a girl of fortune)—I thought there was no danger. But I have really fallen in love a little with the amiable character and clear understanding and good principles of this girl—and so, of course, I no longer go so continually to visit the family. I laugh at myself very often: yet, I am disturbed and uncomfortable when I have passed a day without seeing her.

During the following month of May, the circumstance mentioned in the closing words of the last sentence (i. e. the passing a day without meeting) became of rare occurrence. In the enjoyment of the innumerable objects of interest in and about Rome, in the finest weather and most beautiful season, daily and hourly opportunity was found, in common unconsciousness of possible consequences, for that intimate, unchecked, and uninterrupted intercommunion of thoughts and opinions, by which human beings are enabled really and actually, not superficially, to become acquainted with each other, and to ascertain the existence of that degree of sympathy and fulness of satisfaction in each other which is known by instinct, rather than reflection, to be no transitory feeling, but a life condition; as in the present case was the blessed experience of forty-three years, looked back upon by the sad survivor with unmingled thankfulness. The marriage took place on July 1, 1817.

To Mrs. Waddington.

Rome: 28th May.

My dear Madam,— . . . I particularly thank you for the really kind way in which you have taken what I wrote to you concerning my return to Rome: if I except that you much overrate my conduct as well as my feelings, you have quite spoken my mind. But more than for anything, let me give you my best thanks for the permission of continuing Miss Waddington's acquaintance, in that way which alone could answer my wishes and my principles, but which, after my conviction, could only be proposed and arranged by you. You are very right, that it is sometimes very easy to mistake, and to confound in yourself and in others, the feelings and expressions of friendship, in it's true and full sense, with those more tender of love; but, as since the twelfth year of my age, my heart has been moved to a degree of enthusiasm, perhaps only known in Germany, by the power of friendship, I could not so easily be deceived in myself, nor induced to mistrust my feelings: and you know (vanity set aside) you generally mistake just as much in others as you do in your own sentiments.

I, therefore, only might be blamed for the unrestrained expression of a feeling which, always increasing, has been in my soul from the beginning of our acquaintance—and believe me, had I not been sure that you were sufficiently aware of my, perhaps more than English, enthusiasm for excellence and amiability, as well as of the plans and circumstances of my life, I long ago should have renounced the delight of our almost daily conversation. Only when I felt that there could exist or arise anything equivocal in my conduct, I, of course, could not hesitate a moment to depart. But I part with regret. Now, as you have said, what only by you could be said, everything is clear and settled, and I feel as happy as I always do, when heart, mind, understanding, and principles go all together. . . .

The following letter was written two days after his marriage:—

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Frascati; 3rd July, 1817.

Even yesterday I wished to have written to you; to-day, however, I shall wait no longer, for although my soul 'dwells in blessed silence,' yet do I feel urged to communication with you, the dearest friend of my heart, on my actual condition. First I must tell you that I am conscious of an immensity of space between the new life just begun, and the late unquiet weeks, and again between these and the period preceding. As if by a magic stroke, a thousand things seem to be brought near to me, without driving the rest into distant space: and though joyous and frolicksome, as I had not been this long time, I am yet serious and contemplative. Never will the evening of arrival at Frascati be forgotten! Not till after long silence had I been able to speak—the solemnity of the marriage ceremony had agitated me through and through . . . The evening sky was glorious, the sun sank just as we entered the town-gate, and when after the shadows of the long street, the sunset glow burst upon us, in which our neat dwelling was wrapped, it was like immediate entrance into Heaven. . . . Our first wish is to see you. You must give us the assurance, that we are really living in a human and natural condition — everything here being so ideal! No tumult of daily life,—myrtles all around,—cheerful rooms: on the east, the olive-grove with Villa Mondragone on the summit; to the north, the Apennines; to the west, Rome and the sea, and over all the brilliant sky. I shall endeavour to propitiate Nemesis by an earnest dread of growing presumptuous or indifferent, when I reflect that all this is but the framework enclosing my happiness.

Extract from a journal:—

[Translation.] Frascati: 19th July, 1817.

Eternal, omnipresent God! enlighten me with Thy Holy Spirit, and fill me with Thy heavenly light! What in childhood I felt and yearned after, what throughout the years of youth grew clearer and clearer before my soul,—I will now venture to hold fast, to examine, to represent.

The revelation of Thee in man's energies and efforts, Thy firm path through the stream of ages, I long to trace and recognise, as far as may be permitted to me, even in this body of earth. The song of praise to Thee from the whole of humanity, in times far and near,—the pains and lamentations of earth, and their consolation in Thee,—I wish to take in, clear and unhindered. Do Thou send me Thy Spirit of Truth! that I may behold things earthly as they are, without veil and without mask, without human trappings and empty adornment; and that in the silent peace of Truth I may feel and recognise Thee.

Let me not falter, nor slide away from the great end of knowing Thee. Let not the joys, or honours, or vanities of the world enfeeble and darken my spirit; let me ever feel that I can only perceive and know Thee, in so far as mine is a living soul, and in proportion as that soul 'lives and moves and has its being' in Thee.

Preserve me in strength and truth of spirit to the end of my earthly existence, if Thou seest good; and should I not finish what I shall have begun, if I attain not that after which I endeavour, let me find peace in the conviction that nothing shall perish which is done in Thee and with Thee; and that what I have imperfectly known, imperfectly conceived, and indistinctly expressed, I shall yet hereafter behold in completeness, in perfection, and in power:—while here some other man shall perfect, by Thy help and blessing, what I in will and deed shall have endeavoured to do. Amen.

A letter to his sister, dated July 27, 1817, replies in much detail to her expression of well founded anxiety as to a connection, of which she had need to know all attendant circumstances more exactly than in a distant and foreign position was possible, in order to be assured of the prospect of happiness, which (God be thanked!) proved a reality. The same letter describes the delightful place of abode in which the first unclouded months of married life were passed, Casino Accorambuoni, on the further side of Frascati, towards the south-east.

[Translation.]

Our abode is a new, clean, neatly furnished summer-house, the only new building I have seen here, where everything else is old and out of repair. It lies at the end of the town, on a slight elevation, all alone. Towards the east, on the first story, is a terrace, upon the balustrade of which are pots of myrtles and flowers, in the centre a marble basin with a small springing fountain, which in this hot climate is refreshing to see and hear. This terrace is 15 feet wide, and extends as far as the breadth of the house, about 30 feet; below is a vineyard enclosed by a wall covered with ivy, also a field of maize and fig-trees, behind which extends a fine olive-ground and a long alley of cypresses and pines, belonging to the great Villa Mondragone. Towards the north is my study, with a balcony, which is the coolest place to inhabit in the morning; from this room we see on the left the Mediterranean in the distance, and Rome in the centre, while on the right are the beautiful Sabine Mountains, which form a semicircle round that extremity of the plain; and when there is no sirocco wind, they are so clear that even dwellings on the slope are distinguishable, though ten miles off—so transparent is the air. Before the window is a small flower-garden with two springing fountains. Towards the south are my wife's rooms, which in the latter part of the day are pleasant, being entirely closed up from the sun in the morning. We can only go out in the morning from four to seven o'clock, and in the evening after eight. Nothing can describe the charm of early morning and evening; by day the heat is now 30° of Réaumur.

In a letter dated October 17, 1817, he commissions his sister with messages to his friends in Holland (Sharp, Tydeman, Molenaer), and a charge to tranquillise them as to his purposes in life; 'for when they hear that I have given up my journey to India, and am married, they may, like many of my acquaintance (not my intimate friends) in Germany, apprehend that all my undertakings are given up. But my journey to India was only to be a means to an end; and there was nothing grand or praiseworthy in the design to give the best part of my life to an undertaking, which, however it might be useful as a preparation for later undertakings, would absorb all the strength and time I should have to give, both for the beginning and the end. Even though it may sound presumptuous to declare, that I think to attain that object without those means, that I hope to succeed in forming a clear view of the earliest life of the Oriental nations, without crossing the line—yet do I make that declaration without misgiving.'

CHAPTER III.

LIFE IN ROME.

RESIDENCE ON THE CAPITOL—REFORMATION FESTIVAL—DIPLOMATIC EMPLOYMENT—CHRISTMAS EVE—CROWN PRINCE OF BAVARIA—CORRESPONDENCE ON GERMAN NATIONALITY—FIRST CHILD—CHURCH MUSIC—HYMNS—ILLNESS.

The beautiful summer months were passed in a state of animated tranquillity and busy repose, Bunsen returning with renewed activity to literary occupations for a time neglected, and carrying on that regular study of the Old and New Testament, which continued through life to form the unbroken net of thought and contemplation, into which other subjects might be interwoven, without changing its habitual texture. He began from the first, daily to read the Scriptures with his wife, whose enquiries as to the explanation of passages he earnestly applied his mind to satisfy. At a very early period she observed to him that she had hoped, by becoming acquainted with the German translation by Luther, to have difficulties removed that she had experienced in the English translation, which in the books of the Prophets, and in many other parts of the Old Testament, often fails to present any intelligible construction; but the contrary had been the result, the German translation presenting at least as many passages which to the common reader gave no sense whatever. He hereupon commenced an examination of the German and English texts, with reference to the original, which convinced him that her observation had been just, to a greater extent even than she could have imagined; and the project of an improved translation, of which that of Luther should be the ground-work, originated in his mind at that time, although he did not begin till some years later to work upon Jonah and the Psalms. For the English translation of the Bible he had a great respect: the Dutch translation he considered still more perfect, as having profited by the merits of the English, and avoided some of its imperfections.

In the beginning of October the much-enjoyed dwelling in Casino Accorambuoni was given up, and a removal effected to the Palazzo Astalli, Via di Ara Celi.

The size and proportions of one or two rooms, and the convenience of the apartment being on the first story, and attainable by two flights of easy stairs, constituted the temptation to be satisfied with this dwelling; but when the young couple had procured and placed the small quantity of necessary furniture, and taken possession of the house, it was found that the want of sunshine would preclude the possibility of comfort; the height of the opposite houses shutting out prospect, light, and warmth. The first walk undertaken was up to the neighbouring Capitol, and there, in the Palazzo Caffarelli, we discovered an apartment on the second floor, which proved a home for twenty-two years, to which our children look back as their birthplace, and which remains to all the scene of hallowed recollections. Its condition *then* was beyond conception uncivilised; but how little impression in its disfavour was thereby made upon the far-seeing mind of Bunsen is clear from the expressions, in which he informed his sister of his final establishment on the Tarpeian Rock:—

[Translation.] 15th November, 1817.

From the second story of this Palazzo (where, according to tradition, the Emperor Charles V. was lodged) there is a view all round Rome; on the N. one-quarter of the town, with gardens and hills behind; on the W. another quarter with the Tiber; on the S. the ruins of ancient Rome and the Latin mountains, on the side of which lies Frascati; on the E., close to us, the Capitol. The prospect has not its equal, in beauty and interest combined, in Rome, nor, as far as I know, in the world, yet is it little known, the Romans being too lazy to climb the hill. I at once resolved to make every effort in order to have this for a dwelling-place; the difficulty consisted in getting rid of the other house.

Their apartment indeed long required much to meet common demands, or to become what it was to be in process of years, when in the year 1858 (twenty years after Bunsen had left it, and forty years after he first took possession) it was preferred to the first story, as the residence of his late Majesty Frederick William IV. and his Queen.

The very short period, only part of the month of October, passed in Palazzo Astalli, was, however, marked by incidents of interest; the first being the unexpected introduction of Bunsen into diplomatic employment; the second, the celebration, at his suggestion, of the tercentenary jubilee of the Reformation, which on the 31st October was to be solemnised in all parts of Germany, and which he desired should not be passed over unobserved by the numerous German Protestants in Rome.

The following details regarding this celebration are found in the letter already quoted from:—

> You know the Reformation Jubilee was to be celebrated in Germany the 31st October: we had often (Niebuhr, Brandis, and I) spoken of it, and how desirable it would be to collect all the Germans in Rome for such a celebration. I proposed the arrangement—no German Protestant clergyman being at hand, I would myself translate the English daily service, with alterations suited to the occasion, which I would read, and Niebuhr should make a discourse; the celebration should be in his house. To the two last points he objected, first, that he had not the least bit of a preacher about him; secondly, that, as Prussian Minister, he must avoid giving offence. He therefore desired that I would undertake the whole, and have the celebration in my house . . . . The matter had become known, and many expressed the wish that it should take place the following Sunday. Brandis and I invited all German Protestants to attend by a notice posted at the German coffee-house (the Café Greco); Niebuhr and his wife, the Baroness Von Humboldt (wife of the present Prussian Minister in London) and her daughters I invited especially, and they came; about forty individuals besides, for whom our large hall was arranged with two rows of seats. . . .

The circumstances which led to diplomatic employment are related by himself:—

[Translation.]

The Prussian Envoy to England, Wilhelm von Humboldt, before his departure from Berlin, had written that my being appointed at this present time (i. e. to a Professorship at

Berlin or Bonn, with permission to remain abroad for three years) would be a thing of great difficulty, the Minister of the Interior being much disinclined to expenditure, and the whole system of administration extremely economical. At length, the other day, I received a letter direct from the Ministry, saying, 'that under the specified unusual conditions, the Prussian Government could not make use of my valuable services.' Niebuhr was very angry, and said to Brandis, 'Were I minister at Berlin, without knowing anything more of Bunsen than was to be known by reading his letter, I should have granted his request.' . . . While I was reflecting on these things, Brandis, the faithful friend, became seriously ill, and his weakness increased rapidly to such a degree that he could scarcely walk, and his brother Charles (who lately came to visit him, and is a physician) urged upon him the necessity of no longer concealing from Niebuhr his long-entertained wish to return to Germany. Yesterday evening, I was commissioned by him to go to Niebuhr, and prepare him for a conversation on the subject, and found the case to be, as so often happens in life, that two persons have an urgent desire to make a communication to each other, and yet each waits for the other to begin. Brandis had not spoken, in the fear that Niebuhr might suppose him weary of their close connection; and Niebuhr assured me that he should long since have taken steps to secure to Brandis a Professorship in Prussia, had he not feared to hurt him in his present state of low spirits (consequent upon ill-health) by a suggestion, which might have created a suspicion of a lessened value on his part for Brandis's company. I hereupon explained fully the various motives which induced Brandis to desire to be settled in Germany, and Niebuhr resolved at once to insist upon his immediately taking two months' leave of absence, to go to Naples for the benefit of his health; and afterwards, in the spring or summer, as he should desire, to return to the fatherland. I offered to supply his place to the best of my power in the business of the Legation, during his two months' leave. Niebuhr went up to Brandis's room to speak with him, and the matter was settled in a moment. As soon as Niebuhr and I were again alone, he asked me whether, if Brandis should finally give up and go to Germany, I should be willing to take his place? I thanked him for his kindness in thinking of me, and said, 'If it is your opinion that I am fitted for the situation, and that it is good for me, then, in God's name, I accept. My first feelings (I continued) at this moment are, on the one hand that to remain, for a time, longer in Rome is no loss, and to enter into closer connection with you I regard as the highest good fortune: on the other hand, I know too little of the diplomatic calling to be aware, whether it may not in the course of time quite draw me away from the execution of my plan of study and literary labour.' He replied 'If you are once in public business you may afterwards do what you will—leave of absence or permission to retire cannot be refused.'

I cannot, of course, think of leaving Niebuhr if I am once engaged with him; but afterwards I would on no consideration remain in the diplomatic career, even though it should not be difficult for me after his departure from Rome to supply his place as Chargé d'Affaires, and perhaps even to become Minister Plenipotentiary, as Niebuhr now is, after twenty years. I detest that course of life too much, and therefore only look upon it as a means of becoming independent. But in three years Niebuhr will certainly have finished, and when the Concordat with the Pope is once settled, he will remain here no longer. You can well imagine, that on many accounts this arrangement is most welcome to me. I now stand on firm ground. The warmest thanks of my heart to God for it! Towards Easter, probably, I shall enter on the position.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington (in reply to Admonitions on the Necessity of Frequenting Society.

Rome: 6th December, 1817.

What society is it of which you speak? What society is in one's power? What is one's place in it? Is it in one's own country? &c.—are questions too wide for present discussion. I could write a treatise in time upon this, if it would interest you. Now, I shall answer only in regard to myself and Rome, after having stated a distinction to which I must appeal. There are some who have no fixed object in life, neither as to a certain acquisition of knowledge, nor to a certain practical application of it, and there are some who form projects in the manner of a conqueror with the objects of his ambition, or of a coquette with those of her vanity. Among those in the first-mentioned class are many dilettanti, who select, here or there, an object to think of and study, much or little, as they may find convenient; yet their case is still entirely different from that of the class mentioned secondly. If the latter have indeed an inward call, and according to that have chosen and fixed on a given point for their study and reflection, which is worth a man's whole life,—be it a dictionary like Johnson's, or a Roman history like Gibbon's,—then, however great or small their powers may be in comparison with those of others, they have to consider, as sole master and ruler of their time and occupation, the required mass of acquisition in all its extent, which is called for by their serious undertaking; but, yet more, to cultivate a certain disposition of mind and elevation of spirit, such as can alone enable a man to overcome difficulties and distinguish between things, and so to follow out his purpose, as to raise and purify and instruct his own soul, and that of his fellow-creatures. Both directions of life seem to me quite natural, and the last as natural and as much belonging to humanity as the other; and he who follows this latter makes no more pretension to become a Newton or a Leibnitz, than a common soldier to become a Napoleon. Therefore I do not hesitate to declare to you, that I really and truly reckon myself as one of this class, not as a sign of distinction for particular talents, but only as a mark of the direction I have given to my life, and shall, with God's help, keep to as long as I live. I had a fixed object in my mind from a very early period of life, and became conscious of it eight years ago, since which time I have never ceased to regulate the employment of my time and the line I was to keep in life, in accordance with this same object; and my friends and my sister know the thread, that rendered plain and easy the way through the labyrinth of travel and occupation in those years. Whatever it be, therefore, it is no object of ambition, or vanity, or pride, but my need and my love.

I wanted therefore, and I yet want, first, time and leisure for my studies; secondly, uninterrupted direction of the mind to those objects, and what is congenial to them; thirdly, firm courage and fresh hope in doing all this. Were it only the first that I wanted, time, I could try to gratify you. Having spent the whole day in my studies, I might give the evenings to the purpose of frequenting and receiving society—English, Italian, and German circles, balls, concerts, &c.—although I think I should consider myself unwise, thus to deprive myself and my wife of the only opportunity of enjoying each other's company, and that of one or the other chosen friend or acquaintance. But the two other points make it impossible. I know I have it in my power to go every evening into company, pay attention to grandees and to ladies, and talk away time to the insignificant; and I have done it. I quitted University employment in 1813 on purpose to see and know the world. I have seen and known the most distinguished men in my own country, and, wherever I was, I frequented the circles of ambassadors, princes, and ministers: I was reckoned *amiable* by some of their ladies, clever by the learned, and *bon enfant* by the men. This cost me some time, but has been a great lesson for me. Almost always in these societies I was liked and valued for that which I ridiculed in myself, and I could not go on in this way without scorning myself and my fellow-creatures too, and without losing that respect for human life and the human species which is indispensable to me; even (I fear when I consider my nature's frailty) without losing my natural horror of the custom, or rather disease, of talking without thinking and without interest.

There are, I know very well, sometimes useful facts to be picked up in this way, sometimes even persons found, that may be good acquaintances beyond the moment; but the above-mentioned rulers of my life and time will not allow me to purchase them so dearly, particularly as I do not know any mortal so rich as I am in real friends and valuable acquaintance, adding to all these an excellent wife. Therefore I thank God that just now I live here, having no place in society but that of a pilgrim.

The date of Christmas 1817, the first that occurred in Bunsen's married life, would seem the most suitable place for a retrospect of the manner of observing Christmas eve faithfully adhered to from first to last, and the feeling which actuated him in every arrangement. He had often described to his wife the joyous family-festival, to which he had been accustomed from childhood; and he pleased himself with decorating a tree, not the fir of the north, but a bough of the *lauro nobile*, or bay tree of the south, with tapers and fresh-gathered oranges, to give an idea of the 'German Christmas-eve,'—one of the gifts provided being an engraving of the 'Madonna della Seggiola' of Raphael, so placed as to be brightly illuminated by the tapers on the tree, and pointed out as containing the loveliest infant representation of 'Him who brought good gifts unto men.' The combination, thus made, of an image of the infant Saviour with a tree, hung with gifts in token of human kindness, was felt to be just and satisfactory. The explanation of this custom appears to be simply this, that the remembrance of the Redeemer, on the anniversary of His *birth* into the world, was brought in to sanction and sanctify the ancient German custom of hanging gifts on a tree, dating from the time of heathen life in the forest. A similar arrangement was made as regularly as the 24th December came year by year in the Bunsen dwelling on the Capitol, and in each successive locality.

To his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Rome: 28th December, 1817.

The consciousness of God in the mind of man, and that which in and through that consciousness He has accomplished, especially in language and religion, this was from the earliest time before my mind. After having awhile fancied to attain my point, sometimes here, sometimes there, at length (it was in the Christmas holidays of 1812, after having gained the prize in November) I made a general and comprehensive plan. I wished to go through and represent heathen antiquity, in its principal phases, in three great periods of the world's history, according to its languages, its religious conceptions, and its political institutions: first of all in the East, where the earliest expressions in each are highly remarkable, although little known;—then in the second great epoch, among the Greeks and Romans;—thirdly, among the Teutonic nations, who put an end to the Roman Empire. And now, nothing was ever so certain to me in my life, as that the journey to India, had I been able to accomplish it, would have caused me to miss the attainment of my main point; not that the journey would have been without use in itself, but I should have been crushed under the load it would have brought upon me, and in the means to my great end the end itself would not have been reached. To what should that mass of means serve, what could I do with it, without acquaintance with Christianity? To what should the circle serve, without its centre? or an assemblage of all colours, without the light? At first I thought of Christianity only as something which everyone knows intuitively, like the mother-tongue, and therefore not as the object of a peculiar study. But in January 1816, when I for the last time took into consideration all that belonged to my plan and wrote it down, I arrived at this conclusion, that as God had caused the conception of Himself to be developed in the mind of man in a twofold manner,—the one through revelation to the Jewish people through their patriarchs, the other through reason in the heathen,—so also must the enquiry and representation of this development be twofold;—and as God had kept these two ways for a length of time independent and separate, so should we, in the course of the examination, separate knowledge from man, and his development from the doctrine of revelation and faith, firmly trusting that God in the end would bring about the union of both. This is now also my firm conviction, that we must not mix them or bring them together forcibly, as many have done with well-meaning zeal but unclear views, and as many in Germany with impure designs are still doing. But herein I erred, that I supposed one might understand heathenism by itself, and that as regards Christianity one needed only so much knowledge as might easily be acquired: its documents and dogmas I supposed to be long known and understood, as far as understanding them was possible,—and that that must be sufficient. Herein lay my error: for who knows Christianity, but he who makes it the central point of his thoughts and actions? who knows the Bible, but he who makes it his confidential friend, his dictionary, and his grammar? Thus it is also with the calling to a comprehension of the highest things. To know Christ and the Bible, and to extend on earth the kingdom of Christ, is the duty of every man, more especially of him who is busied with the contemplation of the highest things.

All this has been working in my head almost daily for the last six months, and little or nothing would I write on the subject, because I desired that it should ferment, and clear, and shape itself. Next to God, my wife has had the greatest influence on my meditations; for as since 1814 you by your life and your faith have directed my mind to the contemplation of Christ and His teaching, so has Fanny now, in the same twofold manner. We have read the Bible together, as she was always accustomed to do before: and her acquaintance with the Scriptures (of which she knows a great portion by heart), her faith combined with clearness of understanding, and the Christian spirit which regulates her life,—have pointed out to me more and more the treasure of all treasures; and I see clearly, that without thorough and deep study of the Bible and of Christianity and its history, I can neither accomplish anything good in my other philosophical and historical undertakings, nor find for myself tranquillity of spirit, and the means of quenching the thirst for enquiry, and for regulating contemplation. Wherefore I am firmly resolved to undertake *this*, and see how far the Holy Spirit of God will help me forwards. . . .

Extract from Bunsen's Journal.

[Translation.] 1st January, 1818.

My heart is with thee, my beloved fatherland, in thy hopes, thy blessings, thy dangers! and with you, beloved friends, who have joined with me in calling upon God to save and relieve the oppressed land of our birth, and whose wishes and prayers will accompany mine for the same land, now returning to life. O Lord! could I ever forget that which Thou hast committed to me to do, then let me not return to my country, nor see my friends again, nor even look again upon my beloved parents and receive their blessing! I am conscious of Thy call; I feel strength in Thee! When my heart humbles itself before Thee, and seeks to be sanctified in Thee, then I feel secure and firm; but the power of indolence and of pride is great. Yet I know that Thy grace is greater.

Grant me, above all things, truth inwardly,—for without that I cannot behold Thy truth. Let me not externally enclose my heart with a factitious, applied form of faith. Forasmuch as Thy truth is the truth, man need not, on the way to it, be terrified by any truth. Let me bring everything into connection with this central point Let me not strive to add decoration to that which is in itself sufficient. Let me despise the world, not from pride, or from a spirit of opposition, but from love to Thee, and therefore in love. Let me tame my rebellious heart!

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Rome: 24th February, 1818.

There has been much mirth here latterly, and in my house, too. I was told by Ringseis, that the Crown Prince Louis of Bavaria intended to come in the evening (but I was not to know beforehand), when a set of our accustomed friends were collected. I could have wished for another day, in order to make some preparation, as one cannot command amusement on the spur of the moment; but there was no help; . . . I summoned together those I could find, Bekker, Cornelius, Eberhard, Müller, Rudolph Schadow, Rhebenitz, Schnorr, Ruscheweih, Koch,—at eight o'clock; Ringseis then came, and began singing, so that all were roused to join, by the time the Prince entered with

Senzheim, when he was received with the song, 'Landesvater.' I must say that he entered into everything with much spirit, and in the best manner; desired to offer 'Germany' as his toast, and, in less than half an hour, brought the whole company into such thorough mirth and noise, that the former occasion (of which he had heard, and therefore offered to join such a party) was nothing to this. Every one sought to contribute his own portion of opinion, likely to be welcome; but Cornelius had without doubt the advantage over the rest, in bluntly declaring the truth, and urging upon him 'to continue, as now, *trustful* towards the whole German people,—valuing all persons of merit without exception—for instance, Jacobi.' To which appeal the Prince replied, 'But he is now become an *old woman.*' Cornelius suggested that 'what a man has been and has done in former days, is that which should be remembered.' The Prince, however, had the last word, in declaring that 'Jacobi's reputation was founded upon his good kitchen'—after which Cornelius could not but let the subject drop. I proposed later the health of Niebuhr, as 'a patron of German art, and a true friend of the fatherland;' on which Cornelius observed, 'he who in silence provides for artists.' The health of Eberhard was called for (he had played on the pianoforte some clever compositions of his own), as 'the general magician' (*Hexenmeister*), somewhat in a spirit of opposition to the Prince, who noticed Schadow more especially, and told him 'he was the most graceful of sculptors.' The Prince proposed many patriotic toasts—'All that speak German must become German!' 'Germanic feeling!' 'Germanic union!'—with ever-increasing merriment of the whole party, which when he was gone (about twelve) grew wilder than ever. Previously, however, I had preserved composure enough to make my observations, and I am not as much enchanted as most of the others. Patronage of the fine arts is not sufficient to constitute an heir apparent to a royal crown. To rouse with cymbals and trumpets a

Third Punic War will not be the rebuilding of a Holy Roman Empire. Behind the zeal for the fine arts there lies hidden a vehement power of self-will, and behind Germanism peeps forth decided Bavarianism. The prejudice against Jacobi proceeds from the ultra-Bavarian party: I gather this from the spirit of a pamphlet forwarded to the Crown Prince 'on the renewal of learned monastic institutions,' . . . in which complaint is made of the 'introduction of arrogant *strangers*' (i.e. Germans not belonging to Bavaria), 'to the mortification of deserving Bavarian men of letters, consuming in salaries thousands belonging by right to the country.' May God grant that the Crown Prince may achieve the happiness of Bavaria, but the salvation of Germany will not proceed from him! Enough of this: we shall see what comes of it.

Bunsen to Hey (on occasion of his having entered on the duties of his parish, and found a welcome beyond his anticipations).

[Translation.] 11th July, 1818.

I like your having been so cheered by the sympathy of those around you. There is something in it of a consciousness remaining from better times gone by, and perhaps of a better future in store, not only, in general, for the union of the German people into one nation, but, in particular, for their becoming Christians, and being combined into a Christian organisation. As Antæus felt himself strengthened by contact with the maternal earth, so does your spirit experience a new buoyancy in uniting with your own nation and community. The feeling of singleness, of separateness, of a torn condition, is deeply roused, in order that by sympathy (the only means of healing granted to our nature) the soul's craving may be satisfied. As the other nations of Europe have no conception of the power of inner life in the individual, which exists in Germany; so do we not possess the consciousness of collective life and force, except in such moments as you have experienced. The communion of spirits is the highest communion, and that of the saints in Christ the most perfect: and though to us invisible, it claims to be represented in the domain of reality.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Rome: 27th July, 1818.

That death is the awakening of the soul to a higher life is my innermost conviction. Never do I become more intelligible to myself than when I follow up that thought. It bids me, in view of actual life, to consider the divinity of the nature I share—urges me to quell the phantasms of the senses, to contend against indolence and inaction as the infirmity of the soul; and preserves me in the clearer consciousness of existing under Divine protection, so that nothing can betide me, but in accordance with the will of God. And when I behold the nothingness of all human designs and endeavours which are not based upon the idea of duty—when I look upon the torn and worn condition of existence and the tangled web of the times in which we live —it becomes ever clearer to me that Divine Grace only can enable me duly to carry out and execute what I have purposed. Intolerable would it be to me, in the solemn hour of departure, to confess to myself that I had sought my way through life to death, impelled by any other consideration than that of duty: my very soul seems to fall into dust, all spirit and energy to be annihilated, by that thought. In the fulness of this conviction, I perceive how great is the degree of obscuration of the Divine nature in actual humanity, how powerful the evil principle. It must be something diabolical in us that makes us so easily lose this consciousness, this vision of truth: and most commonly, by a merely apparent life of the soul, by a false, substituted activity of intellect, through which we become, in fact, mere deteriorated animals. To express my whole thought—the Oriental mind has been, from the first, attractive to me, and an object of longing; solely on account of this especial characteristic, the grandeur of its perceptions with regard to the nothingness of human action, and the child's play of unceasingly wasting powers, and of efforts after things earthly, and in things earthly. My error was the folly of seeking, in that which was without, that which only could be found within myself. God be thanked for present light, if I only faithfully seek after it. Let us unitedly act on this conviction—for the sake of this, despise everything else inconsistent with it—in this find all repose! I have no other notion of my life for the future, but that it must consist in cropping off, and in concentrating. From such a consolidated centre alone can I venture with joyous hopefulness upon outward activity, which then indeed will become a need to me. I know not how to believe that such enormous good fortune should be intended for me, when I reflect that it might have been my lot to live and die in the confusion and scattering of thought and power that I behold around me . . . . One of the diseases of our time is, the seeking to patch and mend the inward with the outward. As the want of community of feeling is to be repaired by uniformity of fashion in clothing, so the want of religion of the heart by the building of churches, or by reflections upon the political necessity, the æsthetic beauty, the deep-seated reason of religion! Wherefore religion, taken in by the understanding, has become the food of vanity in the common world, as a means of displaying the intellect which deals with it.

The letters preserved contain, fortunately, such abundant particulars of Bunsen's inner and outer life, that much addition would not seem to be required. The winter of 1817 and the spring of 1818 were full of bright interests, from Bunsen's peculiar pursuits, from his daily intercourse with Niebuhr, and from the cheerful society which collected around him in his own house, chiefly consisting of his own countrymen, studying and cultivating the fine arts of Rome, with some intermixture of travellers—for instance, Mr. Ticknor of Boston, and Mr. Thirlwall (now Bishop of St. David's), who have preserved through life the friendship which Bunsen then inspired, not to name others. The presence in Rome of the Crown Prince of Bavaria (since King Louis) caused great excitement of hope among the artists, to several of whom his munificent undertakings for the decoration of Munich gave occupation for years after. He liked to enter society without pretension, and was pleased, on more than one occasion, to join in the unconstrained cheerfulness of a party of young men in Bunsen's house.

We have already heard of his giving the toast: *Was Deutsch spricht, soll Deutsch werden!* (May all that speak German become German!) his mind and speech dwelling much on the hoped-for recovery of the German provinces of France, Alsace, Lorraine, &c. Towards Bunsen he was well inclined, but soon perceived that he was not the man for him, after an evening when, the spirits of all present being by dint of free discussion excited to the point of absolute openness and sincerity, Bunsen was led to assert the incontestable fact that the free cities of Germany, Belgium, Holland, and Italy had been the real fosterers of the fine arts, whose patrons were found far oftener among citizens than among princes. Although the Prince of Bavaria well knew that he did not share the blame of disregard of the fine arts, yet did he feel instinctively that he had to deal with a free spirit, for whom, though art and poetry were much, yet science and philosophy were more ; and the Prince loved not literature and science, nor those devoted to such pursuits.

The happy birth of the first child (a son named Henry) and a multitude of minute particulars relating to mother and infant, form the subject of joyous communications extending through many letters of Bunsen to his sister. From one of these extracts will follow: but it ought to be mentioned, as generally applying to all similar instances, that his tone of animated delight and of devout thankfulness never varied, and was never lowered, as is too often the case with parents, whose offspring bears a large proportion to the visible means of worldly provision. The birth of a child was matter of unmixed rejoicing to him, from the first to the twelfth; and he did not suffer his soul's exultation to be checked by gratuitous apprehensions; practically exemplifying the sense of a verse in his favourite hymn—

	[Translation (by Miss C. Winkworth).]
Was unser Gott erschaffen hat,	Still for the creatures He hath made
Das wird er auch erhalten;	Our God shall well provide;
Darüber wird er früh und spat	His grace shall be their constant aid,
Mit seiner Gnade walten.	Their guardian every side.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Tivoli: 13th June, 1819.

The departure of my beloved and brotherly friend Brandis has at last taken place, and for the first time these many years have we parted, in great uncertainty when and where we can meet again. His way leads first to Florence and Venice, then to Paris for the winter, from thence to England; and in 1820 he intends to be at Berlin. May God grant me to see him again! But I have sorrowful anticipations. He has worked this last winter much too hard, and his chest is more affected than ever; besides, in addition to his former excellence, genuineness, purity, and equipoise of character, he has become of late so heavenly minded in benevolence, inward peace, and clearness, at the same time so convinced of the near approach of his end, that I cannot avoid the apprehension of his not remaining much longer on earth. But my feeling on this point seems strange to me. He has so impressed me with the consciousness of his being made by death free from pain and grief, and of his ripeness for a free and spiritualised and endless existence, that it is, as it were, a legacy that he bequeaths to me; and I do not experience such pain in the contemplation of losing him, as I should have expected. The passage into another and more glorious state, in which the wings of the soul shall be unfettered, seems so natural in the case of a spirit like his, that earthly sorrow withdraws before the brightness of the glory approaching. And yet no one would be so hard struck by his death as myself; for a friend in heart and mind, the confidant of all my efforts, thoughts, and contemplations, such as he has been, I have none beside him, and I shall never find one like him again. He left us on the 2nd May. . . . *

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Rome: 6th April, 1819.

. . . . All this (i. e. pursuits in life and principles in action) has come more clearer than ever before my mind in the parting from you, the only friend of my heart. We are one in conviction: whether we shall succeed in the performance, we know not; but I feel my mind so enlarged, when I think of all that binds us together spiritually, that never has the consciousness of endless existence come with more power upon my spirit, than through this separation. I dwell upon you with a cheerful heart; and it is as though there were no barrier between us.

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* Professor Brandis survived many years, and outlived Bunsen himself. He died at Bonn, where he filled the Chair of Professor of Moral Philosophy, in July 1867.

To the Same.

[Translation.] 21st May, 1819.

I must tell you of my visit to Tivoli, from whence I returned with Fanny yesterday. Those were the brightest days that I ever passed with Niebuhr, and will ever belong to the happiest of my life. Cardinal Consalvi had offered him the use of his house at Tivoli, and Niebuhr invited us to occupy one story in it as his guests. I walked out with him daily; he was very cheerful, and enjoyed the situation. Fortunately, I had found a book which treated of ruins not commonly noticed, indicating the place of the original falls of the Anio. . . . At dinner in the evening we were always together, which I particularly rejoiced in for Fanny's sake, who for the first time had occasion to know Niebuhr in his simplicity of greatness and his inexhaustible animation. Niebuhr, too, treated her with much consideration and kindness, and his wife was very good to both of us. To me Niebuhr was most encouraging; and I communicated to him all circumstances and questions.

The visit to Tivoli, here recorded, remains strongly impressed in the memory of the one survivor of that cheerful party, in manifold images of pleasure from beauty of nature and season and from social intercourse, in which the mind of Niebuhr was unfolded in its variety of power and intensity of interest in 'all the good, all the true, all the learned, all the wise,' as it were expanding in sunshine, enjoying the external world, and at ease in spirit; not haunted by the gloomy visions of public or domestic calamity, under the influence of which its balance often seemed lost, and its native lineaments became scarcely recognisable. The richness and charm of his conversation, when under benign influences, cannot be so described as to characterise it justly: he was peculiarly distinguished from other gifted talkers by commanding the whole range of subjects, to which he led attention, not being absorbed or trammelled by any one in particular. He guided the mind's eye from one class of ideas to another, not confounding them, but relieving one portion by another.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.]

Niebuhr meditates organising with Schmieder a congregation, and with that an establishment for the poor and sick, for Protestants are very ill off in the hospitals here.*

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Rome: 24th July, 1819.

. . . . Schmieder is in truth a distinguished man, of rare merit. Although bred up among unbelievers, he has attained to a genuine Gospel faith in Christ, as though he had been taught by Augustine and Luther only. His mild and benevolent demeanour, combined with a native dignity, inspires both respect and confidence, and his hearers are astonished at the preaching, in Rome, of a pure Christianity, such as they had seldom or never known at home. Others, however, consider him to be not sufficiently enlightened, and some take him for an enthusiast. For, instead of giving moral contemplations and sentimental rhapsodies on the beauty of virtue and the goodness of the human heart, his sermons treat of repentance and conversion, of sin and guilt, of the incapability of the mere human will to attain to regeneration, and the consequent necessity of faith in Christ's all-sufficiency. This he shows forth in a double manner, first as faith in Christ, who has died *for us*; secondly, as faith in Christ, who, living *in us*, must be the death of the old man, in order that the soul, having suffered with Christ-Man, shall rise again with Christ-God, and expand into a new life: thus having begun with penitence and pain, and passed through the gloom into light. Human nature likes this not; but yet it is satisfactory to perceive how the congregation by degrees, great and small, in high or low station, gathers round him and feels an attraction in this kind of teaching, in the midst of Rome, and of pompous ceremonies and dead observances in churches decorated with gold and precious stones,—contrasted with the small number collected to hear the pure, unmixed Gospel in the stillness of a simply-arranged place of worship, joining in prayer and in hymns and psalms of praise and thanksgiving. It is peculiarly satisfactory that my wife should make acquaintance with German theology and worship in this manner; for, as things stand in general, I was afraid for her of the effect of such acquaintance. . . . Were but all preachers like Schmieder, and all devotional arrangements like this—full of life and Christian spirit—then would the German evangelical church be the first in the world.

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* The mind of Bunsen took up and never gave up this plan, formed, but not executed, during the period of Niebuhr's residence in Rome; and the hospital for Protestants of all nations exists to this hour on the Capitol, established and maintained in the face of difficulties seemingly insurmountable.

To the Same.

[Translation.] 18th September, 1819.

. . . I have worked much, and done much,—for which first I thank God, and the instructive intercourse by Him granted to me with Schmieder. For since I attained to a clear consciousness, by inward experience, that there is no way of satisfying the needs of the soul, or tranquillising the heart's longings, but by the inner life in Christ—aspiration after eternal blessedness, and consequent direction of the mind and all its powers towards God—I am aware of an increase of power for the work of my calling, whatever it be, and of joy and spirit in performing it. Nothing external, no learning, no philosophy, no study of the various religions of the earth can help towards the soul's blessedness and living consciousness of salvation: it is the inward man, the essential centre of existence,—after all that is accidental has been cast off,—that must with the grace of God accomplish the work. Since I have clearly perceived this, I seek no more the things of religion far off and without me: nor do I delay the seeking after the one thing needful, or suppose the finding it to depend upon the higher degree of enlightenment, to be attained by this or the other acquisition of knowledge: (that is, it is my deliberate resolution so to do.) Human learning, although it cannot confer eternal blessedness, is and must be for man's benefit; for God Himself directs us to cultivate the intelligence He has given.

To the Same.

[Translation.] 27th November, 1819.

. . . We live almost entirely out of what is called the world; and that has come about naturally, without effort. Throughout the day, I work undisturbedly, till dinner time (at this time of the year five o'clock). Not always have I leisure before, or after dinner, to walk out for an hour. The evenings from seven o'clock are thus engaged:—Sunday and Tuesday we read the Bible with Schmieder, and he expounds to us and a small number of friends: we have already read through Genesis. Every Thursday we are at Niebuhr's, who receives the Germans on that evening. Monday we remain at home, receiving any friends that wish to visit us, or to meet for the singing of ancient church music. Saturday, I have to work for the post, the hour of departure being late: therefore Wednesday and Friday are the only evenings when we are alone. Fortunately for us, the Niebuhrs have a similar plan of life, and that is a great means of preventing my being compelled to join in any artificial relations of society. . . . My various labours have advanced well in the latter months, and meet with Niebuhr's approbation. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Rome: 7th January, 1820,

. . . My last accounts from home will have filled you with grief for the ever-increasing weakness of age in both parents; you will be prepared for the intelligence of my mother's blessed end! Yes, dear sister, she, the faithful and affectionate mother, is no more with us on earth; on the 27th November she expired, in full consciousness of her state, and having two days before partaken of the Holy Communion together with our father. . . . He has become more calm than he was at first; would not hear of removing to the house of his son-in-law and daughter, saying that he would only be carried out of his own to the grave. He is quite satisfied with the care and attention of the maid-servant; yet I anticipate that the separation and change will be more than he can long bear, and that he may soon follow the dear companion of his old age. May we all be reunited to her! for surely she is with God. Deeply painful though it be for both of us, to look forward to the dear father's death in our unavoidable absence, yet have we the comfort of certainty that Helene and her husband perform every duty of children towards him. . . . I received the letter telling me of my mother's death, when on the way with Fanny to make provision for Henry's pleasure on Christmas-eve. Thus does the fresh life, ever germinating and progressing, form fresh bonds to connect us with earth, while the old stem dies away below!

To the Same.

[Translation.] Rome: 29th April, 1820.

The last fortnight of my dearest father's life was a time of less violent emotion, but of deep sorrow and constant lamentation over the loss of the companion of his age; and in the uninterrupted consciousness of his own near-approaching end. He comforted Helene, when she could not refrain from tears, on hearing him speak of death; and often spoke of me and my wife. On Monday before his death he desired to rise from bed to pray for his grandchildren, as had been his custom morning and evening; but he was too weak to support himself, and was lifted back into bed. From that time the powers of life were rapidly failing, yet were the Wednesday and Thursday times of lighting up; he spoke much of me and of you, and reckoned that a letter from me might arrive on Sunday. On Saturday afternoon he became speechless, but lay in full consciousness; on Sunday Helene sat by his bed, and about two o'clock asked how he felt, and whether he suffered much. He replied by a slight shrugging of the shoulders; she took his hand and kissed it, looked again at his face, and he had expired! Helene was thereupon seized with fever, and confined to her bed, and saw the corpse no more; but when the coffin was borne to the grave, it was on the way set down before her house, by express desire of the beloved deceased. He had said to her a few days before, 'I shall no more be able to come to you, dear Helene, but when they carry away my remains, they shall rest on the way before your window.' The graves of the parents are side by side in the family-burial place;

Helene means to plant roses there, and I shall cause a stone to be put up. May God grant to both the fulness of blessedness!

General von Schack came to Rome in the beginning of the winter of 1820, accompanied by his exemplary wife and his devoted brother, then only a lieutenant, but who since has attained high military rank. The journey was undertaken in consequence of medical advice, in the hope that a mild climate might work the wonder of restoration from a state of disorder, found to be beyond the reach of medicine—the so-called '*atrophy of the spinal marrow*' (*Rückenmarksschwindsucht*), brought on by over-exertion in the great campaigns which led to the liberation of Germany. The complaint was already in an advanced stage, and the exciting nature of the air of Italy produced its accustomed effect of exhausting the remains of constitutional strength in the struggle against it. At first in the house of Niebuhr, but later, from rapidly increasing weakness, only in his own dwelling could the conversation of Schack be enjoyed; and great was the enjoyment of listening to the animated flow of thrilling historical narrative, of communication of results of experience, of thoughts ever forcibly expressed, of judgments powerfully convincing, which poured forth, like ebbing life, from the invalid reduced to a shadow in outward appearance, though intelligence and memory still survived, when bodily powers seemed only to subsist for prolongation of pain. Schack had been in very early youth a favourite aide-de-camp of General York. He was on the spot at the time when the latter took the great resolve, which turned the fate of Germany, viz. to join the Russians, and to direct the arms of his division against the very power to whose service he had been bound. Schack was the messenger chosen to bear the tidings of this event to the King;—a service performed against his express will and commands. Most graphic was the description he gave of the wonderful and unlooked-for coolness, with which the King received particulars of victory on his own part, and discomfiture of the oppressors of himself and his country, which Schack communicated with his natural enthusiasm, receiving thereby, as he observed, a lesson of self-command for the future. From this man of worth, knowledge, and genius, Bunsen received invaluable information as to characters and conditions in the, as yet, unknown regions of the Berlin world, and always had occasion to find the testimony of Schack borne out by facts.

One of the subjects upon which Schack loved to dwell was his journey to England in the suite of the Allied Sovereigns, in 1814, when having followed General York and his harassed army through the perils of the campaign in Champagne, he had enjoyed with them the glorious entry into Paris, and subsequently the transit to the shores of that country, which was alone in Europe, because unvisited by war. They approached the British coast at the moment of the departure of Louis XVIII. from his place of refuge to take possession of the throne won for him by force of arms, when he was greeted by the royal salute of 101 guns from the fleet in attendance upon his passage. The grandeur of the line-of-battle-ships, world-renowned, but seen for the first time by one and all of the illustrious party, and the accompanying reverberation of sound in the majestic cliffs of Albion, could not be described, or ever be forgotten. Then to land, and be received by the acclamation of an entire people, in all its ranks and degrees, throwing into shade all that could be done to honour the guests in ceremonial welcome—the joyous crowds which in every town and village on the road to London strove to outdo each other in demonstration of respect and gratulation—the great amount of female beauty, which blended in the mass, bringing ornament as well as enthusiasm—even the peculiar attire of a nation, long impervious to the fashions of France,—the neat close bonnet, from within which such bright glances and cordial smiles greeted heroes of the war of liberation, and the tight spencer and minimum of drapery (so soon renounced under Parisian influence),—all were dilated upon as forming an integral portion of the charm of the scene, and detailed with the eloquence of strong feeling. But ever did Schack return to the heart-cheering appearance of a highly-cultivated country, with its trees of ancient growth, unscathed by the blast of war, its buildings in repair, its fields adorned with flocks and herds, and everything testifying to domestic and popular well-being, without external mark of sacrifices made and losses incurred in the public cause.

Although Schack had not been relieved from the burden of life, when Bunsen for the first time visited Berlin in 1827, it will be observed, from one of his letters, that the last sight he obtained of the general quite crushed his soul, an affection of that powerful and well-constituted brain having been the last of the ravages perpetrated by disease.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] Rome: 9th June, 1821.

The times in which we live seem to me most unsatisfactory: the minds of men are unfixed, lost in self-interest, sentimentality, and self-contemplation. What there is of strength and talent, or at least such as is free to display itself, is destructive and decomposing; while the principles fixed above all conflict of ephemeral personalities, the conditions of universal well-being, on which the salvation of Church and State depends, have become indistinct and unintelligible to most men, because to obtain insight into them is a work requiring moral energy, sense of duty, humility, faith, and devotedness. Yet there is a great commotion in the elements of society; and the saving Angel of the Lord descends only when the waters are troubled. The disproportion existing between the cultivation of the understanding and that of the moral capabilities is the fundamental evil; and the dissolution of social relations and of their reciprocal regard and recognition is a fact which leaves, humanly speaking, little room for hope. If it is yet time to save anything, my firm conviction is, that the main point everywhere to be striven after is the revival of all that was essential and real (as opposed to hollowness of form), as possessed by our forefathers; or at least the keeping open a possibility of such renovation.

That intoxication of self-worship, which, devoid of moral intensity of conviction or of clear conception of the problems actually calling for solution, anticipated of late the attainment of unknown degrees of intellectual grandeur from a consummation of learning and science,—has begun to give place to the barbaric delusion which casts all knowledge aside, and reckons upon the breathing of the Divine Spirit through the 'waste and howling wilderness' of the empty mind, like the blast through the apertures of a ruined hall. . . . . ——'s conclusions, in general, can be admitted only by such as are convinced as fully as he is himself, of the impossibility of the wonderful fact of redemption. I, on the contrary, am convinced that this fact is the especial foundation of religion and the essential object of faith, indeed the sole unvarying one. All dogmas not concerned with facts may live out their term, but will have an end. I am convinced, that all that is analogous to those facts in the inward history of every regenerate soul is but a single broken ray of the original light, proceeding from, and sustained by it. This is true, and the converse is not the truth. Whoever does not accept the facts of Christianity thus, but looks upon them as mere symbols of the true and essential ideas originating in the individual human mind, is not a Christian, and still less a theologian. This is my line of demarcation: all discussion must begin on this side of it, for on the other side it would be absurdity.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Michaelmas, 1821.

I will begin my letter, beloved sister, with the intelligence that I, my wife, and children, are at this moment all well, —but, dearest, we have been otherwise! The Lord has visited us—and although in mercy, yet was the blow hard, for those who for so long a time had been allowed to flourish almost beyond the portion allotted to humanity. We had an angel among us, which has returned home! Our Mary began already in May to lose her colour and her indescribable animation; the change could only be laid to the account of teething. . . I resolved to take a lodging at Albano for July and August, in the hope of lessening to the children the debilitating effect of the summer-heat, and thither I conveyed my wife and the children, returning myself to Rome, and reckoning upon coming over every Sunday to remain with my family until Wednesday—the Legation-business detaining me during the latter part of each week. Scarcely was my wife settled at Albano when our misfortunes began—Henry seized with fever and Mary declining day by day. I was detained longer than I had reckoned at Rome, and when I came again on the 14th July to Albano, I found the darling shrunk to a skeleton, and with an expression of suffering that struck me to the heart. Alas ! I saw her not again but as a corpse. The last days of her life coincided with those in which the Papal Bull, the object of long negotiation, was to be expedited, and I was held fast in Rome by my duty. The account received the last day, before I could return, was somewhat comforting ; the day before that, my wife had written that we must be prepared for the worst :—' She well knew that God would either preserve the child to us, or give us strength to bear the loss.' The 22nd July was the anniversary of our angel's birth, and the last day's intelligence had inexpressibly comforted me. On that morning I received a letter from Brandis, in which he announced his betrothal with the object of six years' hopeless attachment ; and, rejoicing in this intelligence, I drove with a lightened heart from Niebuhr's door towards Albano. The last hour of the way is up-hill, and as I could make the ascent more quickly on foot than in the carriage, I was accustomed to leave it at the foot of the hill, and to be met by my wife near the gate of the town. As I approached the spot, I saw her coming—I flew to meet her—and saw in her eyes, what she constrained her voice to tell with composure, 'She is with God.' At noon, two hours before the completion of her first year of life, our darling had expired. How my wife bore up under such lengthened and accumulated distress, as well as fatigue (for the suffering child would not remain in any arms but hers), having the two boys to care for besides, one of them being also ill, and therefore troublesome, ... and still mustered strength to walk to meet me that I might be the less startled—would be incomprehensible, humanly speaking! but God gave the power. What a sight was the corpse! God granted it to be lovely, even in death—nothing could be more like an angel. But few hours might the remains be seen—in this country burial must follow quickly upon death. On the third day my wife accompanied me to the Protestant burial-place, to deposit the earthly remains of the dearest of our children; two hours before sunset we reached the spot. Schmieder and many of our friends had assembled. When Schmieder's prayer and words of consolation were ended, and the coffin let down into the grave, I feared my wife would have sunk under the anguish, as she knelt—but at that moment I saw her eyes fixed in looking up into the glorious blue sky, which, like the temple of God, arched over us—and she has since told me that as she looked into the grave which received her beloved, the words of the Angel to the women at the sepulchre of Christ came with power into her mind—'He is not here, but is risen,'—and she felt strengthened to turn her eyes from earth to heaven. Niebuhr did not arrive till after the ceremony—embraced me, and wept aloud; I could only say to him, 'My father!' for such I felt him to be. He had ever been fond of Mary—he threw himself down, and kissed the earth that covered her, exclaiming, 'Thou lovely child!' Many were moved to tears by seeing the great man so moved, who in general can so entirely command his feelings. At length we tore ourselves away from the grave, and returned for the night to our solitary home; the next morning early I accompanied my wife to Albano, where I remained a week by Niebuhr's absolute desire. Henry's fever returned the week after, and on the Sunday I brought over the physician of most repute in Rome, whose opinion at least relieved us from the fear of a malignant disorder: he ordered bark, which the good child took unresistingly. At length my wife's strength gave way,—a double tertian fever, however, was soon subdued; and I left them, resolved to return to fetch them all finally back to Rome on the following Sunday, 26th August (the second day of my full man's estate),* and I came accordingly, but had been seized with fever-shivering an hour before reaching Albano. The two physicians of Albano were both uncertain what to order—at length determined upon bleeding, which the surgeon could not accomplish from the smaller vein, and, conscious of his want of skill, dared not attempt it from the larger. At length on Tuesday, the 28th, an interval of fever enabled us to remove to Rome. A malignant fever ensued, accompanied by an oppression of breathing, which rendered sleep impossible during the nineteen days that it lasted. My recovery was most wonderfully rapid, and, although weak, I never felt in better health than I do now. . . .

The illness concisely recorded in the last letter was a critical event in the life of Bunsen; and his complete recovery from a disorder so virulent and obstinate appears the more surprising, as now the painful experience of his closing years and months has too well disclosed what was the form of death to which his powerful constitution was at last to give way. The resemblance is evident between the dangerous symptom which attended the *febbre perniciosa* throughout, and the affection which proved the sign and cause of his death in the end. A sensation of suffocation came on with every attempt to drop asleep during the nineteen days' fever in 1821; but the fever once conquered by dint of Peruvian bark, this symptom ceased, and natural slumber returned in its habitual perfection. The period that followed was one of vigorous health, and the winter and spring of

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* On August 25th, 1821, he entered the 30th year of his life.

1821-22 are marked in my memory as peculiarly calm and cheerful, owing to the health and happy activity of Bunsen. He was less drawn into society than had been the case in the winter of 1819-20, when the presence of Baron von Stein called upon him for a sacrifice of time, willingly made, though considerable, in order to show him the objects of interest in Rome, thus giving him an opportunity of important intercourse. Stein was well aware of the value of these conversations to his young friend, and therefore urged his coming to him for hours together day after day. With reference to these friendly invitations Bunsen once made the remark, that 'he could not have given way so regularly and constantly to the demands of Stein upon his time, had he not felt the man to be his King.' This testimony to the inbred royalty of Stein's nature he never gave to any other individual, of whatsoever station.

In the winter of 1820-21, Bunsen may be described as having much at heart, and following up in the intervals of all other occupations, however engrossing, the study of ancient music, that is the *canto fermo*, or plain chant, which is the basis of the music of Palestrina, Allegri, and the ancient school. This style was imposed by a special law upon the Private Chapel of the Pope, by the Council of Trent, as being considered the only style suitable to the solemnity of the Papal presence; the plain chant being itself founded upon the scanty fragments of the musical system of the ancient Greeks which have, in an intelligible form, been handed down to present times. The presence in Rome of Kocher of Stuttgard, a musical composer as much devoted to the ancient science of music, and as desirous of thoroughly comprehending it as Bunsen himself, was of essential use to the latter. On the other hand, the help of Bunsen was indispensable to Kocher, in interpreting to him the living lore of the venerable Maestro di Capella, Baini, and the dead-letter documents of the ancient art, in languages otherwise inaccessible to Kocher. The object of Bunsen was, as ever, to bring about a reformation in his own country; being fully conscious of the deteriorated condition, almost, if not quite, universal, of that choral harmony which yet is the pride of the Germans, and believing that a renewal of the spirit of other times could only be possible by reverting to the original fountain in its purity. As with the hymns, the outpouring of ancestral piety, so also with the tunes, their appropriate medium of communication, he hoped to succeed in removing all corrupt incrustations, so that when offered in pristine perfection, they could not fail to be accepted, and to supersede the unedifying collections, which, although in many cases imposed by force upon congregations in the latter part of the eighteenth century, have now so taken root, that those in the habit of using them rarely enquire after their merit or demerit, and have generally forgotten that they were not, in their present form, the legacy of the Reformers.

Those who have had opportunity of judging of the zeal and love with which Bunsen pursued these undertakings, not from literary and scientific taste only, but in the hope of reviving Christian worship, might well ejaculate: *Tantus labor non sit cassus!*—

and it may be reserved for his grandchildren to witness the free adoption by congregations in his own fatherland of the treasures which he never would have endured to see introduced or even recommended by supreme authority.

After persevering, but unsuccessful, endeavours to collect amateur singers who should give voice and effect to the ancient compositions, Bunsen succeeded in prevailing upon the Director of the Papal Choir to allow a certain number of its members to come quietly, on a regular evening, to his house, where during the winter months for many years he and his family and their chosen friends enjoyed those works of ancient genius in a degree of perfection nowhere else attainable: while the singers, undisturbed, and not compelled to confine their performance within restricted limits of time, and pleased, moreover, at being the sole objects of attention, gave full effect to every piece. The few who were assembled to hear this performance will scarcely have heard the like again.

Among the events full of interest to Bunsen and his wife in these days, were the creations of Thorwaldsen's genius, which abounded in the years 1820, '21, and '22. Once they were fortunate enough to find him at the very moment of an artist's rapture, whilst giving shape to the thoughts in which he had been delighting—in the act of adding the last touches to the clay, in which he had modelled his statue of Mercury (since become the property of Lord Ashburton). He dilated then upon the course of sensations and images, rather than of reflection, which had brought him to fix upon the position of a sitting figure, in perfect repose, but in an evidently animated promptitude for action, as upon a subject to which he would delight in giving shape, if he could find a situation to furnish it with a full and intelligible and satisfactory meaning. 'And then,' he said, 'I hit upon Mercury, who, having played on the Panpipe to subdue Argus into slumber, at the instant of observing that his purpose has been accomplished, is removing the musical instrument from his lips (which thus are not hidden or disfigured), and with the right hand is grasping the sword's hilt, but, still motionless, is watching lest the eyes should open again.' In this same period may be placed the date of the statue of Christ, as to which he expressed himself as wishing to represent the Saviour inviting all to come to Him, and reminding them of what He had done and suffered; but that, dreading any approach to theatrical effect, he had aimed at the extremest simplicity of attitude. The conception of Christian art was foreign to the mind of Thorwaldsen, and only in compliance with the wishes of his native Sovereign* did he steel his courage to the attempt, after having failed in accomplishing for the King of Bavaria a group of the three women at the sepulchre—the design of which he destroyed in utter dissatisfaction. After the execution of the statue of Christ, Thorwaldsen expressed his conviction that he had reached his culminating point, and would now decline in art; 'for,' said he, 'I never was satisfied with any work of my own till I executed the Christ—and with that, I am alarmed to find that I *am* satisfied: therefore, on the way towards decay.'

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* Christian VIII., King of Denmark, before his accession, had visited Rome in the winter of 1820–1821, with his beautiful Princess, who has long survived him as Queen Dowager.

In a letter dated November 9, 1821, after relating with the usual detail, and with expressions of peculiar thankfulness, the birth of a third son—who received his father's name Charles—Bunsen tells of his present occupations:—

[Translation.]

I can give no better proof how well I feel, and far better than for a long time before my illness, than by assuring you with what spirit I am geting on with my work. When I considered myself in my late illness on the brink of eternity, I enquired searchingly of my own mind what I ought to make beyond all other things the work of my calling, if God should grant the prolongation of my life; for I felt that the human span is soon past, and what is to be accomplished within it must be carried through, or no good purpose will be served:—and upon my theological labours I rested at last, as the quarter in which my calling was to be sought. . . .

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Rome: 30th March, 1822.

. . . . My occupations have not been so much interrupted by the presence of strangers, as in the winter of last year, and I have been able to work much; but, alas! not so much as I had hoped in the matter I had most at heart. Three years ago, a friend of mine (Platner) undertook to write a 'Description of Rome,' and the publisher consented to very high terms, on the understanding that Niebuhr would grant him assistance in the antique, and I in the modern, portion to be described and explained. When, however, the work was laid before us for inspection, so much was found imperfect that for our own honour we could not suffer it to go to press. Then I experienced that promise begets debt; I have now for two months done nothing but labour at rewriting this work; and if in three months more, from this time, I shall have finished, I may be thankful. It is quite certain that I learn much in this pursuit, which is serviceable to my own objects besides; but this shall be a warning to me never again to undertake anything not immediately belonging to my calling—one cannot otherwise accomplish anything in life as it ought to be done. This book is to come out next autumn (at least the first volume), and I shall take care that you receive a copy. The most valuable part consists in the share taken by Niebuhr, who will treat of the antiquities; I am to contribute an essay upon the ancient Christian Churches, and a description of some of them, as well as of the Colosseum. I cannot tell you how I shall rejoice when this business is finished.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

22nd May, 1822.

I have not yet mentioned Mr. Niebuhr's having been invested by the Emperor of Austria with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Leopold, a dignity which entitles him to the privilege of being addressed as 'mon cousin' by the Emperor; which distinction Mr. Niebuhr owes to having given a proof of courage and right judgment which has been of most essential service to the Austrian army. The Austrian Government having miscalculated the amount of funds at their command in Rome (in short, their own credit with the bankers), it turned out that when the army, intended to put down the Neapolitan insurrection, arrived at the gates of Rome, the bills of exchange in the hands of the commanders were found inconvertible into ready money —few being the bankers who had any, and those few declining the risk. In this extremity Mr. Niebuhr offered to Count Apponyi to draw in his own name upon the bank at Berlin, and give his word for prompt repayment—on hearing which the reply of the bankers was, 'His name is sufficient for any amount;' whereupon he drew upon Berlin for 200,000 crowns, and on his personal credit raised 40,000 for the needs of the moment,—on which the bankers took courage to furnish further supplies on moderate terms, instead of the double interest which they had hitherto demanded for the most trifling sums. On this occasion Mr. Niebuhr expressed himself thus to the Minister:—*J'ai agi selon le principe qu'un ministre doit toujours contempler la responsabilité avec toutes ses conséquences à laquelle il est exposé, mais que cette réflexion ne doit jamais l'influer à ne pas encourir les dangers qu'il connaît.* The King has caused his high approbation of the step to be notified to Mr. Niebuhr. The affairs of Italy may be considered as finally settled. The populace of Naples are now busy insulting and maltreating the Carbonari by whom they had been misled.

In this and in other letters, mention is made of Lord Colchester's presence in Rome, and the satisfaction of Niebuhr in making his acquaintance; also the disconsolate remarks of that eminent man upon his own country—as to which, when asked whether the Constitution would last, he replied, 'Scarcely sixty years.' He showed himself as deficient as the greater part of English *frondeurs* in the due consciousness of the duty of self-defence for the honour of the great community in which their lot had been cast. He is mentioned as having assented with energy to the severe condemnation pronounced by Baron Stein and by Niebuhr upon the course of reckless exaggeration of evil which marked the conduct of only too great a number of individuals of the higher classes both in and out of England, and which was taken by them as an indication of the actual decline and fall of the nation. The mind of Niebuhr was drifting from the temper of those earlier days in which he almost worshipped the high ideal of national merit (at the head of which was placed the younger Pitt), into that condition of alienation, from England and dissatisfaction with her Government, which disturbed his latter years, and which the intercourse he sometimes had with English travellers only tended to confirm. Not long after this date, he attached himself so strongly to the Count de Serre, as to induce the belief that he was inclined to seek an ideal, wherewith to console himself in the characters produced by the Restoration in France.

The maxim professed and acted upon by Niebuhr, as to incurring personal responsibility, was treasured up only too faithfully by Bunsen's courageous nature, though he made no profession of the doctrine; and the time came when he had to pay the penalty of following up what he considered to be the right course, without being supported by those sympathies which justified the act of Niebuhr in the eyes of his Government.

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA—NIEBUHR'S DEPARTURE—DEATH OF PIUS VII.—ELECTION OF LEO XII.—LEOPARDI—RADOWITZ—GENERAL DÖRNBERG—DEATH OF CARDINAL CONSALVI—CAPACCINI—EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES—NEUKOMM.

The summer of 1822 was little marked by variety, but animated throughout by the stirring sense of work accomplished, with fulness of health and vigour for its accomplishment, and the cheerful consciousness of a rebound from beneath the grievous pressure of the several and continuous afflictions of 1821. At the period of the year corresponding with that of Bunsen's severe illness, some alarm was felt lest the old enemy should reappear, and he was induced in September to go to Albano for the sake of ascending the highest hills with Platner and others. A few kind lines on the evening of reaching Albano announced to his wife his having 'walked to Ariccia,' though 'the way was painful' (the scenes being associated with the illness and death of the beloved child), and arranged with Schnorr to go the next day to Monte Cavo, and on the day following to Cori.

The following letter, addressed by Bunsen to his sister shortly before Christmas 1822, relates to an occurrence which had important consequences for his after-life; for it brought him, for the first time, into personal contact with his Sovereign and two Princes of the Prussian Royal Family.

[Translation.] Rome: 7th December, 1822.

Beloved Sister,—Joy to you on the holy Christmas festival and on the new year! This time I can hope to tranquillise you quickly and easily, both as to my silence latterly, and as to the shortness of this letter. You will have seen in the papers that our King made a journey with two of his sons from Verona to Rome and Naples; you can therefore imagine that during his presence here I was sufficiently occupied from morning to night, and also had to bestow much time before and after that period on arrangements and commissions. The King himself was conducted by Niebuhr, the two Princes by me, in going about Rome,—instead of the Roman antiquarians, generally appointed by the Papal Court to attend such high personages, and explain all the remarkable objects. You may suppose that I took care duly to prepare myself to fill the office with honour, and I have done so as yet to the satisfaction of all concerned. The young Princes are both very observant and intelligent, the one twenty-three, the other twenty years of age, and at the same time patterns of engaging and yet dignified demeanour. Prince William, the elder of the two,* is of a serious and manly character, which one cannot behold and perceive without feeling heartily devoted to him, and in all sincerity to hold him in high esteem. To-morrow the King returns from Naples, and six days later the Princes, so that towards the middle of the month we shall be left to ourselves. It so happens, that General Witzleben, the King's aide-de-camp and confidential adviser, who has accompanied him, is the person whom the King had peculiarly employed and consulted in the arrangement and construction of the liturgical order of public worship at Berlin (of which you will have read in the papers) because he considered him to be a man of piety and right feeling. I had obtained a copy of the newly-published Liturgy from the hands of another officer (Count Von der Gröben, aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince) on the 5th November. I set to work at once, the day after, to write two essays, in which I laid down my own fundamental principles in short sentences, and sketched the elementary features of such a formulary, with particular reference to the Liturgy published by the King's order. This was completed, more rapidly than I can myself comprehend, in two days and a half: so that I could still before the King's arrival write down my own arrangement for morning and evening and for the Sunday worship. Thus I could completely overlook and contemplate the ground on which I stood. I spoke openly to Niebuhr on the subject, and declared my determination to quit diplomatic employment and return to literary life, and that at once, in the coming year. He took an early opportunity of speaking in general terms of me and of my work to General Witzleben, who thereupon entered into conversation with me. In this interview I did not enter into the matter of my own written essay, but rather spoke of the historical studies and researches which I had made, and gave utterance to that which would most further my purpose of making him perceive, that this was no work for the uninformed, or for beginners in learning, if a complete and comprehensive Liturgy, similar to that of the Church of England, was aimed at,—for that is indeed what is wanted, if the whole work of the union of the two Confessions is not to come to a stand-still. By all this I strove to prepare the way for the assertion (which I kept back till he should have returned from Naples) that the King's Liturgy could only be considered as a provisional and experimental arrangement. Should he ask to know more, I should either answer by word of mouth, or send my essay after him to Berlin. . . .

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* King Frederick William's second son, his present Majesty King William of Prussia.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Rome: 11th January, 1823.

. . . . My letter was written before the King's return from Naples; he arrived on that very 7th December, and was as gracious as ever. The next morning I was informed by a gentleman in attendance, Mr. Albrecht, that I had to thank the King for an antique Etruscan vase, which he had ordered to be sent from Naples, together with one intended for Niebuhr. That day I found no opportunity of expressing my thanks; but the King caused a book to be given me by the hand of Prince Wittgenstein (one of H. M.'s Ministers), written by a person of weight at Berlin in favour of the King's Liturgy, that I might read it through; and when I returned it the next morning with suitable acknowledgments, and the Prince asked my opinion, I said, 'The principles of the writer seem good, but I should have expected a more vigorous developement, after what is said in the preface to the Liturgy on the King's idea.' Next morning, but before I had found the desired opportunity of expressing my thanks, Prince Wittgenstein met me with the intelligence that the King had named me Counsellor of Legation; and when I offered my acknowledgments for his supposed recommendation, he replied that he was glad of my appointment, but that it was entirely the act of the King, because he was pleased with me. The distinction is very considerable. The King received my thanks most graciously, and uttered words of satisfaction. The same day at the royal table (whither I was daily summoned, and placed just opposite to the King), on occasion of a question of the King's, relative to some sacred music that he was to hear, I replied, and my answer caused the King again to speak, so that I found myself obliged to make an objection to his observation, which drew on our conversation to the end of dinner-time. After rising from table, the whole company were vastly more friendly in manner to me than before; and Humboldt (Alexander, the celebrated traveller) said that he and the rest were equally surprised and pleased at my having known so well how to treat the King, and to bring him into discussion without putting him out of tune, but rather the reverse. I had expected anything rather than this; because, as I had determined not to ask anything of the King, I had been careful in his presence, with all respect and attention, to avoid uttering a word that should not be expressly called for. The same scene was repeated the day of the King's departure. He spoke with me during the greater part of dinner-time on his favourite topic, Church matters; and I again took the liberty of pointing out faults in existing things; the King took all in good part, and said on rising from table, 'On many points you are probably in the right.' Thus closed this act.

After the King was gone, reflection ensued as to what was to be done. To ask leave to resign, after the distinctions bestowed upon me, was out of the question; it would have been an offence, and an act of ingratitude. To request leave of absence for a time would have been feasible, had not the King just granted the same to Niebuhr for one year from April or May next; soon, therefore, perceiving that such leave, if I asked it, could not be obtained, . . . I wrote to Count Bernstorff to express my readiness to give up the year's leisure for a journey to England, which I had strong reasons of private interest to desire, in consideration of his Excellency's willingness (of which I had been informed) to grant me an independent position as Chargé d'Affaires during the absence of Niebuhr.

On the 3rd January I received the Count's reply (together with the patent as Counsellor of Legation signed by the King), giving his assent, and promising to take into consideration my just wish for leave of absence, when the year should be past for which the post of Chargé d'Affaires was to be granted.

Bunsen to Lücke.

[Translation.] Rome: 16th August, 1823.

. . . . If God grants me health and His aid, I intend to devote the next coming years to a persevering study of the Holy Scriptures, and writings relating to them.

. . . I must confess to you the wish to make the historical treatment of the conception of the Lord's Supper the principal work of my life in future years.

The burning of S. Paolo *fuori le mure*, 16th July, was an event in the eventful year 1823 which Bunsen and his family too closely witnessed for it to be passed over unmentioned. That venerable building was the object of frequent visits in the summer afternoons of that year, and the many beautiful pieces of mediæval sculpture and mosaic with which it was decorated were individually valued, as well as habitually delighted in, by all.

A few days before this disaster Pius VII. had fallen from his accustomed seat in his own room, breaking the hip-joint. From the first, probably, no reasonable hopes could be entertained of his recovery, as the cure of the fracture at his advanced age could not be calculated upon, any more than the continuance of his accustomed health in a lengthened confinement to bed. The commotion of the public mind was great during the remaining weeks of his life; and although his was one of the few characters in high station to whose merits and qualities the universal voice did justice, and the numbers were considerable who venerated him as a saint, yet the virtual transfer by him of the cares of government, and of all political decisions to his chosen and trusted Consalvi roused the feverish desire for change in various quarters, where private interests were concerned in the approaching struggle for power.

Although at first Pius VII. suffered so little from his accident, that the calmness of his disposition and his perfect resignation seemed to extend to his bodily frame, yet after a while pain and fever came on. In his delirium he ceaselessly repeated psalms and devotional exercises, never failing to recognise Consalvi, whom he always answered rationally. He had many intervals of ease, but at last it was a hard struggle to enter into rest, his chest continuing to heave with convulsive strength, after every other function of life had ceased. On Sunday, August 17 (the 20th was the day of his death), he remonstrated with his physicians, 'Perchè fate tante cose? Vorrei morire; sento bene che Iddio mi vuole richiamare'—and his indistinct utterances were ever prayers for release. Consalvi watched by him for the last three nights,—his own health being in so precarious a state that it could scarcely be expected he would survive the anxiety and fatigue, superadded to the load of hourly care and mournful anticipation.

The remains of the Pope lay one day at the Palace of the Quirinal, and were then carried to St. Peter's to lie in state three days longer, previous to the nine days' obsequies. On the last and most solemn of these days, the glorious 'Requiem' of Pittoni was sung, with still greater effect than in the Sistina, although by the same singers. The next day, 2nd September, many were invited to the apart-ments of Cardinal Consalvi, in the Palazzo della Consulta, opposite the Palace of the Quirinal, to see the Cardinals walk in procession to the Conclave. The two colossal statues with the obelisk appeared larger than ever from the opportunity of measuring their height with human dimensions. In front of them stood the noble fountain, recently formed by putting together the two vast fragments of granite, which, when we first came to Rome in 1816, lay, and had lain for centuries, under the arches of the so-called Temple of Peace: the water springing high fell back into a lake rather than a basin, glowing and sparkling in the sun, while the statues rising aloft with the shady side towards us, cast a long line of shadow over the crowd. Behind, the cypresses rose above the wall of the Colonna gardens, and St. Peter's loomed large in the distance,—the whole forming a picture which, as to forms and colours, light and shade, was as peculiar to Rome, as are the names of the objects connected with it.

During the supposed vapid, but in fact animated, period of the Conclave, the two ruling ambassadors (Count Apponyi of Austria, Count Laval-Montmorency of France) were assiduous in giving occasion, by receptions twice a week, to meetings of the higher classes and of the diplomatic body, in which the Conclave gossip, the reports and rumours of what was possible or impossible, and the pasquinades, whether fresh for the present occasion, or borrowed from a time long past, were topics of exciting interest.

The election of Cardinal della Genga, under the name of Leo XII., put an end to suspense, and disappointed all calculations. The nominees of the three Catholic Powers were set aside, their vetos fell upon sham pretenders, who had no essential support, and the College of Cardinals exulted in a choice which had not been dictated.

The first measures of the new reign were wise and salutary, leaving nothing to be desired but continuance in the same direction, and faithfulness in carrying them out. They consisted in a remission of taxes (the amount of which was the chief cause of the unpopularity of Consalvi), and in a diminution of the causes of expense. The new secretary of State, Cardinal della Somaglia, being eighty years of age, was rather an ornament to the new order of things by his blameless life and ingratiating deportment, than an effectual support, being a remnant of earlier times, and familiar with persons and conditions long since consigned to the past: and the Council of State, composed of six Cardinals, for the real control and apparent assistance of the Secretary of State's office, was a novelty which had yet to prove its capacity and efficiency.

Many of Bunsen's letters to Niebuhr at this time show that he felt the entire absorption in his official business, and the want of an assistant in the regular and mechanical office-work, to be very irksome, he having no help but such as his wife could give.

The month of October, with its abundance of charm, came this year with a power of refreshment more than ever felt after the long period of unusual exertion during the season of heat. The revival of spring verdure after the regular rain at the beginning of autumn combined with the annual merriment of the Roman population to complete the effect of scenery and weather: every villa and garden, every open gateway, every accessible space round every entrance of the town being full of bright faces and the varied colouring of young and old, all intent upon social animation as the duty of the present moment. Those who have known and loved Rome will have felt that the marked character given by invariable custom to the various periods of the year is most of all missed after departure from Rome; and only those who have experienced the effect of the regularly recurring mandate, understood by all, though pronounced by none, to be serious at one time and gay at another, can be aware how far this apparently arbitrary custom can influence the mind, and how the absence of it may leave a void. To minds which are the very opposite in character and habits to the Italian mind, this fact may be made intelligible by consideration of the solemn yet cheerful calm belonging in busy England to the recurrence of Sunday, as it gives an opportunity for everything that is good and beautiful in life, while compelling in the whirl of things external an interval of relaxation and rest to the over-strained faculties. This effect of Sunday is indeed wanting in the Roman system, and is a want ever felt there; but the advantage to the mind of marking the year's divisions, as at Rome, finds elsewhere no due substitute. The enjoyment of October animation on the present occasion was enhanced by the opportunity given of additional intercourse with the excellent and valued chaplain, Schmieder, who, after five years of faithful exertions for the benefit of the congregation he had drawn together at the Capitol, was now about to depart and undertake a new sphere of usefulness at Pforta, the celebrated public school near Naumburg in Prussian Saxony. It was a necessity that he should accomplish the journey and enter upon his new establishment with his young family before the beginning of the northern winter, and thus the early October days were the last of his stay, as also the last of that intercourse in which the two households had been so closely interwoven for years.

The successor of Schmieder at Rome was Richard Rothe, whose presence was essentially valuable to Bunsen in furtherance of his favourite pursuits, as well as from his true friendship, and that rare gift of pulpit eloquence, only too little heard, although everywhere prized, wherever his lot had been cast.*

The passing through Rome, in going to Naples and returning, of Baron Heinrich von Arnim and his admired wife (*née* Strick van Linschoten) must not be omitted among cherished recollections. Baron Arnim was attached to the Prussian Legation at Naples before the occupancy of that post in 1825 by Baron von Olfers. On both occasions of resting in Rome, golden opportunity was given for intercourse, invaluable to Bunsen and his wife, who looked back upon these meetings with redoubled thankfulness, when in later years the Arnims in Berlin and at

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* Dr. Richard Rothe, Professor of Theology at the University of Heidelberg, one of the most influential men in the Protestant Church of Baden, died, after a short but very painful illness, loved and respected by all who knew him, at Heidelberg, August 13, 1867.

Brussels supplied the absence of parental care to their sons, when sent away from their Roman home for school-education.

Bunsen to his Sister Christiana.

[Translation.] Rome: the last day of the year 1823.

The year shall not close without my fulfilling a promise never forgotten, dearest sister! When you receive these lines, my fate will probably be decided, and possibly already known to me.

. . . I wrote to Count Bernstorff, that the provisional position in which I was placed was full of inconveniences; that I must wish, should His Majesty name another Minister Plenipotentiary, that that personage might arrive, with his Secretary of Legation, early enough in the year for the possible accomplishment of my departure before the summer. Should His Majesty, however, after Niebuhr's retirement, not name another Plenipotentiary, but rather decide on having, as formerly, a Minister Resident at Rome, I would request that nomination, as a peculiar mark of favour, for myself. On both points I have expressed myself cautiously but clearly. If I am considered necessary to them they may give me a fixed position; if not, they must let me go; I have no inclination again to be Secretary of Legation for one or more years. There is no doubt but that they will on no consideration whatever make me Minister Resident; it would be an unheard-of promotion, after which at home they could do no less than make me Counsellor of State. This day my letters arrive at Berlin. Meanwhile we are preparing for departure. To leave this metropolis of the world will be hard; one can never be satiated with contemplation here; all other towns are as villages and *parvenus* in comparison with this queen of the earth. The die is cast, and the result lies in the hand of God; I am infinitely more tranquil since I have taken this step, and I am sure I shall not regret it. You ask, what I wish? Dear Christiana, a man is and remains a child when he sets about wishing; he is like a boat on the sea, between ebb and flood, never at rest. Sometimes, to depart seems altogether the thing needful; sometimes, to remain is what appears most desirable. All the attraction of founding and establishing a settled life belongs to the latter; also the pleasure of seeing you here, how should that not tempt me? Possessing power in public affairs is also something, when one has earnest practical objects in life. God will rightly overrule all!—He who has so wonderfully conducted me hither, supported me with a Father's love, and overwhelmed me with benefits. . . .

With the last day of the year 1823, the correspondence with Christiana is closed to survivors; inexplicable though it be, that she, who had taken care to preserve the letters safely up to that date, should have lost or destroyed those which she must have received both in his earliest years and throughout 1824. In January, 1825, she performed the long-proposed journey to Rome, and became an inmate of her brother's house during seven years and a half, returning to Germany, by her own strong desire, in October 1831.

From the sketch already given of her very uncommon personality, it must be easy to conceive that her presence was not a matter of indifference in a family: and it was accordingly, from first to last, a ceaseless trial, putting feelings and principles to the severest test, and acting as a 'refiner's fire' upon all sterling realities. Thus the result of her close juxtaposition was to render the union of heart and mind of Bunsen and his wife more absolute than ever, instead of disturbing it. It must not be for a moment supposed that Christiana was capable of any vulgar mischief-making; for nothing in her was low or commonplace. She knew right from wrong with matchless perspicuity, and could teach the highest and deepest truths of Christianity to the edification of others, while utterly unconscious that her own religion was that of the understanding only. This condition of mind caused her to live in delusions, irremovable by any human means, but which fortunately changed as suddenly and incalculably as the barometer. It need hardly be observed, that bringing his sister into his own house was one of the greatest miscalculations that Bunsen ever made, from which in fact at last he suffered himself most essentially, because her presence dispelled the darling illusion of his life, which had represented her to him as the model of female excellence, who was to crown the happiness of his home by her cherished influence, by love and supposed sympathy, more maternal than sisterly, and by the exertion of her rare mental gifts. His acquaintance with her had been made in a limited number of hours and days, within a few weeks, in 1814, and continued in rare and scanty correspondence on her part by letter: so that of her natural uncongeniality to him he had no opportunity of becoming conscious. If Bunsen had exclusively the pain of disappointment, his wife had the greater share to endure of the difficulties in carrying on daily life, and her existence during that period might be likened to learning to maintain an even gait on the tossing tide with a vessel of water on the head. But in the end, strange to say, she proved the more favoured of the two, and found, to her astonishment, that, when they were once separated, the love of Christiana was always flowing towards her, and was evidenced by the utterance of high approbation among friends in Germany. It seemed essential not to omit this indication of an important element in the life of Bunsen; who, as well as his wife, ceased not to love and honour the memory of Christiana during her absence, though, from the scantiness of her communication by correspondence, she was in a manner dead to them long before her actual decease in March 1850, when she expired at Baden-Baden, having nearly completed her 78th year.

Although the eight years which preceded the entrance of Christiana into the household had been interspersed with many trials, these had been but as passing clouds, overcasting for a time the habitual joyousness and buoyancy of existence, which assumed another character from that date, more analogous to that indicated by the expression ‘work-a-day-world’ —not so much owing to the load upon time, and the check to animal spirits brought upon Bunsen and his wife by Christiana herself, as to the difficulties attending the education of the growing boys. The name of their first tutor, an instrument of moral flagellation to parents and children, who arrived and departed with Christiana, shall not here be recorded: but rather shall the renovating influence be hailed of the youthful band of gifted and highly cultivated friends, whose faithful devotedness and real efficiency compensated for much previous misapplication of time.

These were men like Ambrosch, Abeken, Kellermann, Meyer, and Urlichs, who successively ministered in the most essential manner to the happiness of the much tried parents, by furnishing the best instruction to their sons. Herr von Sydow also, when Secretary of Legation, and Herr von Tippelskirch, when chaplain, kindly granted a portion of their well-filled time to the same purpose. The temptation is strong, to a grateful heart, to take the occasion of enumerating the above honoured names, in order to dwell upon the special ground of obligation to each several friend: but it must not be given way to, because these pages have a higher object than that of becoming a chronicle of the many distinguished members of human society in various nations, whom Bunsen and his wife were privileged to call friends.

The desire to comprise into one passage the episode of Christiana's abode in the house of Bunsen has led on far beyond the date at which the communications ceased which have proved so useful for giving a picture of Bunsen's life in his own words: and the correspondence with Niebuhr happily comes in, to supply the void for a time.

Reflections by Bunsen, dated January 18, 1824.

[Translation.]

To-morrow, perhaps, I may know in what place and in what calling I am to spend the next following years. My position in the world probably depends upon the decision which I have sought, and which, no doubt, has already taken place. A real, living faith in God and His attributes, and in the ever active power and love of Christ, can in this crisis prompt but one utterance—God's will be done! I have felt on this occasion that one must act, not without previous and most earnest deliberation, but without being driven hither and thither by hope and fear. This state of composure I have this time been enabled to maintain, and therefore I shall always rejoice at having resolved upon the step I took. I believe that it will be approved by Niebuhr, although he would not have advised it in that form.

Oh! the deep meaning of the simile of Nizza—'the single rock on the shore.'* To carry on public business without giving up study, and both without disregard of the duties of domestic and social life, is difficult, because most men are deficient in strength of character to accept the means necessary to each end, and clearly to discern the connection of consequences with their causes. All depends upon making of life an art, to be perfected as such.

How has God blessed me without any desert of mine! What a soul is that which He has joined to mine! what young minds has he not placed under my guidance! what friends and guides has He not conferred upon me! presumptuous confidence on my part would be incurring the Divine Nemesis: despondency would be thanklessness. 'With my staff did I pass over this Jordan,' and as a people may be my return! Seemingly destitute did I enter the gate of this city where I found my happiness!

Should the world revive, it must be *with* and through the Gospel.

O deck mit Vaterhand,
Herr, unser deutsches Land,
Sei ihm ein Schutz! †

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* That single mass of stone, at the entrance of the old port of Nizza, furnished matter of meditation to Bunsen, when he first entered Italy, solitary, and with prospects vague and comfortless; more than once did he speak of the impression he received then, but no further written indication has been found of his meditations on that spot.

† Verse of the song, to the melody of 'God save the King,' written by Bunsen and Gerhard for 3rd August, and regularly sung at Villa Piccolomini on that day, being the birthday of King Frederick William III. of Prussia.

In 1824 Major von Radowitz accompanied Prince Augustus of Prussia to Rome, and thus an opportunity was given for the formation of a friendship which lasted through life and stood the test of essential differences of opinion, in persons so decided in convictions, so faithful to their principles, and so distinctive in their character, as were Radowitz and Bunsen. They met on the common ground of personal attachment to the Crown Prince (afterwards King Frederick William IV.), of devotedness to his best interests, to his best self, and to the good government of the country, which they both understood to be monarchical, with full admission of freedom of thought and action and respect for the public opinion of an intelligent and cultivated people; and each had too much respect for the other to invade that innermost sanctuary which they had not in common. They also shared the universal sympathies for everything human, from which intelligence of the highest order can never exclude itself: and the native warmth of heart in each was the source of mutual attraction and the medium of union. They had met first at Berlin, on the occasion of Bunsen's long visit there in 1817, but then, it would seem, with the consciousness of an organic difference, which was merged eventually in a sense of mutual understanding, from the moment that Radowitz in a manner domesticated himself in the home-circle of Bunsen at Rome.

Radowitz and Bunsen did not meet again until 1838, when the latter with his family rested for a few days at Frankfort on their journey from Rome to England, and were received with indescribable kindness by

Radowitz, then Prussian Military Commissioner to the Diet, and his admirable wife. On later occasions, when Bunsen was summoned by his royal master for consultation from England, he may be said to have crossed the track of Radowitz, as he was called upon in more than one instance to consider a subject and give an opinion in matters previously submitted to Radowitz by the King; but, however various may have been the impulses given by the two favourites, naturally so different, and however varying the lines that each may have drawn over the chart of the royal lucubrations, it would not appear that jealousy or mistrust had ever arisen between them; so strong was the conviction in each of the integrity and absence of all party-views or of any crooked line of policy in the other.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] 4th April, 1824.

May the weather be less extraordinary with you than it is here! For the last three weeks, the hills have been covered with snow, and for the last six days even the plain of Albano down to the Frattocchie. . . . All Rome is hoarse, and many have been the deaths; among others that of the Duchess of Devonshire, who did *not* become a Roman Catholic.

The month of May, ever so beautiful in Italy, and peculiarly luxuriant in its vegetation this year, was the more enjoyed by an excursion to Tivoli, Vicovaro, and San Cosimato, for the sake of showing some parts of the country to the newly-arrived chaplain Röthe and his wife.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] 11th February, 1824.

The death of Cardinal Consalvi occurred on Saturday, 24th January. A last effort of nature had taken place for his relief during his stay at Porto d'Anzo by a decided outburst of gout; but on Wednesday night, the 21st, he was seized with high fever, the affection proved to be on the lungs, and his suffering was severe; he expired at one o'clock on the Saturday. Opinions are divided as to the immediate cause of the last illness, which might well be the great effort he made to preside at the first session, after he had been made Prefect of the Propaganda. He began to ail at once the following morning, and since Thursday was aware that death was imminent, although it was not supposed so near as was the case. On Friday he spoke on many subjects with Capaccini. On Saturday morning he sent to the Pope, to beg for a last benediction, which was sent by Cardinal Castiglione, the Pope (Leo XII.) being confined to a sick bed, and deeply moved by the death of such a man. When I went on Sunday to look at the body lying in state, I observed many Romans in tears. Never was the aspect of a corpse more beautiful: the solemnity of death had removed the accustomed artificial compression of the muscle about the mouth, and the grandeur of the forehead and eyelids harmonised so entirely with the majesty of his repose, that the contrast with ordinary surrounding faces made them seem brutish or insane. All his last acts and commands were admirable: in many points grand. He dictated to Capaccini himself the terms in which he would have his death announced in the newspapers, and reiterated the command, long since given in writing, that his grave and that of his brother in the church of S. Marcello (where their family burial-place is situated), should be marked no further than by a tablet of marble inscribed with their names, and the dates of birth and death. He had before, as you know, deposited 20,000 piastres for the great monument of Pius VII. in St. Peter's, which Thorwaldsen is to complete in three years. The Propaganda is the inheritor of about 150,000 scudi; besides a few legacies to Franciscan convents impoverished by the revolution, small remembrances to friends, 3,000 scudi to the poor, a sum to be kept towards the building of a façade to the churches of Ara Celi, La Consolazione, and S. Andrea delle Fratte (let us hope that before the front of Ara Celi shall have been disfigured, the sum may have been well nibbled at—*mangiato*)! His servants are well provided for. As the legacies to individuals are all insignificant, we must forgive his leaving Capaccini only a table-clock and 200 ounces of silver. Capaccini would have been sent to Vienna as Internuncio, were it not that Consalvi's successor cannot spare him.

After giving many particulars of correspondence with the Minister, relative to his own position, he continues, in this letter to Niebuhr:—

Let me now in all sincerity and earnestness urge upon you, that, in case no suitable prospect should open, you should consent to remain at least a year longer as envoy in your present position. Are you indeed quite sure that you will not, within that time, resolve to see Rome again? You have at least leisure, if you will not return directly, to consider the step. I resolved, after well considering the matter, to make a representation, in order to secure that another chief be not placed over me. Meanwhile I have an incomparable opportunity of discerning characters and sentiments; in my friends, the wish for my remaining; in others, well inclined towards me, disapprobation of my insisting upon leave of absence; in those who consider me *civiliter mortuus*, disregard or oblivion; again and lastly, in . . . &c., undisguised rejoicing at my stupid mismanagement in going away;—all which varieties I behold in juxtaposition.

To the Same.

[Translation.] 25th May, 1824.

I have to acquaint you to-day that Capaccini's promotion and the *Anno Santo* are announced on the same day! It is wonderful, that Cappacini's attaining the dignity of prelate, and the enclosure of the Protestant Cemetery, should both take place in the Pontificate of Leo XII.! Great is my rejoicing, that the only man (besides Baini), as to whom I have the feeling of trustful friendship in this nation, should be admitted into the class of those who, if made use of at all, cannot be treated as subalterns!

In a letter to Niebuhr of June 29, 1824, is contained the first mention of a subject which was soon, and to the end of life, to engross so essentially Bunsen's thoughts and time:—'What is your opinion of the "Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique," by Champollion le Jeune? Italinsky possesses it. I have a kind of shrinking from it,—because the knowledge of Coptic is probably indispensable to its comprehension: and the system of signs would seem arbitrary and far-fetched.'

Bunsen's attention had been constant to the discovery made by Dr. Young of the interpretation of hieroglyphics, from the celebrated trilingual inscription of Rosetta, preserved in the British Museum, and the written papyri of divers collections. The 'Lettre à M. Davier,' by Champollion (1822), had further convinced him that there was a man by whom the silent Egyptian monuments would at last be made to speak.

But in the summer of 1825 M. Champollion arrived in person, closely following his 'Précis du Système Hiéroglyphique des anciens Egyptiens,' which, though published in 1824, had then only just reached Rome. Bunsen having, with indescribable energy, soon grasped the principle, and mastered the details of that work, zealously followed the master in his investigation of the Egyptian antiquities in Rome. Each day brought new conviction to his mind, and strengthened the confidence with which he stood out against the resolute mistrust and indifference of his own countrymen to the new line of enquiry. It would not be easy, at this distance of time, to give an idea of the animation throughout Rome produced by the undertaking to read the time-honoured obelisks, which had ever stood in lofty silence, and now at last were to be subjected to a spell that should compel them to tell their tale! Groups of enquirers were ever and again following Champollion, to gaze on the various monuments which, in the full light of the sun, or in the seclusion of collections, invited his attention: and Bunsen with his family having driven (about June 7, 1825) to the Villa Albani, it is recorded that 'nothing beautiful or Grecian could be looked at, but everything Egyptian was sought out, and a statue having been found with hieroglyphics round the back and the base, was drawn at once, and the same evening shown to Champollion, who found therein the name of *Sabaco*, who flourished between the time of Sheshong and that of Sennacherib. Then was the name of Tutmoses, predecessor of Rameses, spelt out on the great obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo; and then was the name of Antinous revealed, and the consequently modern date of the obelisk before the church of the Trinità dei Monti.

Among the travellers visiting Rome, Lieutenant-Colonel Willisen and Count York, son of the renowned Prussian general, added much to the social pleasure in Bunsen's house; and the short stay of Her von Olfers and his engaging wife was the occasion of the first entrance of Neukomm while in search of Olfers (with whom in Rio Janeiro he had formed an intimacy), into a house of which he soon became the frequent and ever-welcome guest.

The value in which Julius Schnorr, the painter, was held by Bunsen will be evinced by the correspondence, some extracts of which will follow. He lodged during several of these early years of Roman residence in an upper portion of the Palazzo Caffarelli, not then absorbed by the increasing family of Bunsen; while Augustus Grahl, also gladly and almost daily seen in the evening assemblage of friends, exercised his beautiful art of miniature-painting in a separate wing of Palazzo Caffarelli, later occupied by the Counsellor of Legation, Herr von Sydow. Schnorr left Rome for Munich in 1825, and Grahl in 1830, to settle at Dresden, carrying on, each in his own way, the practice of the art to which they were devoted. The fresco-paintings of Schnorr, in Rome and at Munich, need no mention: the fine cartoons in which they originated are in the collection of the Grand Duke of Baden.

In the early part of 1825, the presence of Mr. Hamilton and his family, on their return to England, after long occupying the Legation at Naples, was a matter of great pleasure and interest to Bunsen. His friendship for Bunsen, originating on this present occasion, continued to the last days of his life, which closed not long before Bunsen bade farewell to England in 1854. But Mr. Hamilton's visit to Rome was memorable on another account, as he met Bunsen's wishes in bringing before the English Ministry a matter for which he had hitherto failed to find a channel of communication—namely, the present favourable opportunity for obtaining transcripts of the documents relating to English history in the archives of the Vatican. Bunsen had in this a merely scientific interest; but with him scientific interest was ever active, and he had not ceased to take pains for its furtherance since he had found, with his friend, Dr. Pertz, the treasures relating to German history which had been obtained, by permission originally of Pope Pius VII., through the amiable and intelligent Monsignor Marini, Prefect of the Archives. Dr. Pertz remained long in Rome, as agent to the association organised by Baron Stein for discovering and collecting all unpublished materials relating to German history; and a letter of Bunsen's to Niebuhr will show that he had already exerted himself to bring before the King of Prussia and his Ministers the particulars he had ascertained as to the existence of Prussian documents, copies of which were to be made for the royal collections of Berlin. And now he rejoiced in the prospect of entire success, for Mr. Hamilton was more than willing to accompany him on his visit to Marini, and inspect the specimens of

MSS. which the latter was permitted to show in his own room and his own presence, but which he was forbidden to carry into any other place: whereupon Mr. Hamilton, seeing at once the value of such an opportunity, demurred not a moment to authorise Marini to begin immediately making the transcripts (all executed by his own practised hand), and to consign them, volume by volume, as fast as they were finished, into the hands of Bunsen. The business lasted long, for the quantity of documents was great, and the opportunity proved a golden one for the good Marini—whose sole and great embarrassment was, how to reconcile his Roman conscience with the determination of Bunsen not to accept of a percentage on the instalments periodically arriving from England—a percentage, as Marini insisted, 'customary in every rank of life; according to all rule and order; a mere matter of justice, which one who is the medium of obtaining a great advantage for another has a right to share!' It was a work of time, but accomplished at last, to convince him that Bunsen was really in earnest. More than once did Mr. Hamilton write from London assuring Bunsen of the satisfaction of Ministers at this precious addition to those overflowing materials for the most interesting of all national histories, which, in their totality, have as yet been but partially studied, and are now, for the first time, on the way to a condition of security, by a salutary reform as to localities and arrangements.

An offer was made to Bunsen of a splendid gift, consisting of a copy of 'Rymer's Fœdera,' in recognition of the pains he had taken in this matter; but it was declined with gratitude.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] Rome: 18th December, 1825.

. . . . My conviction is firm and ever clearer that, whenever contemporary minds shall renounce the mere play of self-indulging fancy, and of self-reflecting speculation, and turn to the solemn and sacred concerns of humanity, and endeavour to discern the track which God has made throughout its course,—finding (as they will) that the present world will neither hear nor heed, or at least that they are themselves losing courage and confidence to work out what heart and conscience are impelling them to do, they must of necessity have recourse, both in speculation and in research, to the records of the past, and with their Δαίμων court the speech of the historic muse. Upon this anticipation only can I found a hope of the formation of a truly great historical literature in our fatherland. Could Burke have written in Germany?—to die, or enter a madhouse, would have been his alternative. And who can get beyond, or without, the conditions of common humanity, providentially imposed upon us? Does not the contemplation of human matters in their apparently *subdued* historical form belong of necessity to that chorus of spiritual harmony of which we all perceive but single tones? Resolved as I am to drag on under the yoke of the present, until a High hand shall loosen me from it, yet will I seek to hold myself upright by faithfully holding fast the life of a higher calling, interrupted in manifold ways though it be; the unity of which with present interests I have never lost sight of, although I have never yet given expression to this to my satisfaction. Content, if in this fast rushing existence I can succeed in hewing single stones of the building for which I have determined to labour, I look ever with more longing to the time when I may be enabled in my own country to bring together and arrange, well or ill as it may be, the separate portions towards the attainment of my life's practical object, and thus lighten my full heart of its burden. . . . .

There are many here who speak of a new 1688 as if they really desired it. *But a new* 1517 *must come first!* My refreshment from general society is, as ever, in that of the English.

It has been justly said, that 'a common interest in the great objects among which you are living, and their stirring and expanding influence on the mind, render the interchange and community of thought in Rome more easy than anywhere else;' and this was in a high degree experienced in the delightful intercourse which in the case of Bunsen formed the foundation of invaluable friendships, for the beginning of which no other place could have afforded such favourable opportunities. This is particularly the case with Englishmen of high station, who in their own country are absorbed by the manifold duties of their calling and position, but in Rome become more accessible: and a few words must be allowed to mark the pleasure of those breakfast-parties which so frequently used to alternate, in that most charming part of the Roman year, the quiet month after Easter (during this year 1825), between the Capitol and the Palatine, on which latter hill the late Mr. Pusey resided in the Villa Mills; and many are the names of the now departed who might be enumerated as adorning those meetings. To the social cheerfulness of the breakfast hour Bunsen was as sensible as if he had always been used to it, although the custom of assembling one's family and friends at breakfast scarcely exists in Germany; and even in the latter years of declining health, it will ever be a precious remembrance to his sons and daughters, how bright and full of power and of cheerfulness was his appearance at breakfast,—how he would talk over public events,—and how he would pass from one subject to another, taking special delight in the free exercise of intellect in the freshest hour of the day.

With the spring of 1825 dates the beginning of the intimacy of Bunsen and his family with Neukomm, the composer, a friend truly valuable and valued, and ever and again an inmate of the house, to the end of his long life, which closed in 1858. His remarkable course of existence, his journals and recollections, will be made public (it is to be hoped) by his intelligent nephew: and the picture of a track which crossed through such various conditions and states of society, and as it were bridged over nearly one-half of the past century, and quite one-half of the present, might prove matter of lasting interest.

That remarkable and exceptional period of Neukomm's life during which he was the chosen inmate of Talleyrand's house, was still going on when he made his journey in 1825 on leave of absence, in order to see Rome; he had accepted the nominal post of *maître de chapelle* to the Prince, who, detesting music, and desiring never to hear a note, yet wished for the company of Neukomm as a conversational member of his household—proving thereby his appreciation of the cultivated intelligence, the knowledge of men and things, which gave Neukomm the power of understanding Talleyrand's meaning, to whatever subject he might direct his observations. After Talleyrand's establishment as ambassador in London, this connection was broken off, in consequence of a suggestion of the Duchesse de Dino that Neukomm should become regular music-master to her daughter, —an office of drudgery which he never had, in any position, undertaken; and he in consequence resigned his post, and saw Talleyrand no more:—for Neukomm understood well, in the gentlest manner possible, how to preserve his independence. From the winter of 1840, when he was long a welcome inmate in Bunsen's house at the Hubel, near Berne, the various musical talents in the family, then in the process of unfolding, were incalculably indebted for their just development to his advice and directions, his rousing, encouraging and guiding hand: but his kind attention was always freely given, never solicited.

Contemporary Notice, 1825.

Neukomm must be gifted with more senses and powers of perception than other mortals; these he employs with consummate skill to give pleasure and avoid giving pain to those whom he likes; and even those whom he dislikes, or takes in utter aversion, he never offends. No cat walking between glasses, without touching them or causing any vibration, ever exceeded him in the talent of going his own way among all sorts of clashing characters, without dislodging any one, or discomposing the frame of society. Once having known him, it is impossible merely to feel a liking, or a commonplace wish to see him again: it is a real want of his society that is experienced, a consciousness that the place he filled can be filled by no one else. These are expressions to use only to those who know him,—to others they would seem too paradoxical. His affectionate disposition, his power of strong attachment, stand in strange contrast with a faculty of calculation that never was exceeded: never, probably, did he do anything but what he intended, and never was he taken by surprise. The apparent contradictions in him are numerous: all that is most exquisite in art or nature is to him matter of intense enjoyment; and the female character, and the character of children (the flower and quintessence of creation), are his study and especial delight, while for the Creator he can find no place—a fearful fact, only ascertained after long and close observation: for he avoids speaking out, as a general rule, but more particularly anything to shock his friends' opinions. He is a deeply unhappy person; the keen susceptibility of his feelings is misery to him, for no wound that his heart ever received can ever heal: the arrows of death, the deaths of his friends, are ever rankling there, and remind him of that termination of his own existence of which he wishes not to think. One evening when he was leaving us late, having worked himself into deep melancholy by extempore music, he used (in answer to something said about dreaming) the words of Hamlet, 'When we have shaken off this mortal coil, what dreams may come?'—by way of a question: to which Bunsen replied, 'Then, I think, we shall awake from all dreams.'—But Neukomm did not assent.

The friendship and habitual intercourse most closely interwoven, and for the longest period, with the domestic life of Bunsen, was that with Augustus Kestner, at first attached to the Hanoverian Legation, and afterwards its chief as Minister Resident: whose name will have been noticed in a letter from Ernst Schulze of the year 1817, with a recommendation no less just than strong in its terms, but in which the subsequent intimacy cannot be said to have originated, as it rather resulted from a spontaneous and ever-growing consciousness of mutual appreciation, and of sympathy in many, and perhaps most, of the interests in the life of each. The small space which can here be granted to the affectionate mention of some few of the friends whom Bunsen loved and cultivated, is very insufficient for a due record of Kestner, or for giving expression of his especial value to each and all in the family of Bunsen: and his detailed biography ought to be undertaken as a monument to his memory by the hand of friendship such as, according to the saying of Göthe, 'alone can be competent to measure and estimate the full circumference of his worth and merit.'

> Die Freundschaft ist gerecht,—sie kann allein
> Den ganzen Umfang seines Werths erkennen.
>
> TASSO, *of Gòthe.*

CHAPTER V.

PRUSSIAN MINISTER IN ROME.

BUSINESS OF THE LEGATION—COLLECTION OF HYMNS—JOURNEY TO BERLIN CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS WIFE — RECEPTION BY THE KING — SOCIETY OF BERLIN—THE CROWN PRINCE—NEANDER—DR. ARNOLD.

THE benefit was great, and duly valued, which was conferred upon Bunsen by the appointment as Secretary of Legation, in the autumn of 1831, of the youthful Rudolph von Sydow, whose rarely-equalled qualifications for a post which was no sinecure (even though for many years Bunsen had carried on the exercise of its duties together with those of chief) were gratefully remembered by Bunsen throughout his official life.

The first portion of Bunsen's official life was most peculiarly favoured in the efficiency of the helpmates granted to him: for the successor of Herr von Sydow in 1835 was Guido von Usedom, the object of especial desire and request on the part of Bunsen, who enjoyed his assistance in office only for two years, but his faithful friendship, throughout all changes, for life. In Usedom the Crown Prince also (afterwards King Frederick William IV.) took a great interest. This was occasioned in the first instance by an account which the young man, not yet in office, and living at Munich, immersed in literary objects, took upon himself to give of the condition of a large portion of the inhabitants of the Zillerthal in the Tyrol, who had been persecuted by the Archbishops of Saltzburg as incorrigible Bible-readers, and driven from home by the Austrian Government, after declaring (April 2, 1834) that they must either become Romanists or settle in Transylvania. To these meritorious fugitives the King (Frederick William III.) granted liberal help, with lands for their permanent establishment at Erdmannsdorf, his private property in Silesia. Of the living Usedom, now Prussian Envoy at Florence, it would be out of place to say more than that, as he was always among the most cherished and admired of Bunsen's friends, so he keeps faithful and true to the memory of the dead—in accordance with the well-known Ryder motto—'Servata fides cineri.'

To make the trials comprehensible with which Bunsen had to struggle in later years, some comment must be made on the peculiarities of his position. In doing this frequent recourse will be had to quotations from a paper most just and impartial, although from the hand of an attached friend, better acquainted with the facts and more competent to draw inferences than the writer of these pages. It is the article by Bunsen's dear friend Abeken, in *Unsere Zeit*, for March 1861. 'For the development of the ideas which were ever working in Bunsen's mind, Rome,—where, as Göthe says, "we read the world's history from the centre towards its circumference,"—presented a peculiarly favourable position.

The advantages of the deepest retirement were united to those of the most animated and cosmopolitan society. Life seemed to be passed on an isolated pinnacle, against which the long-heaving swells and currents of ages might break, but at whose feet the smaller waves of daily occurrences, which elsewhere absorb so much intellectual energy, played unheeded: but they only seemed to add to the mighty influences which this capital of the world, and necropolis of Europe, exercised upon the mind.'

This condition of seclusion from the every-day interests and commotions of opinion in the German world had a great charm while the lengthened absence lasted, but led to much misapprehension on the part of Bunsen, and to a breach in his German consciousness, which rested on what he had known or conceived of his own nation while living in the midst of it, so that he had at last to admit of not being fully aware of the changes which had taken place, both in circumstances and in opinions.

But if Bunsen could not be said to know his own country and the spirit working in it, till he was again a resident within its boundaries, still more serious was the misapprehension prevalent in Germany with respect to him: and great was the mistrust, and singularly varying in its character, with which the fatherland regarded that truly German heart, which ever clung to her best interests and would have given its best blood at any moment for her benefit.

Of the many occasions of being misunderstood, the most important, if not the first in date, was the time when he first published the results of his hymnological and liturgical studies.

The varieties of opinion professed by those whom he met in familiar and friendly intercourse gave rise to many conflicting suspicions and suppositions regarding him, amongst which the most common was the reputation of belonging to the hierarchical party in Church matters, and to the anti-liberal in politics, and of being a colleague and tool of those who were suspected of intending to force on the country an anti-Protestant, mediæval and Romanist scheme of doctrine and discipline. At the same time, the Romans and their clergy were under no mistake about him; they never found an opportunity which would have induced them even so much as to make an attempt at proselytism, though he lived in habits of friendly intercourse with many pious Roman Catholics, devotedly attached to their Church, and who never looked upon him as one of its enemies. His own disinclination to a system of aggression, quite as much as his official position, kept him aloof from hostile controversies, and even from such a complete exposition of his sentiments as would have precluded much misunderstanding in other quarters.

In September 1827, Bunsen set out on his first official journey to Berlin, being summoned thither *ostensibly* for the purpose of conveying to its new abode in the Prussian Museum a fine picture by Raphael, the 'Madonna della Famiglia di Lante,' which he had been fortunate enough to purchase for his Government,—*in reality*, to give advice in weighty matters of State. It will be seen by the extracts which follow, that complications had arisen with some dignitaries of the Roman Church in Silesia and other portions of the Prussian dominions, for which all Bunsen's intimate acquaintance with the ways and practices of the Papal Government was needed to suggest remedies. In the present case and for the time being, the negotiations ended in peace.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Florence: 4 p.m., 27th Sept., 1827.

I must announce to you my happy arrival here, a quarter of an hour ago, and wish you good morning before I seek a few hours' rest. True, you will not get these lines any earlier, but I shall have greeted you in spirit, and can lie down with more tranquillity.

12 o'clock.

I am so overwhelmed by my feelings, that they would overflow in tears, were it not forbidden to a man to shed them. My first walk was with Dr. Nott, to the Loggie di Orgagna. You remember that it was here, on my arrival in June 1816, that I read the letter of Mr. Astor, announcing that all was at an end between us, and the letter from home, telling of the hopeless decay of my parents and of the suffering state of Christiana. It was here, on the stone seat placed along the inner wall of the Loggie, that I struggled through a mixture of sorrow, pain, and disappointment, while the cold crowd of strangers passed before my eyes; and at last resolved to remain, and await Niebuhr and Brandis. Hitherward, therefore, did my heart first draw me; and with deep and thankful emotion did I think over the eleven years that lie between me and that time—the hopes fulfilled, the enjoyment of happiness never anticipated, the amount of undeserved blessings, and, lastly, my present journey. Then I went to see the much talked of picture which I found just suited to my feelings and present temper of mind; then to the Madonna del Gran Duca, &c. I close with love and blessings upon you. How I think of you I cannot say, but you will understand from what I have written.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] Wittenberg: 11th October, 1827.

. . . You ask whether I am satisfied with the position which you congratulate me on obtaining, with your accustomed paternal kindness. I must answer in the negative, for I am so thankful to possess the appointment, that I cannot allow myself the expression of mere satisfaction. Had I time to enter into particulars, you would perceive from the explanation of my deeply-felt conviction, that I duly estimate the whole of the unexpected and undeserved good fortune which has fallen to my lot; but, as it is, you will rest satisfied with my assurance that it is so. That with this full conviction I yet could wish for another position, is to be explained by the desire which I did entertain, and yet entertain, for the formation of a bridge towards an establishment in my native country. . . . I entreat you to be convinced that I have no need of being an eye-witness to be aware of the consideration in which you are held, not only in Bonn but throughout civilised Europe, and should I even behold you on the throne of Leibnitz,* or at the helm of the State, not by a single degree would my feelings of veneration towards you be increased. . . . I have entered upon a rich inheritance of personal esteem and confidence, and of affairs incomparably commenced, initiated, and prepared. I have a proud consciousness of having, as a grateful son, cherished this paternal inheritance conscientiously and to the utmost of my powers; and if I have been, from time to time, so fortunate as to have added interest to the inherited capital, yet has it been my pride to acknowledge to everyone everywhere to whom all the praise belonged. I speak this in self-justification, and not by way of boasting; and you will surely receive and feel it to be the utterance of unchangeable gratitude and unvarying veneration. . . . I hope soon to be able to offer you my best thanks in the shape of the 'Description of Rome,' the two first volumes of which I have actually conducted through the press. I left Savigny on the 3rd at Verona—could I but say well, or even better! . . . I bring you letters from Leopardi and Capaccini, or else I shall send them on from Berlin; but I hope certainly to come for a few days to Bonn. . . . I must not omit to mention the greetings with which I was charged at Munich by King Louis for yourself, your lady, and Marcuccio. The post-horses are waiting. I go with a joyful heart, without demands, without wishes, without hopes, and without fears, towards Berlin, and I hope to leave it on the 1st November.

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* *I.e.* as President of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin: 12th October, 8 P.M.

Here I am, having arrived on the day and at the hour that I wished, in health and cheerfulness, after a journey of more than two hundred German miles, which appears on the retrospect as though made for pleasure alone, varied as it was with the sight of churches, palaces, pictures, and statues. Almost twelve years are gone since I left this royal city in the same hour of night, to travel the same road, into the wide world, full of hopes, dreams, and plans, which are now recalled to mind. When I opened the window to look into the lighted street and endeavoured to recognise objects almost forgotten, my heart overflowed with thankful emotion, and in my solitude I felt the need of writing to you; but you know the feelings with which I now look into the future, neither demanding nor wishing aught but to preserve the happiness granted to me, and to become worthy of such gifts as God has bestowed. . . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Sunday, 14th October.

Yesterday I had hoped to write more, but was exhausted by the multitude of visits, and by witnessing the wretched state of General Schack. . . . I had wished to hear Schleiermacher preach, but had to wait at home for the expected messenger from Altenstein to rid me of the charge of the picture; instead of which came a messenger from Paretz, announcing that the King invited me to the family festival of to-morrow. The distinction is all the greater, as none of the officers of the Court are there. I am to drive thither with Alexander von Humboldt, and shall thus have the best society possible on our four hours' drive.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Friday, 19th October.

What a long interval! Yesterday I missed the post, but at least I shall now be able to write more particulars. On Monday (15th) we drove early to Paretz, and saw at once the Princes Wilhelm and Karl (who received me with the greatest friendliness); then Prince Albrecht, the Duke of Cumberland, the Prince of Hesse; to each of whom I was presented by Humboldt. Then appeared the King, who was most gracious, enquired after all in Castel Gandolfo (although I had never mentioned the fact of our residing there), and then, in presence of all, bestowed upon me high commendation. I was presented to his kind wife, the Princess of Liegnitz, and received the gracious command to wear plain clothes instead of my uniform. As I was turning round I met a gentleman unknown, who approached me with the words, 'Surely you are Bunsen?—I am the Crown Prince;' to him, therefore, I was not presented. The Raphael could not be at hand to be shown, but I had fortunately obtained at Perugia a fine drawing made from it by Rist, shortly before his death, with a view to its being engraved, and this I had with me, thus occasioning much pleasure to the Crown Prince.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin: Tuesday, 23rd October, 1827.

I have got over the worst of my unsettled state, by having taken now a private lodging, and a room in which I can work and be quiet, as well as one for visitors; and, moreover, have met several persons with whom I feel myself no longer a stranger, and so can enjoy cheerful evenings. One is Steffens, whom I knew through his intimate friend General Willisen; another, Count von der Gröben, the son-in-law of Dörnberg. Tholuck has been here, and is gone; but I came to an understanding with him on many points, and I shall hope to see him again in Halle; his work on Oriental mysticism, the most important of the kind, I shall bring with me home as his gift. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.]

[Conclusion of letter begun 3rd November, 1827.]

Before I write my chronicle I must tell of this evening (Tuesday, midnight). Having worked till noon, then discussed matters of public business till three, dined and rested, I went at half-past four to Gröben, refreshed myself with the sight of those dear faces, and accompanied the Count to the Sing-Akademie, where 'O Roma nobilis!' and some of the choruses in Judas Maccabæus' were performed by two hundred voices. During the chorus, 'Give us freedom or death!' I thought of the Greeks confronting the Turkish artillery undismayed, and the heroes of Missolonghi. At seven, the music was over, and I could not pass by the faintly-lighted room of poor Frau von Schack. Alas! how often should I be there, were he capable of conversation! She was pleased with my visit. I heard his voice and wandering effusions in the next room. At nine I went to

Strauss, who had seven students of theology with him; they come on two evenings in the week for what are called homiletic exercises; some point of Christian doctrine or history is treated of and explained or discussed. This had begun before I arrived, when I was introduced at my request. . . . .

From the above extracts of Bunsen's letters written at this time, no idea can be formed of the large amount of correspondence which he accomplished, even though his head and hand might well have claimed the privilege of being excused from letter-writing, when the public business, which could not be avoided, was enough to absorb all his time and powers. The troubles in Silesia, which forced themselves upon the notice of the Government of that time, ought to have made a greater impression than was the actual effect produced, by preparing their minds for the coming struggle: for it was there, within the Prussian Monarchy, that the first attempts were made for the resumption of that aggressive policy by the Church of Rome which, partly from universal apathy, partly from consciousness of weakness, had slumbered under Protestant rule during the eighteenth century. An account of the part which Bunsen was obliged to take in the Silesian negotiation could not be given without access to the several archives of Rome and Berlin, and belongs to the province of a future historian; but so much is in the remembrance of the writer of these lines, that Bunsen had a high opinion of the abilities and of the piety of the Prince Bishop of Breslau of that day, who with Archbishop Sailer, of Regensburg, and the

Archbishop of Cologne, Count Spiegel zu Dezenberg, belonged to that group of dignitaries of the Church of Rome who expected from peace and good-fellowship with all that call themselves Christians, the only real furtherance of the best interests of Christianity.

They alone, to whom the rules and practices of the Court of Berlin are thoroughly known, can be aware of the degree of distinction attending Bunsen's reception there, of which the extracts given furnish but a slight notice. The King, with the true fidelity of his character, showed him in every instance the continuance of the favour which he had demonstrated from the very first, at Rome, in November 1822, and appeared to make a point of marking him to every class of persons about the Court, as 'the man whom the King delighteth to honour. The hint was understood by one and all, causing demonstrations of good-will to be showered upon him so universally, as to render it difficult for him to retain all his self-possession; but he possessed much of the instinct for discriminating between those who encouraged him as a possible instrument for furthering their own views and those, again, who were sincerely well inclined towards him as a promising public servant, because devoted to the interests of the State. The Crown Prince (afterwards Frederick William IV.) delighted from the very first in his society, and poured forth upon him the abundance of his brilliant intelligence and tenderness of heart in the frequent evening invitations, when Count Gröben was generally the only person present, and Bunsen was called upon to communicate all the results and projects of his study and research.

But, although Bunsen failed not to remind himself (as may be seen in a few passages), that present circumstances could not be reckoned upon as durable, there can be no doubt that the general result of this first sojourn at Berlin had the effect of confirming and stimulating the sanguine temper of his mind; and such numerous instances of unprecedented success, by convincing him of his own uncommon power of personal influence, might well lead to so much confidence in himself with regard to overcoming difficulties in future, as to prepare the way for painful disappointments in days yet distant. These instances of success concerned not himself or his personal interests: on the contrary, he at all times carried even too far the repugnance to make representation of his own needs, which were ever increasing in proportion to the widening space he was now occupying among his fellow-creatures. The only pecuniary gain obtained by him this time at Berlin, and upon which he was compelled to insist, was the regular appointment of an assistant, or office-clerk, the expense of which had been borne by himself, to keep the registers of the Legation and the correspondence with the dioceses in Prussia and the Roman Government offices: a large amount of work, all accomplished by himself under Niebuhr, and till very recently, since his departure. Thus was this visit to Berlin in many ways a crisis in life, a retrospect of which shows the gradual formation of those clouds and storms which overcast and disturbed a later period.

Not to anticipate, the extracts shall be continued, and what further elucidation can be given will follow.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin: 11th November, 1827.

. . . The King has issued his commands to me to superintend the restoration of the Raphael picture, which as yet has been in his private room, contemplated by him with daily satisfaction. At the same time important papers were transmitted to me from the Cabinet, which it will be no small undertaking to study through and comment upon. Thus I have had to go to Count Bernstorff, and solicit a prolongation of my leave of absence, which application he received and granted with evident pleasure. . . . . On Friday, the 9th, I met at the King's table Herr von Plessen, Minister in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who expressed a wish to see the Solly collection of paintings purchased for the Museum, but as yet closed to the public. . . . .

In the evening I was invited by the Crown Prince: Prince Wilhelm and a Prince of Brunswick were there, Ancillon also, and General von Knesebeck. At first and till nine o'clock Rome was the subject of conversation, and plans, &c., were brought out and consulted; but then the affairs of Greece and Turkey were discussed, and an animated and warm debate came on between the two Princes (the Crown Prince and his brother) on the one side, and Ancillon and Knesebeck on the other. The views and feelings of the two Princes were admirable, and the Crown Prince developed them with such eloquence and enthusiasm, judgment, and self-possession, that I often longed to applaud. The most important and delicate points of political life were touched upon freely, and even daringly: but not a word passed his lips that might not have been printed. Only at the very beginning had I any share in the discussion; afterwards it went on between the four already mentioned. If I were to write down the conversation as a memorial, twenty years hence it would hardly seem credible.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] Berlin: 17th November, 1827.

. . . . To what a degree the acquisition of direct knowledge and the personal contemplation of the actual state of things is *solemn* and *painful*, I need not say. There is scarcely any one here, of those whose perceptions are not confined to eyesight, or their feelings to their fingers, who does not envy me my *otium Capitolinum*, or at least would consider it enviable if he knew it: and I feel that fully, when enjoyment and quiet are in question. . . .

The very day on which I received your letter, I had an opportunity, in the presence of the Crown Prince, to speak of the scenes in our Rhenish churches which recall the Ghetto practices and Jew preaching at Rome: he said, that, alas! this practice had prevailed for ten years—an ordinance of the Minister of War, General Count Hake, having expressly asserted, that this was a portion of military duty, and not an act of church-worship. I have not yet found occasion to communicate with Witzleben on the subject, but it shall be brought to bear upon him.

On this important subject—the compulsory presence of Prussian battalions in the Protestant churches in Westphalia and the Rhine Provinces, irrespective of the confession to which individual soldiers belonged, at the close of the Sunday morning's parade—Bunsen had no opening, on the present occasion of being at Berlin, to lay the facts of the case before the King; though he found that they were well known to the Ministry, and to all persons in high station and office about the Court. It will be seen later that, in the year 1837, he made his way through the barrier of timidity and alarm which by custom encompassed Frederick William III.; and that an immediate command for rescinding the former ordinance for marching the troops from parade into church, was the consequence of the information thus communicated to the King. In general, Bunsen was unremitting in his efforts to discover and endeavour to procure the removal of any and every just cause of complaint among the Roman Catholic subjects of Prussia, in order to render them less open to the destructive intrigues of the ultra-Popish party. In short, up to this time, he had been exposed to blame and suspicion, as being too favourable to them.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin: 29th November.

Nicolovius brought me to Herr von Meusebach, a member of one of our tribunals, of great intelligence, a thorough judge of the German language, who possesses a fine collection of ancient Hymn Books. He is very hard of hearing, but most cheerful and amiable.

This was the beginning of a series of meetings which were highly interesting and profitable to Bunsen with regard to one of his favourite subjects of enquiry—German Hymnology: not only did Herr von Meusebach present him with several duplicates out of his own collection, but communicated to him the results of his own life-labour, and directed him to the earliest and most unspoiled Hymns, as composed and used in the first freshness of Protestant love and faith before they were debased by the alloy of sentimentalism and prosaic rationalism, as is the case with most of the Church books of the present day. The beginning was here made of the valuable mass of materials for study and selection, which Bunsen procured at Berlin and elsewhere, and by which he was enabled to compose his own Hymn Book.

[Translation.] Berlin: 17th December, 1827.

. . . On my return home I was astonished to find again an invitation from the King. I omitted in the account of the last occasion of being at his table (Saturday last) that he presented to me with his own hand a writing-case of embossed leather, as a Christmas gift. The surprise of the courtiers was evident at seeing me so soon again. During dinner very fine music was performed in the next room; beginning with a warlike measure and then softening into choral symphonies, similar to the King's own course of life. I never heard anything more perfect. On rising from table the King spoke with me for at least half an hour; then Strauss was addressed and drawn into the conversation. He having remarked that the *Kyrie* performed that morning had struck him as particularly fine, the King rejoined, 'The words too are fine—full of meaning; but many people do not desire that the Lord should have mercy upon them.' Then he proceeded to speak of Church music, and said, 'I told you in Rome that I regretted not taking you with me to Verona to hear the singing in the Russian chapel: we must see what we can arrange here, for we have a small Russian colony.' Then he called General Witzleben, and commissioned him to arrange that the Russian singers should perform on New Year's day at Potsdam, whither he invited me.

The results which you draw from my reports of Berlin are just. To be in the society of the Crown Prince, of the Bernstorff family, and of a few others, is exceptionally desirable: but in a residence here all domestic and literary life would be torn to pieces. I mean to let Count Bernstorff know that I wish to remain as long as possible in Rome—that I desire no other diplomatic situation, and altogether would prefer living in Rome, even to being settled in the fatherland, as I must prefer Berlin to any other German place of abode. Without some great and high object fixed before me I should not feel myself in my vocation; nay, rather, after four weeks' official position here, I should be compelled either to act against my conviction or resign. On this point I am agreed with all my nearest friends, and even with the Crown Prince himself. . . . . My ruling consciousness is that of the transitory nature of all earthly conditions, and that keeps me cool and composed; may God preserve me thus, as He has granted me this conviction! Pray with me for His guidance.

To the Same.

[Translation.] Berlin: 31st December—half-past 11 at night.

I am alone in the last hour of the year—alone, thank God! as I cannot with you in devout meditation await the opening of the new year; alone, thank God! because in spirit, that is, in God, I am with you. What a year of blessing now verges to its close! the year in which our place among our fellow-countrymen, acquired on the Capitol for the fatherland, has been secured; which brought us our beloved Emilia, and which finally conducted me hither to obtain a clear consciousness of the value and import of my present relative condition. How much greater, how immeasurable will the blessing be for which I pray—to remain firm in the conviction that the Christian should abstain from plans as well as from anxious cares in things temporal. How differently has everything turned out to what I anticipated and desired! How unhappy should I now feel had our fate been decided according to my wishes! Wherefore no plans for the new year, but only the utterance of my almost three months' experience, that I have nothing to wish and pray for, but to be permitted to serve my country on the Capitol; and, secondly, that if I am called elsewhere, it may please God to call me hither. I would now turn from all contemplation of things earthly in this solemn moment to thank God with you for all his unmerited gifts, but peculiarly for His long suffering grace, which ever and again touches and renews our hearts with the breath of Divine life. O may we in the new year serve Him in pure love and childlike self-renunciation! May He in His mercy grant us thus to do! Amen. Surely does His hand of mercy rest at this moment upon those precious souls which He has granted and confided to us, as over those two which fled in the days of innocence to the arms of the boundless love that in Christ unites us all: to which hand of mercy I commend myself and all my beloved for the year which is just beginning!

Extract from a Letter from the Mother of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy to M. A. Klingemann, Secretary to the Hanoverian Legation in London.

[Translation.] Berlin: 28th December, 1827.

. . . We have made an agreeable and attractive acquaintance in M. Bunsen, Minister Resident at Rome. It is without example, I believe, that a man not belonging to the nobility should have enjoyed such favour from the highest personages as he has done; he is daily with the King and the Princes, and has been commanded repeatedly to lengthen his sojourn here. This unusual favour is the more remarkable and honourable to him as he does not purchase it by flattery, but on the contrary maintains his opinion with the utmost frankness against one and all of the acknowledged authorities at Court and in society. He has a powerful decisiveness of judgment, and even sharp persistency in opinion, yet such a gift of intelligence to soften the edge of this otherwise repelling peculiarity, that his superiority is not oppressive, but is accepted as naturally resulting from the very charm of the abundance of his knowledge and animation of intellect.

For us more particularly his being here has had this fortunate result, that His Majesty has resolved to purchase the Bartholdy collections for the new Museum. . . .

Bunsen has purchased for the King a fine painting of Raphael's . . . . representing Mary with the Infant Jesus, of which Zelter* has said, 'This is really a mother; the other Madonnas are but nurses.

A conversation may find a place here, which is recorded as having taken place during a Court Ball at Berlin, in the winter of 1827. Two gentlemen were speaking of the marvellous reception given to Bunsen by the King. 'All royal favours are showered upon him in an unexampled manner,' said one of the interlocutors to the other; 'nothing remains for His Majesty to do for him.' 'Nothing,' replied the other, 'unless the King means to *adopt* Bunsen.'

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] 4th January, 1828.

How can I sufficiently thank you for the incomparable letter of the 17th December! Therein I recognise you as the angel hovering round me, as my conscience that never deceives me! You were right, dearest, to reprove my utterances of self-satisfaction. I am in truth well aware that what I wrote was intended to give you a clearer insight into the sorrounding circumstances; still, what you comment upon has so frequently been the case, when you could not know it, that I will not attempt self-justification. Often does it happen in life that blame falls where it is less deserved than in a hundred other cases unknown and unobserved, but everyone must take man's disapprobation as the voice of God, which He individually can alone interpret. Yet I have to thank God for composure and collectedness in action and demeanour, and for having in the secret of my heart combated against, and often overcome, the evil spirit of self and of self-conceit.

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* Zelter was Director of the Sing-Akademie at Berlin. A few of his compositions, and a great number of his quaint, sometimes hypercritical, sayings are preserved, and his valuable correspondence with Göthe: also the memory of his friendship with Beethoven, and of his early appreciation of the genius that lay in Felix Mendelssohn.

To the Same.

[Translation.] 7th January, 1828.

The King has treated me in these latter days with a degree of kindness which I can only term paternal. When I was invited at Christmas-time, all believed it was because of my approaching departure, it being the King's custom to invite his diplomatic servants on their coming and going. But, on the contrary, I was again invited on the 30th—the birthday of Prince Henry—on which occasion the King spoke affectingly of his brother and of his desire to see him. For the 2nd January he invited me himself to dinner at Potsdam and to hear the singing of the Greek Church music, only the royal family and Bishop Eylert being present. On that day the King conversed with that peculiar power and just choice of words which is natural to him, whenever not overcast by native shyness. He expressed himself admirably, particularly on the subject of the Greeks, of which I will relate more.

On the 6th January I was again invited, and the King addressed me often at table, speaking of plants and flowers in his garden, and other matters of observation in which he takes pleasure; then after dinner he came towards me and Humboldt, as we stood together, and with a smile said, 'The *Privy Counsellor of Legation* Bunsen has ordered the Opera of Alcestis for us this evening.' (I made a request to be allowed to hear that fine work of Gluck, and Spontini having made difficulties, the Crown Prince had the kindness personally to order its performance.) The King continued, with occasional pauses, as is his wont—as though he were uncertain how to express himself—'I was determined to be the first to greet you by your new title; it was proposed to me this day by Count Bernstorff, and I have with pleasure granted his request. I am convinced that your zeal and activity in my service will not thereby be lessened.' I answered, as you may suppose, in as few words as possible, and the King rejoined in the same tone of commendation as before. The Court supposed (not the Crown Prince) that this private conversation had been a leave-taking and dismissal. This title will make no difference in Rome, but here it alters my position in the State. . . .

My way in life has not been made thus easy that I should dwell upon delights as if they were flowers that spring up beside me, but rather gaze intently upon the serious calling of which I was conscious when, poor and unprovided, unknown and disregarded by the world, I strode forth with the wanderer's staff joyfully into the regions under the blue sky, as my blessed, never-forgotten father, with upraised eyes, pointed it out to me on our parting in 1809, saying, 'Behold the heavens are blue everywhere!' Should I now forget that calling, or the vow I made in prospect of death during my severe illness? No; I have to call upon God for strength not to belong to those in whom 'the cares of this world have choked the good seed.' It has been granted to me in the height of ripened manhood, during a very important period, to overlook from a prominent point of vantage my own beloved fatherland, and to discern the nothingness of the individual as such, but the importance of the weakest if a blessing be given to his smallest endeavours. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.]

Berlin, 27th January, 1828; 3rd Sunday after Epiphany.

I hope to be able to mention in this letter what the results are of the most important step that I ever publicly took in my life. The King has now in his hands, perhaps is at this moment reading, what has taken place among the Christians of the Capitol—all that relates to public worship.

The resolution has, during the last fortnight, stood fast with me; in my conscience the explanation was obligatory. I have examined all as in the sight of God, and considered it with true and Christian friends; and I rejoice to have executed it before circumstances rendered it necessary. I could not again have looked upon that paternal, gracious countenance without having made all known to him—that was my feeling. He had a *right* to know all, and a double right from his kindness to me—that was my conviction. Yet all that had been done then—all that I had to tell and explain, was only that which was ventured upon as being needful and indispensable for that particular congregation, according to its peculiar needs and its special constitution, for the maintenance of a Christian community. Nothing was effected which lay beyond those limits. . . .

The notices of the following days testify to anxiety of mind and want of rest at night. Then on Friday, 1st February, he continues:—

At last I am tranquil and cool once again. Had I not such a serious and engrossing task before me, how should I stand the anxiety and suspense, and besides the separation from you! Be convinced that in this activity and strain of mind only can I find strength, and be kept quiet. The weather is charming; perfect spring—open window—the sun only too hot.

Monday, 4th February.

After my long letter by the last post, you must be anxious for tidings without delay—so I write these hasty words to tell you that nothing has been said to me on the subject I spoke of, but that the King was peculiarly gracious and kind; wherefore I cannot doubt his having got over a shock like that which made Cæsar exclaim, 'Et tu, Brute!'

Friday, 15th February.

God alone be praised! He has granted my prayer, not according to my unworthiness, but according to His own mercy. The boldest, and yet best-considered, step of my life has not been in vain.

Soon after I sent my last few lines I learnt from Witzleben that what I had done had given displeasure: the King had slightly and impatiently turned over the leaves, with the observation, that 'he could not see why so much alteration should have been made. Alterations serve to little or no purpose. It was true that the congregation there, at Rome, was peculiar. He could not issue commands under the circumstances.' And thereupon gave back the papers to be further reported upon. Two days later he invited me to dinner, and was very gracious; but the occasion was a visit from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, to whom I was to show the Raphael picture. A few days later the King resumed the subject with Witzleben; read my explanatory essay, which, written from my very heart, made its way to his feelings. On many points he expressed approbation: and having gone through the whole, and marked it with his pencil, he said—'Here, and in general, I could make no use of this; but the thing is good, and altogether answers to my own original intention.' He then desired Witzleben to speak to me upon one or two points; but added at last, 'I shall speak to him myself.' Of this I was informed when I was listening with many others, in a crowded room, to Humboldt's lecture on physical geography. You may imagine what I felt. God be thanked! . . . On returning to my room, I found a small liturgical book, entitled 'Luther' (said to have been written by the King himself in 1827), which Witzleben sent to me to read by command of the King. When I have read it, I shall go quietly, bearing in mind the words of the Lord—'Take no thought what ye shall say.'

5 o'clock in the afternoon.

All has passed off much better than I had thought. The King received me at a quarter before eleven: spoke first of . . . . then, turning towards the writing table, he said, 'You have sent me an essay, which, I tell you plainly, at first greatly displeased me, and I was about to send it back and decline taking further notice of the matter; but at length I read it from beginning to end, and perceived that it was a different thing to any other plan of alteration that has been brought before me. I am willing to admit what has been done: I pretend not to extend my jurisdiction as far as Rome, and will not issue commands, but only say what I wish and advise. I have made observations in writing upon your manuscript, and shall talk them over with you.' He proceeded to read and comment; his manner becoming gradually milder, more gracious and friendly, but I cannot go into details. The King closed with the gracious words—'I do the fullest justice not only to your sentiments, but also to your manner of proceeding: I have not experienced anything like this before: there is a right mind in the whole.'

26th February.

This day the King has dismissed me with the same gracious kindness with which he received me on my arrival. After dinner, he asked me if I had seen the view of the Capitol, hung up long since in his closet? and desired me to follow him that he might show it me; when he took the opportunity of saying, that he had had much pleasure in seeing me here, and was convinced that I should further serve him with the same zeal and fidelity as hitherto. My reply was graciously received; but the King added that he should see me once again, to entrust to me a letter for Prince Henry—at the latest on Friday. Wherefore my day of departure is (God be thanked!) at last fixed for Saturday. . . . When you receive this I shall have reached Bonn.

4th March.

MY DEAREST,—I am still here, but God has blessed this day of joy and thankfulness* beyond all hope.

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* His wife's birthday.

On Friday last, I was in the act of taking leave of the Princes, when I received the King's commands to dine with him at two o'clock. On my entrance, the King told me he wished I should delay my journey for a few days: Witzleben would explain all.

To him therefore I went directly after dinner, and learnt that the King had resolved to have my liturgical arrangement for the chapel at Rome printed, with his own expressed sanction, and with a preface by his own hand; and that I was to superintend the printing. This morning I received the fair copy, with the pencil marks in the King's own hand, and the preface (also in his own hand) stating that this was only a development of the general form of public devotion, long since introduced by himself.

I shall be able to move as soon as I have the printed copies. I am sure you thank God with me, hard as the duty is which imposes such a lengthened separation. . . .

10th March.

. . . . Since my last letter many communications have taken place: the King has taken each separate point into his most serious consideration, and has ended by allowing all. Paper and type have been selected, and the printing will begin to-morrow. When this morning I arranged the entire MS. for the press, all seemed to me as a dream; for often has this been in my dreams. How much now lies behind me! but 'whoso layeth hand to the plough' must not look back: and so I will only think how much still lies before me, if the Lord will grant me health and His blessing towards the fulfilment of my vow.

It is indeed a blessing that the climate here agrees with me so well! I never sleep more than five or six hours, and have no rest all day, having to speak to a hundred persons about a hundred things, or to work in full strain of attention, except when I drop asleep about nine o'clock, and yet I never was better in health, and am cool and cheerful.

Lately I went to bed at half-past seven, rose before three, and worked till seven—as I used to do twenty years ago; in the evening I never work later than nine.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, twenty years of age, is deep in chorale music. . . . . He is one of the most amiable and attaching human beings that I have ever known. I understand from Poelchau, that many of our hymn tunes originate in popular songs: for instance, that of the Evening Hymn, 'Now is rest in every wood,' can be traced up to the year 1480, as in use among travelling workmen, when it was composed, or adapted to the above hymn, by the *maître de chapelle* of Maximilian I., a pupil of the celebrated Josquin. Several tunes can be proved to have been originally rhythmic, as I have always maintained they ought to be.* . . . .

18th March.

I can announce to you that the printers are hard at work . . . ; but they will have an addition to their labours, as the King, of his own accord, has commanded that the Book of the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels should be printed with the rest. Wherefore Strauss, Tippelskirch, and myself have to go through and prepare the MS. with all care. . . . . The kindness of the King to me, and the earnestness with which he views and considers the matter in hand, are worthy of all respect and thankful acknowledgment. On the day when the new command was transmitted to me, I was summoned to his table, where there was no other guest: and the King said, 'I have given you much to do—it has taken much time, and you have been long detained from your post; but this has been a regular controversy that we have had.' I have requested to be allowed to keep the MS. with His Majesty's own remarks, and I am to have it—a memorial for myself and my descendants.

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* See the small publication of Becker and Billroth, tracing out ancient melodies to their origin in measured chant, for an explanation of 'rhythmic.'

The first meeting between Bunsen and Dr. Thomas Arnold, and the beginning of a friendship and mutual understanding, which increased and was drawn closer each year until cut off too soon and suddenly by the death of the latter in 1842 (shortly after the establishment of Bunsen in England), had taken place in May 1827, when Dr. Arnold (at that time still resident at Laleham) made a rapid holiday journey to Rome with two pupils. His stay was restricted to a few days, during great part of which Bunsen, with great zeal and pleasure, accompanied him in his inspection of historical monuments, and communicated his own store of topographical information. Dr. Arnold wisely declined making any attempt to become acquainted with the Galleries of the fine arts, as such; his 'Roman History,' and everything that could contribute to fix or render clear his conceptions of any portion of it, having an exclusive claim upon his time and attention. Arnold and Bunsen considered each other as friends from the first, and parted with the expressed hope and purpose of not losing sight or knowledge of each other. The first letter that passed between them was written by Arnold, before the end of that same year.

Bunsen to Arnold.

[Translation.] Berlin: Easter Monday, 1828.

The voice of esteem and hearty affection, from the lips of one whom one truly esteems and loves, is a precious boon to the heart, when granted as the result of long acquaintance; and only they who have thus experienced it can duly estimate its cheering sound from afar off, as the faithful echo of merely short hours of friendly intercourse.

Every degree of mutual inclination and affection is a free gift from man, but also a gift of the Lord, in whom only the fulness of friendship can be met, and, in a peculiar sense, felt to be such.

This feeling, dear friend, was called forth by your letter sent after me hither from Rome; and as it has lived on in my soul ever since, I write the expression of it this day, to be delivered to you, with a parcel, by the excellent Mr. Jelf, tutor to Prince George of Cumberland, whom you knew at the University, and who is upon the point of starting for England.

As you have been attracted by much in the German character and life, essentially allied to, and yet differing from, the national character of your people and their method of mental cultivation, so is it with me in regard to yours, in which I have found so much, not only to respect but to love. And as you have been disappointed in many of your expectations in the Germans of the present day, and have found in them what was chilling, if not repulsive to you,—so have I found, in the range of opinion which concerns the greatest political and religious problems of the day, precisely among those of your countrymen towards whom I feel myself the most drawn (the men who hold Old England high above all else), points on which I cannot easily either make my own reasoning intelligible to them, or comprehend and accept theirs. Therefore it was to me such a very great and unexpected joy, that in the intercourse of a few hours I found I could with you at once come to a common understanding, which so opened my heart towards you as to make it easy to express what (as Plato says) the soul can only utter when conscious of communion with an allied spirit. Heartily, therefore, do I thank you for that friendship and kindness, which I hope to preserve for ever. . . . I rejoice in your removal to Rugby, because I hope that, sooner or later, it will secure to you that leisure which the Englishman of learning can rarely enjoy until he has paid his debt to public life by a course of practical usefulness. God grant that the abundance of business may not keep you entirely from your own pursuits!

A seemingly accidental circumstance caused my coming to Berlin, where I intended to remain only a fortnight, to become acquainted with the State which has adopted me since I have been in Italy, and to present myself before my hitherto unseen chiefs. But Providence has otherwise ordained it; and on the day when six months will have elapsed since I entered the town, I shall depart, with unmixed thankfulness for the more than kindness shown to me in my reception by the King and the Royal Family, but with yet greater thankfulness towards the Lord, who has allowed the fulfilment of my most cherished wishes.

My views on the subject of the Protestant Church in Germany, and particularly the need of a spiritual guide for the nation (*geistliches Volksbuch*) like your Common Prayer Book, I have communicated to you. My maxim is, No general Church without a Liturgy, and no Liturgy without a Church. The latter is, alas! not yet understood among us. In the consciousness of this need, I took it upon myself to modify the King's Liturgy for the chapel of the Roman Legation, after the pattern of the English Liturgy. My friends here were startled at this piece of daring, but the King has allowed it most graciously, and even given orders for printing the form of worship, with the addition of some liturgical fragments which I, with my friend Röthe (chaplain to the Legation), had selected and arranged for the use of the German congregation at Rome. Thus is the origin of the book I now send explained. I am convinced that this form gives utterance to the idea of the ancient Church with respect to the Christian sacrifice; and this, with the conception of the spiritual priesthood of all Christians, naturally connected with it, is not only freely expressed, but laid down as the foundation of the whole. . . .

The principal objects of the whole are two.—1. The representation of the Evangelical conception of the believer's sacrifice, in public worship without communion, so that, in the latter case also, the sermon shall not appear the culminating point. 2. The connection of this idea with the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The former was, alas! not attempted by the primitive Church in that decisive moment of the world's history when the daily and universal communion of the congregation ceased; and the latter, alas! soon sunk into obscurity and confusion — the external, purely symbolical, use of the προσφέρειν of bread and wine being so exclusively brought into notice, as to overshadow the *true* idea of self-sacrifice—the continuous, spiritual giving of thanks, which is the self-sacrifice of the Christian; and to prepare the way for the notion of the Sacrifice of the Mass. The true idea of sacrifice belongs to Divine worship, or adoration as such, and not to the Communion, in the celebration of which, however, it has its most perfect adaptation. These assertions I shall be better able to prove when I publish the '*Codex Liturgicus Ecclesiæ Universæ.*' I experienced here, at first, much opposition and misunderstanding among theologians, but at length, in many quarters, encouraging and cheering concurrence. Dr. Tholuck (who is known in England) will go with me to Rome as chaplain to the Legation.

On politics it were best to be silent. The Austro-Turkish oscillations of your great commander, and I must admit also the state of feeling of a very large portion of the nation, have grieved me to the heart. They must ever remain a spot of darkness in the constellation of Albion, and are among the greatest political errors I know of. If peace be yet preserved among the great Christian Powers, it is not certainly the result of this system. To the Lord I commend all! May He bless and preserve you and yours! Pray write to me soon!

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin: Wednesday, 9th April.

. . . . Shall you be grieved that I am still here? and can you believe that I shall really set out this week? After all the printing and the binding were really completed, I had myself the joy of taking to the King the first copies of the Capitoline Liturgy, of which he gave me one in quarto as his gift to the congregation, and one of the octavo edition for myself. Then he again repeated to me the gracious expressions used before, regarding myself and Röthe: after which he gave me, for the first time, his royal right hand. Then he spoke with me for at least half an hour, things important and not to be forgotten; and gave me an opportunity of saying many things. This was in the forenoon: I was invited to the King's table, and then finally dismissed with all signs of favour. As I departed from the Palace, General Witzleben informed me that the King intended a memorial gift for me; that he knew that I did not want or expect one, but that he wished to prove that he was *very well* inclined towards me. The King had (immediately after my last audience) desired the general to select some pieces from the porcelain manufactory, from which he would himself make choice of one for me. . . . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] Wittenberg: Sunday, 13th April, 1828.

. . . . Yesterday evening, at half-past ten, I drove out of the royal city, in which I have met with more affection and kindness than in any other town of my native country.

On Wednesday evening the King sent me a fine porcelain vase with two paintings, one being a view of the King's Palace, the other of Berlin; he had chosen this himself out of twelve that had been brought to him for selection; and the accompanying message was—'As a memorial of himself and of his residence.' Next morning other persons came commissioned to pack the vase, and so it is now despatched, by Augsburg, to Rome.

I remained over Saturday on account of the baptism of the young Prince, son of Prince Karl,* where I again met all the Royal Family. The Crown Prince said he would not take leave of me there in public, but conducted me to his own room, where, after the most gracious expressions, he presented me with a piece of ancient German sculpture, an 'Ecce Homo' in ivory, as a memorial. Then it remained to me to bid farewell to my special friends, Schönberg, Witzleben, Neander, Gröben, Savigny, Bernstorff, till half-past ten, when I left, oppressed with a multitude of feelings, which were merged in humiliation and thankfulness. The company of Tippelskirch was a solace. I have to-day heard Heubner preach, and had a walk with him. I enjoy this rest in Wittenberg.

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* Prince Friedrich Karl, Commander-in-Chief of the Prussian forces in Schleswig-Holstein in 1864, and of the 'First' Army in Bohemia in 1866.

Bust of Bunsen, by Wolff (1827).

CHAPTER VI.

RESIDENCE IN ROME—(*continued*).

RETURN TO ROME—PRUSSIAN LITURGY—MUSICAL TASTES—CHURCH AFFAIRS IN SILESIA—DESCRIPTION OF ROME—NIEBUHR'S POLITICAL OPINIONS—VISIT OF THE CROWN PRINCE TO ITALY—ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE—EGYPTIAN RESEARCHES—DEATH OF LEO XII.—REVOLUTION OF 1830—DEATH OF NIEBUHR—SIR WALTER SCOTT—CORRESPONDENCE WITH ARNOLD.

Bunsen's long term of labour, anxiety, and excitement, as well as of honour and favour at Berlin, 1827–28, was critical in his life in more points than those yet mentioned. He returned home to his family and favourite position in May 1828, two days earlier than he had finally announced himself, in good health, but altered in person, having a fulness of cheek and a constant flush of colour, as well as a commencement of corpulence, a diminution of the original thickness of hair on the summit of the head, and a slight sprinkling of grey hair, such as testified to the close of youth and entrance on another period of life. These changes could in part be the more accurately noted, as in the beginning of September 1827, just previous to the journey to Berlin, the accomplished Prussian sculptor Wolff had modelled the bust of Bunsen with a success universally admitted. This bust he afterwards executed in marble with the highest finish, and it remains a precious family monument in the house of Ernest von Bunsen in London. It was an offering of gratitude on the part of Wolff, who desired to make some return, by the exercise of his acknowledged talents, for the essential services which Bunsen had sought and found occasion to render him. The gift of the artist could not be declined without a want of consideration for his feelings; and Bunsen made a condition that he should be allowed to take on his own account the whole cost of the material, accepting with thanks the intrinsic value conferred on the block of marble by the mind and skill of the sculptor. The bust in question gives the exact representation of the face, the features, and the hair-growth in Bunsen's youthful years, and the marble is not paler than he used to be: it may also be said to share, with three other portraits (viz. a fine medallion by Böhm of Vienna, executed in 1825, a pen drawing by Schnorr in 1835, and a miniature by Grahl in 1836), an excess of seriousness, almost amounting to sternness, which strongly contrasts with the bright cheerfulness of the portrait by Richmond in 1846, and of the bust by Behnes in 1849. The medallion by Monroe, executed in 1853, has the solemn look, which suits well with its present position upon the monument in the cemetery at Bonn.

Although the letters to Christiana of December 1822, and January 1823, indicate the commencement and the nature of Bunsen's relation to King Frederick William III., some further explanation is necessary to render the extraordinary circumstances attending Bunsen's stay in Berlin, from September 1827 to April 1828, intelligible.

The impression produced by England on the mind of Frederick Willian III., on the occasion of his visit to that country after the occupation of Paris by the Allied armies, was strong and enduring in many respects; but nothing that he had witnessed was so congenial to his feelings as the solemnity of the quiet Sunday and the spectacle of the multitudes who, at least, showed the desire and seized the opportunity of worshipping God and of receiving edification on that day, which was thus shielded by custom from worldly occupations. He was intensely anxious to heal the wounds of his own ravaged and dissevered dominions, by effectually securing the advancement of Christianity, as the best means of renewing well-being in every direction; and he had a strong impression of the peculiar duty inherited by the House of Brandenburg, to create peace and unity between the observances of the Reformed (or Calvinistic)

Churches and those of the Lutheran Confession. Could the King have had his wish, it would probably have taken the form of an absolute merging of variations into a solid and uniform establishment like that of the Church of England, which he knew to have originated in a compound of the maxims of the two Reformers, to be modified according to German peculiarities. This is not the place to note in detail the course of serious study and the manifold difficulties undertaken and worked through by the conscientious King and his favourite aide-de-camp, General Witzleben, during many years. The King's researches after modes of conciliation had encountered much opposition, and only in the military deference of this much-respected officer, and his honest appreciation of the object in view, did he find assistance in the construction of a form of prayer for his own private chapel, put together from various liturgical fragments, which he proceeded, after the mode of the long-established paternal (i. e. absolute) government, by degrees to introduce throughout the kingdom. The King's 'Agenda' became the authorised form of public worship in the 'United Evangelic Church of Prussia' in the years following the tercentenary festival of the Reformation in 1817, when the King, although a Calvinist, had for the first time partaken of the Lord's Supper in a Lutheran church. In the autumn of 1822, the King, when about to proceed from Rome to Naples, signified that a hall, properly fitted up for Divine service, was to be arranged within the residence of the Prussian Legation, in which on Sundays his own new 'Agenda,' or form of devotion, was to be performed. On the urgent suggestion of Niebuhr, Dr. Schmieder had been appointed chaplain in the year 1818 in order to collect together and to edify the scattered German inhabitants of Rome: but the form of worship was limited, by custom, to the sermon, preceded and followed by a very few passages of a fixed character, containing portions of Scripture and prayers, the fine choral hymns joined in by the entire congregation being the great point of union, as they are the pride, and justly so, of Protestant Germany. This arrangement for public worship was the King's institution, and supported at his expense; therefore, when he directed the mode to be observed, this was only according to rule and custom; and the prescribed adaptation of a portion of the Prussian Minister's dwelling in the Palazzo Savelli was, in accordance with the King's command, effected, as well as the training of such volunteer performers as could be persuaded to lend assistance in forming an extempore choir (by dint of much exertion of influence, which fell principally to the share of Bunsen), within the short time of the King's absence at Naples. On the one Sunday that intervened before the King's final departure from Rome northward, he found all appearances fair and smooth, and was not aware that the performers of his favourite 'Agenda' would be and must be confined to the single occasion of his presence. It is not for me to explain why the course, seemingly most natural, of a straightforward statement to the King, that in an exceptional place like Rome the materials for a regular cathedral service were wanting, was not followed, nor his permission requested for a return to former practices as long possible; and it is my belief that had Bunsen been at the head of the Legation, he would not have been silent as to the reality of things; for often has he been heard to say, that the truth of fact is at least as much due to a Sovereign as to any other fellow-creature. The longing desire for an opportunity of open declaration of the state of things to the King was a principal reason for Bunsen's suggesting to his chiefs in the Ministry that he should himself be the escort of the Raphael picture, which they had ordered to be despatched to Berlin like any common package, in unconsciousness of the danger of detention. His anxiety as to the effect that might be produced on the King's mind by his communication will not seem surprising. But the result at last, which brought him an increase of favour and indulgence, proves a liberality and high-mindedness, a capability of examining into reasons, and a readiness to change an opinion on conviction, a sincerity in search of the right and just, and a power of self-renunciation in the King, which are deserving of all acknowledgment in proportion to the irritating nature of the trial.

This was, no doubt, with Bunsen that 'tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune'—understanding 'fortune' in the sense of the gratification of ambition in the attainment of high office. The inclinations of many persons in power, besides the very highest, set in strongly towards retaining him at that time in Berlin; and it was his own instinct fortunately telling him that a residence at Berlin was unsuited to the furtherance of his favourite pursuits, and the sincerity and urgency with which he expressed his desire to return to Rome and remain there, which saved him from becoming entangled in a position which he could not have mastered.

One of the singularities of Bunsen's relation to the Sovereign who showed him such paternal predilection, was that he first met the King's notice under the character (not self-assumed) of a judge and authority in the fine arts. The first report which reached Berlin and the Court about the unknown favourite of Niebuhr, was that he passed his leisure among painters and paintings; and accordingly the first words of the King when Bunsen was presented to him, in 1822, were, 'You are a great judge and connoisseur, I am told?' 'I do not pretend to be so, please your majesty,' was the answer of Bunsen. On the next occasion of notice, at table, the King desired to receive information on the subject of Palestrina, some of whose grand compositions were to be performed by a selection of the singers of the Sixtine Chapel at the residence of Cardinal Consalvi, in order to bring to the King's notice one of the chief curiosities peculiar to Rome. The King's sudden and abrupt questions, 'Who was this Palestrina?' 'What is this music?' met not (for some unexplained reason) with the expected instantaneous reply from Niebuhr; and the King's eye, first directed to him, wandered on till it fixed upon Bunsen, the question being at the same instant repeated, and replied to with the collectedness and presence of mind for which he was remarkable; so that the King, pleased with having been understood, and with the matter which his enquiry had elicited, continued the conversation with Bunsen till the end of dinner, to the astonishment of the Court party. In the momentary pause, before the King looked towards Bunsen repeating his question, he was heard to utter in a low voice, 'Habe wohl etwas dummes gefragt!' ('I suppose I have asked a stupid question!') The King was shy —as if he were always conscious of his own neglected education; and apt to apprehend that he was himself in fault, when not understood.

To give an explanation of the peculiar labours, besides those already mentioned, into which Bunsen was drawn at Berlin in 1827-28, and which occasioned the first protraction of his stay there, is neither within the power nor the province of the writer of these pages. But it is certain that he was called upon to take part in other weighty matters such as those concerning the Church of Rome at Breslau, the effect produced in the northern and exclusively Protestant provinces by the introduction of the new liturgical form, and the attempt to unite the Lutheran and reformed Churches. Bunsen was urgent from the beginning to the end of his career of public life, 'in season and out of season,' for the avoidance of every act of government which might have the slightest appearance of imposing trammels upon the conscience in matters of worship ever so seemingly indifferent. He had too good reason to know that the desire to serve the King in bringing about the execution of his benevolent designs had caused in many parts of the Prussian dominions a system of browbeating on the one hand and of coaxing on the other, which, though outwardly successful, had not tended to peace between the variously-minded. It was his belief, on quitting Berlin in 1828, that on this field of exertion he had gained important points, and that beneficial results would follow, preparatory to that full and absolute liberation of the Church (i.e. community of believers) from the State, which he faithfully advocated, and sometimes believed he had succeeded in making acceptable to the heir apparent if not to the then reigning Sovereign.

It will be seen, in the account of Bunsen's last and memorable conference with the late King, in September 1857, that he used a new line of tactics in order to bring his convictions to the royal acceptance, suggesting the rightful position of believers in the Christian State, by analogy drawn from the way in which the different classes among worshippers are placed in a reasonably-constructed cathedral-church. Of his upright and earnest striving, of his prodigality of intellectual energy, in the cause of Christian independence and freedom of conscience, may the royal archives one day disclose the multiplied proofs to the historian of another generation!

Bunsen's entanglement in the 'Description of Rome' may be said to date from the winter of 1817-18, when Niebuhr and Brandis, in conjunction with Bunsen, were endeavouring anxiously to find an occupation for Platner, by which his talents and acquirements might be turned to account for the support of his family. Platner had been till that time by profession a painter, and an unsuccessful one, his father having destined him for that pursuit without enquiring what Nature had designed for his son. At last, a much-wanted new edition of the old 'Description of Rome' by Volkmann and Lalande was suggested as an undertaking for which Platner might be well calculated, from his knowledge of works of art, of the antiquities of the middle ages, and of the history of Italy. But as, owing to his want of acquaintance with the Latin language, he was disqualified from going further than the Italian could carry him, Niebuhr and Brandis promised to manage between them the classical part of the work, and Bunsen undertook to help Platner whenever he should have need of reference to Latin writers. Cotta, the publisher, passing through Rome that winter, entered with the greatest alacrity into the plan. The work was to be executed on his account, he was to pay two louis d'or for every printed sheet, and gave *carte blanche* for the purchase of the necessary books of reference. This was very liberal, but at the same time a good speculation; for Cotta judged rightly that a work for which Niebuhr and Brandis were vouchers would be worth his money. The contract was made in March 1818, and Platner set to work, in the first instance to make an historical description of the basilicas, or principal churches of Rome. But he was every moment reduced to a stand-still from the amount of Latin necessary to be waded through: and came about three evenings in every week for advice and correction of style—the latter being with Platner the most tedious of all matters, as he considered it his duty to fight in defence of his own arrangement of materials, and his peculiar use of German words. Nearly three years passed before anything was so far finished as to be submitted to the inspection of Niebuhr, who, when he at last saw a description of the Lateran which had cost Bunsen time and breath beyond calculation, and more patience than he could have been supposed to possess, exclaimed to Bunsen, 'Can you, my good friend, for a moment suppose that what Platner has here written can be sent to the press?' This was a serious decision, against the justice of which Bunsen could not protest, for it coincided with his own opinion; and he answered—'Then I must write the thing myself, for I cannot do more than I have done to help Platner to write it.' Bunsen therefore began at the beginning, and very soon brought for Niebuhr's inspection a history, description, and detailed criticism of the Lateran, and of S. Paolo *fuori le mure,* which obtained not only his approbation but high commendation. It was now settled that Niebuhr would keep to ancient Rome and its vestiges, Bunsen to the middle ages and their remains, and Platner to the museums and galleries, for which he proved himself fully competent. Brandis had gone long since 'over the hills and far away,' and the time soon came when Niebuhr was also to depart, without having contributed anything to the work except a short dissertation, small in bulk though great in importance, on the history of the first foundation, the improvement, the growth, diminution, and the destruction of ancient Rome. He was very sorry not to have done more, but a promise given in a weak moment was the cause of his being altogether prevented from fulfilling his favourite purpose. Gau, the architect, designed to publish some drawings of the antiquities of Nubia, and Niebuhr had promised a critical revision of the accompanying Greek inscriptions, which he had not intended to undertake till after having completed his portion of the work on Rome. But Gau, being at Paris, ventured to advertise his work, promising Niebuhr's editorship and the whole publication within the year; by which proceeding Niebuhr was entrapped into working at the Nubian inscriptions up to the time of his departure from Rome, in the spring of 1823. Thus the whole weight of the Roman work remained on the shoulders of Bunsen, in addition to the entire business of the Prussian Legation, for which Niebuhr and Bunsen together had not been more than sufficient. The antiquarian portion was afterwards undertaken partly by Gerhard and partly by Urlichs; a portion of the middle ages by Röstell, —who in addition undertook to correct Platner's writing. At a later period, the distinguished Roman archæologist, Sarti, was induced to execute a highly valuable portion of the work.

The foregoing statement is accurate, so far as an outline of facts can go. But the import of the whole transaction in the life of Bunsen can only be estimated by those who witnessed the degree of disturbance created by it, the uneasiness caused to him by the consciousness of responsibility, and the quantity of actual labour and intense application which he devoted to those portions of the 'Description of Rome' which were his own exclusive work, and which he spared no endeavours to render complete and clear to the comprehension of every reader—a labour which was all the more keenly felt to be an exertion, as it was given to matters not falling within his natural province, and which would never have been selected by him for the occupation of serious hours. Topography and antiquarian lore were intensely interesting to him as matters of secondary importance, because they enhanced the pleasure of walks and excursions, and contributed to the elucidation of history or of extinct nationalities. But they occupied him only as accessories, and he grudged the time he was called upon to give to that which filled not the mind; and his instinctive repugnance to them grew stronger as he became additionally conscious of the attraction of his great historical, biblical, liturgical and hymnological investigations. But although inclination was with him a very powerful incentive, he had happily mastered in early life the conception of *duty*; and thus he performed to the full the self-incurred obligation, which proved for a period of eleven years (from 1818 to 1829) a serious impediment to progress in his own favourite pursuits.

The departure of Niebuhr in 1823, and Bunsen's entrance upon the position of Chief of the Legation, formed an epoch in the life of the latter in more senses than one,—outwardly, inasmuch as he filled an independent post in society, and inwardly, because it formed the beginning of the emancipation of his mind from the exclusive influence of Niebuhr's opinions, which he had adopted to the pitch of seeing the facts of public life only through the medium which original temperament and much suffering had cast around the wonderful intelligence of the historian. During Bunsen's university years, his political sentiments and those of his associates would seem to have had no further aim than the expulsion of the French from the whole German territory, and the restitution of everything German into German hands: Bunsen himself had a strong and bitter consciousness of the hardships inflicted on the inhabitants of small States by the system of miniature Principalities, and an early conviction that only in the greater State (viz. Prussia) could any good be anticipated for the advancement of an individual or a cause. He agreed with his friends in abhorrence of the levelling principles generated by the French Revolution, and of the thirst after universal dominion which had spread French armies over Germany, as also in the trustful hope, with which they all looked to the introduction of those essential reforms required in every German State, by the hands of each Government within its own bounds. Too soon the proceedings within the first years after the expulsion of the French made it clear to Bunsen, as well as to Niebuhr, that the state of the Prussian dominions did not show that thorough renovation which was acknowledged to be requisite; but the irritation of Niebuhr's mind was directed against individuals who impeded the full efficiency of a benevolent despotism in bestowing the best gifts upon those subjected to its power,—while he mistrusted and condemned as Jacobinical every effort of the liberal-minded to establish that representative system, which the King had promised to grant by way of a recompense for the patriotic efforts by which his throne had been preserved. Niebuhr's inclination to trust government instead of the nation governed extended beyond his own country; and even the successive administrations of the Restoration in France did not affect his confidence in the capacity for good in each as it came. As to England, his admiration of the constitutional system was undoubting; but he believed only in the Tory party as the real friends of the country; he adopted unconditionally the sentiments of Burke in his work on the French Revolution, and had the most unqualified admiration for Pitt and for his policy, believing that by favouring the national animosity against the French, and engaging every active interest in the war against them as regicides, he had checked the revolutionising process in the English mind. Towards England under Tory administrations he was well inclined and trustful, until he saw or suspected a swerving from the course under Whig influences; which suspicion would seem to be the probable explanation of the strong turn his feelings took against Canning and Wellington, and of his virulent condemnation of the peaceable attitude of England towards the new Government of Louis Philippe. The events of July 1830 may be said to have given the deathblow to Niebuhr; for although he expired only in the beginning of 1831, yet from the time of the Paris disturbances he was in perpetual fever of alarm in anticipation of a European war, and would listen to no argument which tended to lead him to a more consolatory view of the future; uttering whether by word of mouth or in writing many of those phrases of condensed meaning peculiar to himself, such as 'The madness of the Polignac Ministry has broken the talisman which bound the demon of Revolution;' and qualifying the friendly relations between France and England as 'the alliance of the Tiger and the Shark, threatening destruction to the rest of the world.' On the present occasion Bunsen had by letter submitted to Niebuhr, with his usual deference, a different view of things,—his reasons for anticipating peace, and not a general convulsion: which proves that he had already achieved his independence in forming opinions. From the time that he had conducted the affairs of the mission alone, he considered it a part of his duty to frequent the society which he had before avoided as much as possible; always following up the practice of his life to seek intelligence at first hand, and to master facts indedependent of influences. From the first he was much drawn into the confidential circle of the venerable Russian Ambassador, Italinsky, who showed him the most encouraging kindness, and from whom, as he has often said, he derived a greater amount of sound political knowledge than from almost any individual. In the company of Italinsky he formed other valuable intimacies, among which was that of the witty Gagarin, who succeeded after Italinsky's death to the Russian mission at Rome. It was also in the house of Italinsky that Bunsen met the brilliant young attaché, Baron Paul von Hahn of Courland, who—after a long course of public service, extensive and important, under the Emperors Alexander I. and Nicholas, finally as Governor-General of the Caucasus—came with his admirable wife (born Sophie de Grainberg), nearly at the close of his career, to Heidelberg, to shed a soothing influence, by faithful continuance of friendship and sympathy, over Bunsen's declining years.

In the course of various changes in the French Embassy during the fifteen years of Bunsen's independent position at Rome, the list of diplomatists contains many names of interest to him: Chateaubriand, La Ferronays, Laval Montmorency, Latour Maubourg, St. Aulaire. To his English acquaintances, many of whom became cherished friends, he ever looked up with more especial sympathy, and from them he sought and received that great amount of knowledge of men and of things with which he came provided, to every one's surprise, when at last he reached the shores of England. To enumerate all the names of more or less importance to him now would scarcely be possible, even were it desirable; but Thirlwall (now bishop of St. David's) and Dr. George Nott may be named as the associates of the earliest years in Rome. The conversation of Bunsen may not have been without influence on the choice of a profession in the case of the former, who was far from having decided upon taking orders when he came to Rome in 1818–19, and was probably struck by the higher interest taken by Bunsen in theology, compared with every other subject, and his admiring preference of much in the Anglican system. Without laying such a stress upon the influence of individuals on the mind of Bunsen as would lead to a wrong inference, it may be said that from the ultra Tory creed of Niebuhr, which the latter had fully adopted as the standard of truth (even to the extent of holding in abhorrence, as political sinners, the great writers in the 'Edinburgh Review'), Bunsen gradually turned to accept the moderate Whiggism of Hallam and of Arnold, and became opposed to every let or hindrance that could bar the influence of public opinion, in intelligent and cultivated nations, upon the conduct of government. Hence from inmost conviction, with all the energy of his character, he became an advocate for the thorough carrying out of the representative system.

The visit of the Crown Prince (afterwards King Frederick William IV. of Prussia) to Rome in the autumn of 1828 was an event of which it is hard to give an adequate impression. Letters from Bunsen himself, when accompanying the Prince on his return to the frontier of Italy, and privileged to enjoy his society uninterruptedly by occupying a place in his own carriage, show his animated sense of the enjoyment, as well as of the distinction granted; add to this his clear perception that the future was not to be calculated upon according to the brightness and high temperature of the present, even though all such reasoning checked but little the intoxicating effect experienced at the time. Many persons have been under the spell of the Prince for a shorter or longer time, some for the greater portion of their life; but those who never saw him in Rome can hardly imagine how great was the expansion of all his most engaging characteristics in an atmosphere so genial, and how splendid the coruscations of wit and humour which were the natural result of a childlike gaiety, proceeding from the gratification of his life's longing to see Rome.

If the instances are many in which Bunsen was doomed to an immense amount of labour without the immediate and conscious result he had hoped for, yet there are many cases in which his success was great and salutary beyond expectation. A letter from him to Niebuhr gives the date of the first effort made to establish the still subsisting and flourishing Institute for Archæological correspondence at Rome; which he was led to consider a necessity by the experience of his invaluable friend Edward Gerhard* (then an early pioneer, and long an honoured centre of antiquarian studies in Germany). From the first it was open to all who took interest in the study of ancient Italy, for English, French, and Italians, as well as Germans; and by means of lectures, meetings, papers, correspondence, and personal intercourse, all means were used to interest the literary public, so that the desired cosmopolitan object might be attained. The venerable Abbate Fea was the first among the Italians to give his cordial adhesion to the plan; among the French, the Duc de Luynes; among the English, Sir William Gell, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Millingen; of the Germans who gave active aid in the matter, the names are too many to be enumerated, besides Braun, Lepsius, Otto Jahn, Kellermann, and Wilhelm Abeken, who died also too early. In addition to the unremitting labours of Gerhard, and the permanent support of Bunsen, the Institute was deeply indebted to the unceasing sympathy and watchfulness of August Kestner. Bunsen, its secretary-general, obtained rooms for the establishment of the Institute, in its first beginnings, within the Palazzo Caffarelli; but in process of time, by dint of perseverance, of collections, of subscriptions, of contributions, ground was purchased and a building was erected on the Tarpeian Rock, which furnished a permanent and a suitable abode for the collections as well as for the managing secretary, including a hall for the meetings. Often, in the course of thirty years, was the destruction of the establishment threatened; but Bunsen lived to see it fixed upon a secure basis.

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* Dr. Edward Gerhard died at Berlin, May 1867.

The start made by Bunsen on his course of Egyptian research has been mentioned before, at the time when he first made the acquaintance of Champollion at Rome, in 1825; soon after which the careful examination of Egyptian antiquities in the Roman collections, and the publication of the great work of Rosellini, besides conversations with Baron Prokesch von Osten (who had made researches and observations in Egypt and Nubia), had more and more confirmed Bunsen in the conviction that a grand field of historical research was in fact opened; and he longed to see due advantage taken of it by his own nation. He had as yet no personal acquaintance with Richard

Lepsius, but having formed an opinion both of the man and of his powers, which experience proved not to have been exaggerated, he wrote to him in 1833 to state his views on the value of Egyption lore. His advice was that Lepsius (then at Paris) should turn his attention to the Egyptian treasures contained in the Louvre. He also expressed a wish that he would come to Rome as his guest, and consider the advisableness of bringing this new branch of historical information within the compass of the objects of the Institute. Lepsius entered with warmth and devotedness into the subject opened to him, and from this meeting there resulted not only a close and faithful friendship, but the plan of that important expedition to Egypt which some years later was accomplished, under the protection of King Frederick William IV., and at the expense of the Prussian Government. The plan was submitted to the King before his accession to the Throne, when he at once took in the full importance of these studies, at a time when they were not countenanced by any of the learned in Germany, and continued to follow up the subject as one of peculiar interest to himself throughout his life. The Prussian Treasury has rarely expended large sums with greater advantage to science or credit to the State. In the case of Bunsen the subject continued interwoven with the whole texture of his occupations and meditations, even to the last year of suffering and decline. His published work, 'Egypt's Place in History,' in the original German and in English (which, though a translation, has the recommendation of possessing the latest additions by his own hand), sets forth his full testimony to the weighty import of the discoveries made.

On ground adjoining that on which the Institute was established (previously covered by ruinous but not ancient buildings), Bunsen succeeded, after years of persevering labour, in establishing the Infirmary for Protestants, for which (it will have been observed in passages of letters) Niebuhr had already ascertained the crying need. Among the host of difficulties with which Bunsen had to contend, was that of proving the *necessity* of thus securing for Protestants due care in illness and protection from the proselytising system pursued in the Roman Hospitals; for he was bound to avoid publicity, and not to incur the reproach of want of respect to existing powers. Contributions soon began to arrive, from Sovereigns and other men of mark in various Protestant countries—among which it is remembered that Bunsen had peculiar satisfaction in the very liberal, though unsolicited, contribution from Baron Rothschild. Mr. John Hills assisted the work by the loan of a considerable sum; the Prussian Government granted munificent assistance; and slowly and gradually, in faith and patience, with unremitting exertion, was the 'Casa Tarpea' completed, and permanently annexed to the chapel of the Legation; comprising within its circumference not only the Infirmary, but also the rooms of the Institute for archæological correspondence, with convenient places of abode for the ever-renewed colony of German scholars in Rome, and enjoying the finest air (as is generally admitted by the popular voice) and a fine prospect from the garden, like the one so well known and admiredfrom the Palazzo Caffarelli.

The *Collegium Preuckianum* was an old Roman Catholic foundation in Rome (originating in a bequest of a Baron von Preuck, belonging to one of the Prussian provinces), which the efforts of Bunsen restored to the effectual fulfilment of its object, in affording to young Roman Catholic students the means of residing in Rome for a given time, to follow up their intellectual pursuits. The endowment had sunk into forgetfulness at home, and on the spot its lands and buildings were neglected, and its diminished revenues became as a stream lost in the sand. But by dint of an amount of pains and of patience which can hardly be imagined, much less described, the mystery of its seeming disappearance was unravelled, and the whole replaced in a state of efficiency. Two distinguished young men — Ambrosch, who died many years later as Professor at Breslau, and Papencordt, early cut off in the prime of life and of literary promise,—were the first to profit by this restoration, and were each of them friends and cherished associates in Bunsen's house. The more ardent the piety of a friend, the nearer would he be to the sympathies of Bunsen: only dogmatisers, of whatever religious persuasion, repelled him, and were repelled by him.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] 24th January, 1829.

The information that engravings cannot be admitted in your Review* has hastened the realisation of a plan which has occupied me for some time, but to which I have hitherto had an objection, lest it might have the appearance of rivalry with that work, or with the archæological portion of it. The Duc de Luynes, Gerhard, and Panofka worked hard last winter at the idea of a Society to bring out periodical publications, the object of which should be the communication of facts from Italy and from transalpine writings in the field of archæology, and the 'Journal de la Société Archéologique' was to appear at Paris. I was not aware that there was any particular call for me to take an interest in this; but I proposed to re-form the plan into a publication confined to *monumenti inediti* and notices of facts, to be published in Rome. The Crown Prince seized the idea at once, more especially with a view to securing a continuation of topographical notes from Rome, and demanded of me to take the matter into my own hands, promising in that case to become its patron. Wherefore I have proposed to establish an 'Instituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica,' divided into sections, the central points of which are to be the principal towns of Europe, but the seat of the administration, Rome. The prospectus on the subject, issued this day from the press, is not worth your paying extra postage for, as I can forward a copy of it by the next courier to Berlin. The main point is that we have already the first *fascicolo* completed, containing the walls of Norba with a plan of the city, the so-called *Porta Saracinesca* of Segni, besides three interesting *inediti* of vase-paintings. The text, besides explanations and report of excavations, will comprise a description of the newly-found sepulchral paintings in Corneto, and announcements of Gell's and Westphal's maps of the Campagna—to which I intend to add an extract from your work on the Etruscans and their works of art.

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* *Rheinisches Museum für Philologie*, edited by Niebuhr.

On the occasion of the obsequies of Pope Leo XII., in the spring of 1829, a very unexpected communication of opinion was made by M. de Chateaubriand.

In that part of the ceremonial in which the deceased Pope is absolved in each of the clerical orders held by him during life, a procession moves slowly round the catafalque upon which the remains are deposited, headed by the singers of the Papal Chapel. While this lasts, the diplomatic body and others not officiating stand apart, and converse in low tones unhindered for a few minutes, until the procession again moves on, which must again be followed till the next pause. On these occasions Chateaubriand and Bunsen could approach each other, and many were the subjects talked over, the only one that has transpired being the remarkable event of Catholic emancipation in Great Britain, closing apparently the national as well as Parliamentary debate of such long standing, upon which Chateaubriand observed, 'For the sake of human nature I must rejoice in this event; but as a Catholic I regret it: the Church may abandon, in the exultation of triumph, her accustomed caution,—and prepare for herself dangers in the future.'

The winter of 1830–31 was marked by the presence at Rome of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, whose delightful letters (lately published) reflect with perfect truth the rare charm of his mind and character, and retracing the passing scenes of his happiness in Rome, tell yet more of the 'fine spirit, thus finely touched, and to fine issues.' Bunsen's feelings towards that graceful embodiment of genius were highwrought and faithful, and it was given to him to rejoice, as over a son, at a course of life from first to last so bright and pure.

In the course of the next few years, when Bunsen, fortunately for his family, was not called away from home to Berlin, the materials from his own hand to mark their tenour are scanty, intense as was the continuous activity of his life. In 1828, the large apartment on the first story of the Villa Piccolomini at Frascati was secured for a summer retreat, and enjoyed by the family in each succeeding year of their stay in Rome; and gratefully do the survivors look back upon a residence which afforded them all the luxury of the summer and of the climate. Other luxury, or even elegance, there was none; but the inmates were broken into the habit of feeling that space, fresh air, and walls thick enough to keep out the heat, constitute all that is strictly indispensable in a southern climate; while the amount of objects of necessity, in furniture, &c., is small to those who are habituated to discard conventionalities. Happy was that long succession of bright summers; happy was Bunsen in the undisturbed exercise of his faculties in productive labour, in teaching his eldest sons, and superintending their studies; happy in the relaxation and recreation furnished by that beautiful neighbourhood; happy in the society of chosen friends.

The years 1829–30 were marked by a family reunion with Mrs. Waddington and Mr. and Mrs. Hall (afterwards Lord and Lady Llanover), who spent the winter and spring in Rome.

In October, 1830, Bunsen and his family visited Naples; and after a lapse of five weeks, in which the line of Sir William Jones, 'to be all eye, and see through every pore,' indicates the kind, though not the degree, of pleasure experienced, the party returned refreshed to Rome 'and busy life again.'

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] 19th April, 1830.

. . . . On the subject of our concerns here I have already written to you. I have had to carry through the whole negotiation without instructions, except a single Cabinet order, which gave me time till Easter, and in all things else full liberty of action: both to the great alarm of the worthy Raumer, and to the horror of Altenstein. The Papal Instruction contains the following three points:—

1. In all past cases (of mixed marriages) the Bishops are permitted to act freely, and to remedy what was wrong (*sanare*) without any clause about education: even where marriages in the first degrees of kindred have been concluded without a dispensation.

2. From March 25, 1830, all mixed marriages concluded *extra formam Concilii Tridentini* are considered good—(implicitly, therefore, those also which were celebrated by a Protestant)—they are *matrimonia rata et vera.*

3. The priest may permit marriage, even without having received any promise as to religious education.

4. The Bishop in the same manner, in the cases when he may accord a dispensation to Catholics.

The *Brevi* remain what they are, but the Instruction says nothing about them and their execution.

I had promised that the 'acte civil' should be given up in case they entirely satisfied the King, and I succeeded in obtaining the above concessions, because I accepted them *ad referendum* only; so that an appeal is made to the King's generosity, while more is granted than ever was granted before.

The form of expression is excellent, both in the reply and in the Instruction: it is the composition of the Pope himself (Pius VIII.) and of Cardinal Capellari,* with whom I have had conferences since the 19th January, without which nothing would have been accomplished. Both are men of honour, but the Pope full of scruples, and besides rather irritable.

The question is now, whether the Bishops will execute the *Brevi* without the clause? I believe they will make no difficulty. The basis given is wider than the Bishops have ever had before.

Together with the *Brevi*, I sent to Berlin an account which I had written of all the negotiations on these matters from the year 1772 to the present time. In it I have proved that your view of the subject has been that on which I conducted the negotiation; and I have demonstrated, by extracts from your statements, that nothing but Hardenberg's negligence and delay prevented you from acting decisively while the negotiation was yet pending, and that, later, you were left without reply to your communications of December 1822. So much by way of supplement to my letter by the post.

Bunsen to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] 19th June, 1830.

. . . . Your valued letter, received through Count Beust, brought me the first exact account of the great misfortune† that has befallen you, for the particulars in newspapers and private letters were so contradictory, and at the same time so distressing, that I shall ever be the more grateful to Countess Voss for having written to me from Fulda the certain intelligence that your MS. of Vol. II. of the 'Roman History' was saved, all but the introduction. . . .

My leisure is now principally devoted to the completion of my Collection of Hymns of the German Church, the first quarter of which will be printed by Perthes. I have collected and prepared the materials according to settled principles, and I believe I am working on a good foundation. You are possibly not aware that you yourself, originally at Berlin and afterwards in Rome, excited my enthusiasm for this branch of greatest vitality in our religious life—this sole and single witness for the continuity of our literature; but I have never forgotten what you said, and I hope that my work, with all its imperfections, may not be wholly unworthy of its originator. . . .

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* Cardinal Capellari became Pope later, as Gregory XVI.

† The burning of Niebuhr's house at Bonn.

As to what concerns our own Government, I am driven to despair by the slow progress of the affair of the mixed marriages in our Ministry of Public Worship. My reports were replete with proofs incontrovertible, or rather self-evident, that the Bishops must be forthwith decided upon and installed, lest intrigues and objections should come between. Count Bernstorff, in spite of his ill health and domestic distress, urged on the matter just as I desired and suggested; and yet, six weeks after the arrival of Roestell, as courier, the report to the King had not yet been sent in. During this delay, and because of this delay, many things have altered for the worst. I shall not shrink from writing the truth to the King in one of my next opportunities by way of postscript. And yet in all this there is no ill intention, only want of energy!

My position here is in every respect (except the economical, and this they give me hopes will be improved) more advantageous than I could ever have anticipated, and everything that, out of my own country, I could desire. To be enabled to remain on the Capitol is an essential portion of my happiness, and the plan of making the acquisition of this property for the Crown is in good progress: the King has entered fully into it, and the sum received for the former intended purchase on the Quirinal is to be devoted to its execution.

As often as my wife and I dwell on the consciousness of our happy condition, our thoughts turn to you, whom we have to thank for so many benefits, who have ever been much and sometimes all in all to us. You must therefore allow me once for all to express this.

Bunsen's Last Letter to Niebuhr.

[Translation.] Rome: 7th October, 1830.

I write on the point of starting for Naples, perhaps just before the closing of the gates there. At Paris, 1688 is come more quickly and more terribly than I expected. Those who sought to push backwards the chariot-wheels of the history of nations may now stand and behold how they have literally rolled back, though not in the direction which they intended. The work of 1814 and 1815 is destroyed, like an unravelled web.

It is said that we are to have Chateaubriand here again; his fencing in the air in honour of the Duc de Bordeaux was much less to my mind than the declaration of Fitz-james. Had Chateaubriand been thoroughly in earnest, and not bent on rhetorical effect and stage-heroism, why not attack the single vulnerable and inexcusable point of the late Revolution—the abrogation of the right of inheritance of the younger branch? Lord Somers and his friends were indeed men of a far higher description. I must remain convinced, that no real 1688 is possible without a previous 1517. . . . .

Many young Frenchmen here say that the present despotism is more hateful to them than that which preceded it.

Bunsen to Brandis.

[Translation.] Rome: 22nd January, 1831.

Your terrible intelligence of the death of Niebuhr struck me like lightning from a blue sky. I opened the letter without anticipation of its frightful contents, in spite of the black seal, for I knew that mourning was in your house; but at the first mention of Niebuhr's name I was seized with anguish, for ever since the receipt of his last letter I had been conscious of an inexplicable sadness, which I endeavoured to explain by the melancholy tone of the letter and of its prophetic utterances, and, what to you only would I mention, by my having not long since awakened from a dream about Niebuhr in tears and agitation—a thing which never happened to me before. My soul must have felt that a portion of its life was about to be torn away.

With me, ever since the first independent awakening of mind, in the years 1811 to 1815, Niebuhr's name and individuality was the ideal that drew me onwards. My acquaintance with you urged further on the fire of youthful enthusiasm; and you know what a fixed point it was in my purposes, previous to my intended Asiatic journey, to behold Niebuhr face to face. And how much more did I find (from November 1815 to January 1816) than I had ever anticipated, both of soul and of mind! and yet what was this compared to the meeting with him in Florence,—to his reception of me in Rome! Could a father do more for a son than Niebuhr did for me? Whom have I to thank for my household happiness, for the blessing of home never sufficiently to be estimated and acknowledged? Whom to thank for a position in the country, towards which, in the days of common misfortune, my strongest wishes had been directed? And if these personal bonds of gratitude were not enough to attach me for ever to that great man's memory, who is there that I have honoured and admired like him, as the pattern of excellence and dignity of soul? All this passed through my mind while I glanced over your tale of woe. I sunk under grief as I have never sunk before: and when I roused myself to a consciousness of the loss experienced, it seemed as though it could not be a reality. To fancy myself without him—the fatherland without him—science, the world, without him—was what I could not take in, because it seemed intolerable. For so many years accustomed to do nothing, to decide nothing, without his counsel, or at least without considering—what Niebuhr would say to it? what his judgment would be? The mainspring of the soul's consciousness seemed snapped through. I am recovering but slowly from the blow; I wished to reply immediately to your letter, but could not. The Pharos has vanished in the storm, and I cannot yet learn to steer without it. . . . .

I imagine his dying like Burke, in sadness as to the future of the world; and like Pitt, with the sigh or ejaculation, 'My country! how I love my country!' His mental affinity to Burke, in political views, was always clear to me.

Think me not ungrateful for what you have communicated, if I entreat you very soon to write me a fuller account of his last days—every dying word would be sacred to me, every detail precious. Tell me how much he caused to be read to him of the 'Description of Rome?' How it is with the MS. of the third volume of his Roman History and other preparatory writings? How with the Notes of his lectures? Did he speak of the whole Roman History? His spirit was in its glory when he described the grand periods of the Republic—the times of the Gracchi, of Marius, of Cicero, and of Cæsar; when he shed unanticipated light over great characters and events apparently familiar. Is this to be all lost in the dying away of the root?

As to the philological-antiquarian portion of his intellectual store I am less afraid; he will certainly have shed fruitful seed into receptive minds. But in historical matters it is far more difficult to seize the perceptions of historical genius; indeed, for youths at the University it is impossible. And this is yet more true of his views and enquiries on finance and political economy. For his political Minutes (the best of which, in his own opinion, lies in the Archives of Holland) the time is not yet come to collect and publish them; but it will come. . . .

Before all other things, write to me more of yourself, beloved friend! You ought to do something decisive for your health, and not, as usual, prepare yourself for a course of waters by redoubled labour beforehand. Cast away from you the self-imposed burden, as far as possible, and retaining only a sufficiency of ballast, sail onwards. Publish of your Aristotelica what you have ready, and be convinced that sooner are a hundred scholars to be found capable of gleaning after you than one in a condition to carry in the general harvest. I become ever more sure of this fact, when I see how few men, in any and all times, have been of force and capacity to accomplish more than paving and treading a road traced out before them. . . . .

In *this* letter shall I write of myself? I cannot leave unanswered the passage you write concerning me. I have taken in hand, yesterday and to-day, as the first work I was capable of in my present lacerated condition, the reading through of the four letters you objected to,—in presence of Niebuhr's venerated manes. Of what use is it to contend? I must just tell you how I view the matter. My object was to show those who have concocted the official Hymn Books the unsound foundation upon which they stand. . . The nuisance of the alteration and deterioration of the ancient hymns is great and universal. I have exaggerated nothing. . . . When I reprint my four letters, I shall abstain from all personal recrimination, although many passages offer great temptation, particularly that which speaks of the privilege of those who 'occupy the pulpit.' I suppose that means the privilege of distorting and wresting the words of other men, as though they were texts of Scripture: *habeat sibi*. . . . .

Bunsen to the Widow of Niebuhr, at Bonn. (*Written immediately on receiving the intelligence of his death, but not received at Bonn till after she also had expired.*)

[Translation.] Rome: 22nd January, 1831.

In the midst of your anguish, you cannot forbid the approach of the children who weep for the loss of their father, and supplicate the mother to live for their sake: and thus may I also approach to mourn with you; for I, too, have lost a father, and am impelled to lay my grief at the feet of his innermost life's companion. Since I entered upon an independent position, my own beloved and revered parents have been taken from me, and I have been called upon to bury two children, one of them, the peculiar darling of my heart, in a foreign soil. But yet no stroke of death has so moved my inmost soul as this last. It seemed to me as though the thread on which my whole consciousness rested, had been cut through: and how should it have been otherwise? How could a father do more, or be more to a son, than the great man, your husband, now passed away into eternity, did and was to me? With his own great and unspotted name, and his own honour, did he, as it were, pledge himself for me, in the founding, first of my domestic life, secondly of my position in the State: and what devoted veneration is not due from me to his character and his memory, independently of the childlike love and gratitude which outweigh all other feelings, and must bind me ever to him!

What I have lost in him, nothing can replace; and in the same complaint, the whole of science, the cause of human culture, the King, the fatherland, Europe at large, may join. But nothing can come up to the loss which you, most honoured friend, and your children have sustained! The keenest pain is that of the heart which was most closely bound up with all that was most excellent and most eminent in the world, and whose very being was merged in his; for to that heart the pang is hardest to bear of the separation which attends all earthly conditions—and this is your lot, your anguish. But therein lies also your consolation, or the possibility of consolation; what is immortal and imperishable has only been removed; it has not been torn away hopelessly or for ever; and when by this ray of faith the darkness is dispelled, then only can the unspeakable value of such a possession, with all the blessings which emanate from it, and extend beyond all space and time, fully rise upon the memory, not to increase the pain of privation, but to soothe suffering by childlike thankfulness.

May it please God to preserve your precious life to those beloved children to whom the heart of the departed clung with such tenderness! . . . We, the spiritual children of the great Niebuhr, can but follow you with respectful attachment, thankful if we are not found to disgrace his paternal friendship, and more thankful still if we shall be enabled to prove to you and yours on the pathway of life the devotedness and boundless gratitude with which, from the bottom of my heart, I remain, ...

BUNSEN.

Extracts from Contemporary Letters.

Frascati: 15th October, 1831.

Bunsen has been at Castel Gandolfo to wait upon the Pope (Gregory XVI.) who makes his autumnal villeggiatura there; and after having received him (as ever) graciously, the Pope desired he would remain to dine with the Cardinal, the Maggior Duomo, and others of the suite. At dessert, the Pope came in himself, but his meals he takes alone, not to make ostentation of keeping to his monk's fare; otherwise, as being in the country, he might, without sinning against rule, dine with other mortals, which in Rome is forbidden. The Pope entered into conversation, and was very animated, the whole party being so full of October cheerfulness that it was a most original spectacle to be witnessed by the new Secretary of Legation, Herr von Sydow, only just arrived in the country.

The personal predilection and kindness of Pope Gregory towards Bunsen, from the time of the friendly transactions during the reign of Pius VIII., when, as Cardinal Mauro Capellari, he was in the habit of having frequent conferences with him, rendered the subsequent change the more painful, when in 1836 the Pope was induced by misrepresentations from the Ultramontane clique, and the confounding of different documents, neither of which proceeded from Bunsen, to believe in a purposed deception practised on him by Bunsen, trusting neither his explanations nor his solemn denial.

Extract from a Contemporary Letter.

10th May, 1832.

We saw Sir Walter Scott often during the first week of his being here. The first time of meeting a shock was caused, as I was not prepared for his difficulty in speaking; but, though his animation is gone, his conversation is much of the same sort as formerly, therefore most interesting and original, and his expression of goodness and benevolence truly venerable, in the midst of physical decay. He one day dined with us, with his daughter, Sir William Gell and Miss Mackenzie being the rest of the party. Bunsen had taken into consideration what subject would be interesting to Sir Walter Scott, and knowing that popular poetry had always attracted him, he sought out the German ballads so enthusiastically sung during the 'War of Liberation' in 1813, and after giving him an idea of the sense, made Henry and Ernest sing them. Sir Walter was evidently pleased, and observed of that noble struggle, quoting a verse of the 'Requiem,' 'Tantus labor non sit cassus!' He called the two boys to him, and laid a hand upon the head of each, with a solemn utterance of 'God bless you!' He gave us a kindly worded invitation to visit him when we should come to England, saying, 'I have had losses; much is changed; but I have still "my two gowns, and all things handsome about me," as Dogberry says.' At taking leave he said, 'I hope your own feelings will be your reward, for all the kindness and hospitality you have shown me.' Once after this we found him at home, making a morning visit. I brought him a set of ordinary engravings, called devotional, relating of course to Madonna-worship, such as are universally spread about Rome, and he made the observation, 'It ought to be a pure and mild religion, which finds its objects in a young woman and a child, the loveliest of human beings.' I was not a little shocked by this tolerance, and of course made no reply; but on reflection I make out that he meant to indicate a truth, though a one-sided truth. The mercy, indulgence, sympathy, which the struggling soul would seek in the invisible Arbiter of faith, are equally excluded by Romanist practice and Calvinistic principle, from the conception of the Eternal Father, from Him 'who is good unto all, and whose tender mercies are over all His works;' the Blessed Son, who 'Himself bore our iniquities,' is represented as the inexorable Judge, driving the trembling sinner into unquenchable fire; and the tenderness which the mind craves, and must find (on pain of losing its balance in the madness of despair), clusters round the image of a woman and a mother, too soft and lenient to condemn even sin, and only earnest in her interposition against its deserved punishment. Sir Walter is to depart in two days, if not made quite ill by the excursion intended for to-day, when Sir W. Gell will take him to Bracciano, driving from ten o'clock in the burning sun twenty-five miles. He ought not to have remained so late in the South; but although those around him are nervously anxious about his state, no healthy regulation would seem to be enforced. One anecdote more of him, on occasion of a morning visit, when Bunsen found him alone, with his emaciated-looking son Charles, silent and unoccupied, in a corner. Sir Walter asked questions about Göthe, and about his son, who died at Rome in 1830. Bunsen avoided giving the particulars of the manner of his death, caused by habits of intoxication, merely saying that 'the son of Göthe had nothing of his father but the name;' and was startled by Sir Walter slowly turning his head towards his son, with the words, 'Why, Charles, that is what people will be saying of you!' Alas! this wreck of a young man is the same being that I remember such an engaging child at Edinburgh in 1810!

It will have been observed in the letters of the year 1820, that in the Neapolitan Revolution of that date Niebuhr had not been able to discern any other cause than those workings of the Jacobinical spirit of destruction which he believed were only to be suppressed by force. But when, ten years later, after the events of the Three Days at Paris, the whole of Central Italy was in a state of insurrection, a different view of the condition of things, which had led to such efforts to bring about a change, had made itself clear to the mind of Bunsen, who had then become used to see with his own eyes and draw his own conclusions from facts, which had brought home even to the consciousness of some Continental Governments the necessity of removing by reform in administration the stimulus to periodical disturbance. When, therefore, the Papal authority had been re-established by the military intervention of Austria in the central provinces, the chiefs of the diplomatic missions at Rome were charged by their respective Governments to meet in Conference, the object of which was to present a respectful remonstrance to the Pope; and hence proceeded that Memorandum of May 21, 1831, so often referred to in later years, which was drawn up by Bunsen at the request of the collective members of the Conference.

For a time Bunsen flattered himself with the hope of seeing the suggestions contained in this Memorandum carried into practice. Papal decrees, embodying the recommendations of the Memorandum, were actually shown to him and his colleagues *in print*, and ready for immediate publication. But it soon became evident that secret influences were at work, sufficient to have paralysed even a heartier good will towards the restoration of ancient municipal liberties than the Pope had ever felt. At length the Governments were informed that Austria had entered her protest against the removal of grievances among the subjects of the Pope, on the ground that if such an example were given, her own system of government and *suzeraineté* in the rest of Italy would be endangered or rendered impracticable. Nothing whatever of all that had been proposed, was carried out—not even the plan of reform of judicial proceedings, ostensibly proposed by the Austrian Government through M. de Sebregondis, which may yet be seen, skilfully worded in all its details, in many folio volumes, in the Roman archives.

On the unlooked-for occupation of Ancona by the French, Bunsen assumed a mediatorial part, not unwelcome to the Roman Court, which wished to avoid a crisis, and was obliged to be content with enveloping the undiplomatic event in a diplomatic form. His conduct, at first, gave offence at Vienna, and even at Berlin, until the results were found so convenient that it was judged best to make use of them.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

30th June, 1832.

We are now settled in the country, and four months (120 days) open before me, with the prospect of undisturbed domestic happiness and literary employment. I have resumed my hours of instruction to the boys, particularly to my dear Henry, who deserves every moment and every word I can bestow upon him. Nothing is like his zeal and attachment. . . . The Berlin gossip, that I am to become Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs, which has gone through the public papers, is more honourable than probable, and more flattering than profitable, as it operates as a new stimulus to envy; and I think the matter *now* as impossible as the King's causing me to *fly*; because I know not my country enough to be equal to administration, until I shall have been a number of years in it. I must give an instance of my dear, excellent King's paternal feeling towards me, which I have only just learnt. When Count Bernstorff proposed to His Majesty to grant me an increase of salary, he joined with it the proposal to confer the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary: when the King answered, 'Give him the additional money without the higher rank, which might oblige him to incur new expenses, and thus do away with the essential help I wish to afford him.'

Bunsen to Pertz.

[Translation.] Frascati: 3rd June, 1833.

After a long silence I at last greet you,—who have been drawn nearer than ever in late years to me in mind, although, alas! from a far distance—to offer you the first public result of my literary attempts, the commencement of which you know of old—in my 'Book of Hymns and Prayers.' You will discern the fatherland in the object as well as in the treatment of it, and you will read much between the lines, if your occupations allow you time to cast an eye over the work. I recommend it, therefore, to your friendship. . . . I am urged to say a word to you upon our eternal concerns, and I wish I could speak with power on the subject, as a means of expressing my sense of the obligation I feel for your excellent periodical publication. I am proud of it, as your friend, and as a German; and I esteem and honour the position you take. My heart is often ready to burst with longing after the beloved fatherland, and the small number of those who know, like yourself, what is best for it. You have fearlessly expressed that we can only be helped by efforts from within, from the centre of our national and historical consciousness, by a noble union of princes and people; that on this track outward power and strength, as well as inward prosperity and well-doing, may certainly be attained. That such is my conviction, you know: how it has been expanded and confirmed in later years, I should wish to express, if time and space were not wanting: could I do so, though we might differ on single points, I believe we should become the more clearly aware of the deep foundation of a common understanding. Ever since my establishment in the independent exercise of a public charge, I have maintained and professed the belief, that the States which Ranke comprises under the term Romanic are hopelessly out of joint in consequence of the state of inward contradiction, in which they have been since the sixteenth century; that revolution proceeded from the death-struggle against a despotism both spiritual and administrative, unknown to the middle ages, proceeding from the absolutism of sovereigns, nobility, and priesthood; that this could only bring forth anarchy, and therefore military despotism; and that a true restoration could only have been possible, if a new element of life had come in, with power to reconcile, unite, and overrule the evil influences; clearing away the ancient guilt and the ancient curse, and restoring reciprocal confidence, *mutuam fidem.* Only upon this ground can a regeneration of former relations take place, such as we all need; of the ancient relations (of society), I mean, founded in our history and national habits, but renovated by the new social requirements. Yet that has proved impossible in France; the history of the Restoration has set its seal upon my conviction that there is a fundamental contrast between the two halves of the civilised world. With us, on the contrary, all is still possible, but what is possible is also indispensable.

The problem may and must be solved; but only in that way can it be solved.

*Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.**

Rome: Idibus Martiis, 1833.

. . . . I have in mind written volumes to you; most of my thoughts about England in this momentous crisis are embodied in discussions with you. Consider what I am about to write as fragments out of those volumes; pray supply the proof of assertions to which you assent, and refute, in your answer, what you think erroneous.

I must begin with thanking you for your letters on Reform, for you have rendered me a great service by them; first, by the information and delight they have given me in themselves, and then by bringing me back to my original feeling, viz. that our opinion could scarcely differ *toto cœlo* as it appeared for a time. I think I should, had I lived in England, have taken a different line as to the persons addressed. I should, perhaps, have written letters to your Tories to show them the necessity of a *bonâ fide* efficient Reform; I should have endeavoured to prove to them that *summum jus summa injuria*: the safety, but also necessity, yea, imperious duty, of reforming institutions by going back to their idea, of preserving an establishment by keeping to the spirit rather than to the letter, and by whetting the edge of the reforming knife neither against the glowing steel of passion nor against the rotten wood of interest, but against the exalted ideal of those who founded and transmitted it to our care. So far our line would have been different; not that I am sanguine as to the effect that reasoning and exhortation may be able to produce upon stubbornness, self-interest, and the wrong pride of well-grounded right — no, my dear friend — much experience has in the latter years of my life removed this delusion. But because

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* This letter and all subsequent ones addressed to Dr. Arnold were written in English.

I have once for ever set down for myself the principle (and I trust in God I shall in the hour of danger not abandon it), never to allow myself to be driven to the destructive side by the folly of those who ought to preserve, and who both destroy and prepare destruction by their blindness and infatuation and self-interestedness. But for this vow, I believe I might long since have become a Jacobin. Yet I can conceive that others feel not this danger, neither for their own soul nor for the cause they wish earnestly to serve. Resolved as I am, although often with a reluctant mind, to hold on to the last wreck of historical liberty, rather than to embark on the double-pressure steam-engine of that of 1789; rather to drive the nail through the rotten wood into my own hand, than to take out one peg from the stranding vessel, I can respect and love those who feel courage and vocation to seek safety in the course of events, to fill out the emptiness and shallowness of their party by the substantial weight of their wisdom and virtue. You have done so nobly. You can no more than I, approve the tendency of levelling principles, of unhistorical, dead, and deadening uniformity, nor think a principle of power, according to majority in population, other than fraught with evil; nor can you, in general, make to yourself any illusion about the main point, that durability and preservation cannot be built upon destruction and negation. Possibly, one who belongs to those unfortunate exclusively Catholic countries of the Romanic nations, may in our time arrive at the point of waiving all considerations, from the conviction that the past is irrevocably rotten, that the actually existing is without foundation, and without hope, either in Heaven or on earth. But that cannot be the case with you, the son of great Albion, the pride of Europe, and the triumph of Teutonic and of Christian liberty—who alone through a thousand years has retained the instinct of life, and known the mystery of creation, by making old things new, by clinging to the past, while calling forth a new manifestation of existence. Not you, the historian of Rome, mighty rather by and through this wisdom than by force of arms and victories; not you, the antagonist of that dissolving atheism, political and religious, of 1789; not you, who will never bend the knee before the Trinity of the Utilitarians—the idol of shallowness—in which Washington is the Father, Franklin the Son, Steam the Πνεῦμα; and, further, Lafayette the John, Robespierre the Paul, and Napoleon the Mahomet!

In this conviction I read your Lectures with rapture, whether you astonished your hearers by praise of the blessings of aristocracy and Church, or whether you pointed out, unsparingly but without exaggeration, the rooted evils of the present state of things. As to some expressions in one of the letters, which were painful to me, I forgot not in what a moment they were written, and that in a free country no one can make a party for himself, but must adopt a party ready-made, if he feels the strength and will to influence his fellow-citizens. . . . .

To the Same.

Rome: 21st January, 1834.

. . . . I had the happiness of receiving a new letter from you, through Augustus Hare, who arrived the day before yesterday; I am sorry to say in a very precarious state of health. To-morrow Lord Ashley sets out for England, and I avail myself of his kindness to secure the safe arrival of this letter.

Accept first my thanks for the many, many signs and proofs of a friendship which has long since become a necessity of my heart. The first to be mentioned is your letter of May 1833, in answer to two of mine. Your protest against any association with one of the Demons of our age could not be made with greater force of argument and feeling, than in your published letters themselves, which I have read over and over again. The law of nature, that no plant can grow without having a soil in which to fix itself, is not more certain than that of the spirit, that nothing new can be set up which has not its roots in the past, and is not engrafted upon the eternal principles of the good, and the right, and the just. That is the sense of what we call the historical principle. I disavow as much as yourself the principle of 'letting well alone,' supposing *well* can be what is in direct opposition to the principle of its existence. I feel as keenly as yourself, that it is insufficient to consider institutions merely in an historical and practical point of view, without ascending to principles, whenever the internal feeling of life, which is the great mental *sensorium*, begins to fail and is in need of being refreshed by a new infusion of intellectual vigour, in order to counteract the assaults of an ill-disposed and degraded understanding. The higher the institution in question stands in the scale of intellectual and spiritual importance, the more necessary, in such epochs, is this reference to original principle. I further assert that our time is one that wants to be reformed by the right principle, as having been corrupted by false principles. But I insist that the historical principle alone can save us both from corruption and from destruction. I mean by this expression the going back to the real germ of the institution in question, not an abstract notion, but such as enables us to recognise the spirit of the institution in all the phases of its development: thus bringing us to the real, that is theoretical, historical, practical understanding of that phase which it is our task to restore. It is my inmost conviction, that there is no institution of a higher order in ancient Europe, more particularly in the Church, which does not on the one hand want reform, and on the other require remoulding out of its own principle, and out of its own and other congenial elements and materials. . . I could not, in Church matters, feel confidence to alter a straw, if I did not stand firm on a scriptural basis, and had not the conviction that the alteration or reform proposed was a higher development of the Divine religion of Christ, and therefore also a calling to a higher life than that which it might seem to abrogate or modify; and finally, if I was not convinced that the time is come, when that institution or Church must either be reformed, or perish, by that same Divine right which it justly claims for its existence. Should then, under such conditions, a reform be undertaken, all existing establishments must be examined unsparingly as to what they are, rigidly as to what they ought to be, candidly as to what they could be, hopefully as to what they might be made to be. That nothing can stand and remain as to the letter, and nothing ought to be changed as to spirit and principle, in so far as both can be proved by Scripture and history, will be the absolute and invariable result. This I supposed, when, sixteen years ago, on the anniversary of our glorious Reformation, I began with trembling hands to sweep the dust from the steps before the sanctuary; this I have found to be positive truth, by the events of the last ten years, and by the results of my own fragmentary and imperfect but sincere researches and endeavours. My principle is, not to sanction abuse, not to seek to breathe life into a corpse, not to crush, or retard, or oppose reform; not to represent the historical result as a definite existence—but as a point to start from, and as a preparation and transition to the new. It is as absurd to endeavour to bring back past ages, as to preserve the decayed leaves of our own autumn; but it is certain that no good can be done for the future, except by wisely connecting it with the past, which can only be done by bringing the pieces of metal into the fire, that, in the state of liquefaction, they may coalesce.

. . . . But is the time come? (for reform of Liturgy and Articles) I believe the time *is* come, in so far as that the necessity is urgent to consider the matter above and before anything else. This consideration will show, that independently of all external circumstances, and of all expediency, there are internal reasons and arguments enough at hand to prove that the Liturgy may be more perfect, and that it must now be revised, because it offers the only means of bringing about a more glorious manifestation of Christian spirit and the reign of Christ than before. How do I long to discuss such arguments with you! I feel angry with every word I write, because either I say what you have expressed yourself infinitely better, or I may seem to contradict you without giving reasons, when I am only cutting for myself a road through the thicket to join yours. But that is the blessing and privilege of real friendship, that neither of these cases can preclude mutual understanding.

I have received Archbishop Whately's letter, and such a one as makes me ashamed of myself, when I consider the partial opinion which your kindness and his own have given him of my person, but which it would be hypocrisy to say had not given me high gratification and I trust, also, edification, because it has increased my consciousness of the spiritual communion of all members of Christ's Church, and my courage to devote all I have and am to the service of Him who thus unites us.

. . . . For your testimony to Niebuhr I feel more thankful than almost anybody else living can be, and I say this even though your friendship has alluded in the same passage to myself, in a manner that can only humble me. It is too important that such fanatical ignorance as has been shown here and there, in the writings of some of your countrymen should be put down as soon as possible. Niebuhr's character in England could not be safer than in the hands of Hare, Thirlwall, and yourself. . . . .

P.S. On reading through my letter, I cannot reconcile myself to send it in so unsatisfactory a state, as respects my no-remarks on your Church reform. Let me state explicitly, that a union with the Dissenters 'who worship Christ' is what I bear in mind these fifteen years as to my own country, and the Church in general. We must come to that, if God will save us and our countries. It will take place, *once* and *somewhere*, on earth. Blessed the land and Church who effect it, who throw off the yoke of doctrine and ritual tyranny, too long exercised by those who should be united in Christ and who ought to believe in facts, revealed and transmitted, not in words and abstractions and formulæ substituted for or annexed to them. These may be good, may be necessary, as disciplinary regulations for peculiar times, and nations, or societies: but they stand on another ground. I *believe* or *disbelieve* what is given to me by evidence of witnesses (and here one of the two witnesses is within us), but I *assent to* or *dissent from* what is established by reasoning upon, and drawing consequences from, divinely revealed facts, by application of the mental operations suited to other subjects. Let us never give up this glorious hope, nor even the courageous struggle. It is one of the few things in the world that rouse all my thoughts, and all the energy of which I am capable.

I agree with you as to the necessity of allowing, even in that test of unity, the Liturgy, a certain latitude; not, however, on the ground of expediency, but on the higher ground of Christian wisdom and charity. . . . I claim liberty for extempore prayer, liberty for silent prayer, liberty for abridging the Liturgy, liberty for baptizing infants (provided you confirm them afterwards, as we do in Germany, by the most solemn act of human life, after the most solemn preparation, before the whole congregation), or adults; but not for expediency.

To the Same.

Rome: 19th February, 1834.

My last letter having come too late to be conveyed by Lord Ashley, I have been obliged to wait another opportunity. In the meantime, our dear Augustus Hare has left us. When this arrives, you will already have known that he expired yesterday, in a state of perfect bliss. He had given previous directions that he should be buried by the side of my children. I saw him twice, and loved him from the first moment. His thoughts were always with his friends, his country, his Church, but above all, and up to the last moment, with his Saviour. *Requiescat in pace*! His excellent wife has shown herself worthy of such a husband. . . .

CHAPTER VII.

DIFFERENCES BETWEEN PRUSSIA AND ROME.

JOURNEY TO BERLIN—MIXED MARRIAGES—RELIGIOUS STATE OF GERMANY—NEW TESTAMENT STUDIES—QUARREL OF THE COURT OF PRUSSIA AND THE COURT OF ROME—INTERVIEW WITH THE KING—THE CHOLERA AT ROME—BUNSEN LEAVES ROME.

In the month of May, 1834, Bunsen set out for Germany, on leave of absence demanded for the purpose of taking his two eldest sons, one to Schulpforte in Prussian Saxony, the other to the Military College (*Cadettenhaus*) at Berlin. Weighty and anxious business, touching the marriages between Protestants and Catholics and the negotiations with the Roman See, was awaiting him in the Prussian capital.

He was met with the truest kindness and confidence on the part of the King and of the Crown Prince. There was, in short, such unusual demonstration of favour from the former, and such effusion of affection from the latter (not only in private meetings, but as it were publicly proclaimed), to be quite sufficient to account for the almost undisguised hostility which he encountered in other regions of power or influence, and to explain the unflinching courage which, grounded on explicit royal commands and fortified by consciousness of royal sympathies, carried him through an independent line of conduct which laid him open to every adverse influence as soon as his back was turned upon Berlin.

An opportunity will occur further on for explaining the circumstances which led to an estrangement between the Prussian Government and the Court of Rome. In this place it will be sufficient to point out in Bunsen's own words the peculiar difficulties with which he had to struggle during his brief stay at Berlin in 1834.

The following is an extract from notes written subsequently, in the year 1840:—

Extract from Retrospective Notes, written by Bunsen in 1840.

[Translation.]

The affair in question was the joint concern of two subdivisions of Offices of State—that of Foreign Affairs and that of Public Worship, as well as of the Cabinet Council. The first-named had taken little note of spiritual interests since the retirement of Her von Raumer (with whom Bunsen had conferred in 1827); an Under-Secretary alone was concerned in them. Eichhorn was engrossed by excess of labour in other directions; Bülow encountered the subject with misgiving, for the will of the Ministry of Public Worship was sure to prevail, either by checking the action of the other through non-action, or by appealing to the Cabinet—the consequence of conferences with Schmedding (the Catholic Under-Secretary) being always a word of obstruction from Count Lottum or from Prince Wittgenstein, the King's Cabinet Secretaries. . . .

The affair being thus left without guidance and ignored on the part of the Ministers, how was it regarded by the Cabinet? The King himself bore it in mind, and often remonstrated, but was accustomed to find his remonstrances fruitless, except in giving occasion to a lengthened commentary from the hand of Altenstein, stating fully the manifold lines of possible action, and the weighty objections to each —which the decision of His Majesty could alone obviate. Count Lottum was powerless against the dead-lock of Altenstein, except that he was sometimes moved to protest against the priestcraft attributed to Schmedding. Prince Wittgenstein, lastly, from want of belief in the strength of the religious element, considered the whole matter insignificant, and possibly, from the existing antagonistic influences, incapable of solution. That *many difficulties will solve themselves, if only not meddled with*, was a maxim (and the only one) inherited from the late Chancellor of State, Prince Hardenberg.

Public opinion had no organ by which to make itself heard, and had that been otherwise, where were the ears to receive its utterances? The knowledge of many facts, of which Bunsen even in Rome was well aware, and which had been confirmed to him from many quarters on his journey, with regard to a clerical reactionary movement in Bavaria and in many other parts ever since the reign of Leo XII., had not reached the seat of government at Berlin.

Bunsen's observations on this state of things were put in writing in the sense here mentioned, and in part reached the hands of the King; still the whole could not be fully stated, except to the Crown Prince, for most of the influential personages disregarded his communications as exaggerations, or as the result of a monomania on the part of the dweller on the Capitol. A strongly-expressed opinion upon any subject concerning the public weal was ever held to savour of democratic tendencies, and it belonged to the indications of 'right principles' not to suggest disapprobation of any act, or any omission, on the part of Ministers. This may indicate the prevailing element of the stifling midnight air of those times, teeming with suspicion, redolent of hypocrisy, saturated with death. Such had it seemed, in degree, to Bunsen, even in 1827, but the seven years since elapsed had only helped to increase the evil. The most worthy and high-minded who were still living since that date, having sunk neither into the grave nor into disgrace, felt oppressed and lamed, and were startled by the fearless utterance of opinion on the part of one whose native vigour had been preserved in a different atmosphere. It would have been better, probably for the State, decidedly for Bunsen, had he been permitted to withdraw as a foreign element at once to his own Capitoline Hill. By documents it can be proved that he not only was careful not to press himself into this service, but that he remonstrated against the very command of the King to continue to serve him on that dangerous ground: when he obeyed, it was with an entreaty to be allowed to resign all concern in the negotiations with Rome, as soon as he should have given in his final statement of opinion. Then did he receive the written commands of his Sovereign, and armed himself to carry them out.

On August 4, 1834, Bunsen, having been enabled to report to the King that all that had been desired of Spiegel and his bishops had been accomplished with alacrity, obtained leave to depart and return to his post. He had been eminently successful as a negotiator, and under very difficult circumstances. He could clearly do no more than urge the necessity of speedy attention to the accomplishment of all that had been promised, and point out unhesitatingly the danger of delay, in consideration of the efforts that would be made by the party adverse to peace, whose object would be to prefer accusations in Rome against the bishops, and to poison the mind of the Pope against those who alone were willing to comply with the wishes of the Government.

Besides the comfort of being restored to his family on the Capitol and on the Tusculan heights, Bunsen was made happy on his return by a reception more than kind, truly cordial, from the Pope, to whom he brought the preliminary assurance that all difficulties were to be satisfactorily solved; and soon after submitted a communication of August 20, 1834, in which the King signified, in the most gracious terms, that his orders had been transmitted to the Minister of Public Worship, enjoining the speedy and punctual execution of all the measures promised on the part of Government.

But this satisfaction was of short duration; and indeed who could expect, or ought to have expected, that, under the circumstances, those commands would be executed, when no one was on the spot to urge their execution, or find a way for making known to the King that the system of non-attention, non-action, was continued?

A state of open war soon commenced, not only against the King but against his envoy, who in the spring of 1836 made earnest application to be removed from a post which he felt to have become untenable. To this he received, after eight months' delay, a flattering reply, declaring him to be indispensable to the King's service in Rome.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Rome: 5th December, 1834.

. . . . Your friendship is a treasure of which I am not afraid of being deprived, but of which I delight to see new specimens, and such are in every line of your letter (of September last), only that I always feel how much in me ought to be better than it is, to deserve even a part of what your kindness judges of me. I trust that I shall only be strengthened, and not spoiled by such friendship. . . .

Come as soon as you can, with one of your boys, to the Capitol, and let us talk over again with more leisure the destinies of mankind, the glories of Rome past, and the hopes of the future.

Bunsen to Lücke. (*With reference to the question of a sphere of activity at Berlin.*)

[Translation.] Frascati: 15th June, 1835.

Either I must live there free from all official duty, entirely for literary and scientific pursuits, or I must be authorised to act according to my views of what is just and right. . . This last winter I have been chiefly occupied with antiquity, with a revisal of the last volume of the 'Description of Rome,' and with researches and lectures on the Etruscan language and art, by which I have learnt much, and heartily enjoyed renewal of intercourse with subjects of undying interest. Now, returned to the quiet of country life, I have turned altogether to biblical studies, which are always interwoven with everything else, like the scarlet thread in the rope of Ocnus, which I am bound to twist to the end in winter.

After thanks for Lücke's 'Commentary on the Apocalypse,' and much commendation of the same, with communication of the result of his own meditation on the subject, he goes on to say:—

How much is it to be regretted that Niebuhr should not have exercised his master-power of historical contemplation upon the Old and New Testament, as in 1820 he desired and purposed! I do not find in Schleiermacher such a gift of objective perception as is needed for a power of reproduction of the past; his especial strength lay in criticism of the subjective and psychological, with a preponderance of speculation. His arrangement of Plato is a masterpiece, executed with an amount of vigour and of delight in the subject far greater than the scanty measure granted to the Gospel of Luke. . . . The just point of view from which to do justice to this great writer I would rather express in the words of Schelling, in his fine speech: 'He is a champion for the sacred possession of our spiritual freedom and our moral (not conventional) convictions;' and it is now our calling to fight out the good fight, not only against heathenish, but against judaising rationalists: for such I must denominate men like H. and G. They would prescribe to the Lord the manner in which He ought to reveal Himself, according to the *loci theologici*, and all possible canonical dictates, with pragmatic, historical, and documentary exactness of prose. They insist upon maintaining the antiquity of the Book of Daniel in its actual state, spite of all throbbings of philological conscience; first, *in odium auctoris* (like the Inquisition of Rome), because unbelievers have attacked it; and secondly, because, otherwise (as they suppose), God would have been unsuitably revealed, and the Lord would have spoken incorrectly. Alas! what straying from the right way! The ancient forms no longer serve their purpose. . . .

At Munich I passed satisfactory days with Schelling: might but his great work soon come out! and, above all, the wholly speculative part. I wish that all mythology had rather been sunk in Lethe, than that this great thinker had suffered the best years of his life to be swallowed up in that abyss: it surely never was his calling to enter into such detail, although the ruling ideas in mythology are better recognised and stated by him than by anyone else. The Old Testament lies still in a state of neglect. Who will disclose that hidden treasure? Would but somebody expound the Prophets according to their historical truth, and, at the same time, their spiritual meaning!

The Universities are either sunk, or sinking fast, in what is the main point, intellectual *acumen*. The odious system of cramming (that is, of increasing to excess the quantity of teaching) in the preparatory schools must bear the chief blame, but much falls to the account of the want of all arrangements to render a lively correspondence and mutual understanding between teachers and students possible; which would lead to the creation of that which is to the German most difficult—independent self-exertion (*Selbstthätigkeit*).

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Villa Piccolomini, Frascati: 14th July, 1835.

. . . . You also, my dear friend, have gone through a hard time, having experienced one-half of what you anticipated, the abuse and mistakes of those whom you oppose in politics; the other half, the ingratitude or perverseness of those with whom we act, being generally reserved to the latter part of every honest public life in troubled times: the more bitter cup, indeed! I rejoice in hearing from all sides that you have borne it nobly, with that tranquillity of mind which a Christian alone can have, and to which, as far as it flows from Christian charity, the victory over the world is promised and ensured.

I have read Newman's 'Arians.' O heaven! what a book! Newman, I always thought, had a dreadful hankering after papism, but I hoped his inward Christianity and the air of England would set him right, together with a little sincere and thorough study. But his system of demonstration in this book as to the power and duty of the Church, the priesthood, the Council, the Pope; of setting up rules of faith in a far different sense from that which our Confessions warrant; of the *regula fidei* beyond Scripture; of the 'apostolic tradition' and the 'secret doctrine!' is beyond all belief. It is the downright opposite of, and blind reaction against, that spirit of lawlessness and individualism of separatists, who think a Church ought to have no test whatever to control the opinions of her teachers. It is scarcely possible to say anything really new about the fundamental truth of the sovereign authority of Scripture, only every age must find out new modes of expressing it, in order to keep old women and children from selling their spiritual liberty to Popes, or Councils, or Congregations, or whatsoever the name be. . . .

O! my dear friend, our state in Germany is dreadful. Our best friends, in practical Christianity as in practical politics, dress up in rotten and corrupted forms the elements of life which are still preserved to us by that gracious Providence which extends its saving father-hand over the country of the Reformation and the land of liberty—over the still-sound heart of Europe and the glorious Queen of the Isles, and 'Isle of the Saints' (as Tholuck calls your dear country)—and cling to the scattered rags, when the question is to save the noble institution on which they hang. Many of them do so *bonâ fide.* Shall it be our fate to have these as our enemies? I look forth to the future, on this point, not with fear but with awe. As to our own opinions and feelings on this subject, my dear friend, we know they cannot differ essentially, although they differ in some respects in the expression. You are right to call the false Conservatives essential destructives; but I am equally right in calling the Radicals the greatest enemies to liberty. 'Men' (as Niebuhr says) 'can only bear a certain quantity of liberty;' and I should add, in Niebuhr's sense, this quantity is proportioned to their private and political virtue, to their power of self-sacrifice—which is almost saying that it is in an inverse ratio to 'the progress of civilisation' which is the art of shrouding selfishness and vice in certain regular and conventional forms, the efficient varnish of the animal instincts. I consider our Protestant countries to be precisely in this respect distinguished from the Catholic, that we can advance by reform, and they only try to begin to advance by revolution. . . .

To the Same.

Rome: 20th December, 1835.

. . . It is shown by the history of most ages, that mankind pass to re-organisation by destruction, to the truth by the struggle of the extremes, as the entire frame of irrational nature has been formed by the eternal laws of opposition, according to which each thing finite calls forth its counterpart, and that becomes the basis of higher life; but Christ came into the world, as the Spirit into matter, to break this law of necessity, and substitute for it 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' I feel, and know, that there is no man living who, more than you, agrees with me in these fundamental truths; otherwise I should not express what might seem to imply a breach in the union of our opinions; whereas I mean but to say to you, that there must be a chasm, a lacuna in your appendix, because the second part seems to me, as I understand it, to follow least of all from the first. I know I have not proved my corollary from our common principles; but I shall try to do so in my theses.

. . . I hail your idea of writing about the prophecies. . . . The subject is, perhaps, ripe in your mind; but what I am certain of is, that the English mind is not ripe for it. Your divinity, your literature, your worship, your devotion, —nothing is prepared for it. I say this on the supposition that you give up entirely the ancient system as untenable, but think it right not to do so before giving at the same time the positive new system. I believe I have known that for ten or twelve years at least; but it was only very lately that I perceived the possibility of presenting it to myself and my readers, as not being essentially different from the former. Oh how I wish I might have some days and nights to converse with you on this subject; even in Germany I have not many with whom I am conscious of agreeing entirely on both parts of the question. The Hengstenberg reaction in his Christology is only a reaction, and will die with the system it impugns; there is as much Judaic rationalism in that as heathen rationalism in the other. I hope to write my book on the Gospels next summer. Strauss's criticism, a product of unbelief and Hegelianism, has produced a great sensation in Germany; and I do not see how he can be refuted on all points by the old system—not even as handled by Olshausen and Schleiermacher.

To the Same.

Rome: 4th March, 1836.

I hail the idea of a national University, and what leads to it. The point I should have in view in England as in Germany, would be to unite the two methods,—the English, of tuition and spontaneous activity, and the German, of a regular course of professional lectures. The first forms the man more than anything, and accustoms him to find out things himself, by self-exertion and exercise, *proprio Marte et periculo*, under a friendly and respected helper, *vivâ voce*, and this is wanting in Germany, and (I believe) in Scotland, at least in Edinburgh. The consequence is that young men go through a course of lectures merely as hearers, at the best repeat what they hear and write down, believing that they understand and can reproduce it; in which they find themselves bitterly disappointed when they come to the task. Only when the student is obliged to construe and explain an author himself, to make out himself the arguments for a critical or historical or philosophical process of treatment, is he sure to be able to wield what he has acquired, and know what he can do.* Believe me, this is of far greater importance than you are aware of, feeling as you do the want of something else; and this other want must be supplied by a regular course of lectures, which can be done best by coupling it with the other. [Here follow details of a proposed division in a three years' course of study.]

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* Zu können was man weiss, und zu wissen was man kann.

This I submit to you as exemplifying what I mean by uniting the English and German methods; not forgetting Plato's dictum: that the wise man requires *seven years* to seize the ideas, and *fourteen* to learn how to adapt them to reality.' Strange to say, I see less difficulty in carrying out such a system in England than in Germany! It is easier to add learning to education than to make the seeker of learning (the student) submit to education (tuition). . . .

How did my heart beat when I had read what you had done in Roman History! My last letter was an exhortation, and ought to have been an exultation. God bless you in this great and, I hope, immortal work! More wisdom is to be learnt from the Roman History than from any other. Your plan is the same I had always in mind, and took the liberty to suggest to Niebuhr, who, had he lived to rewrite the two first volumes, would have separated the researches from the narrative. I have quite the same *religio* as ever as to Niebuhr's opinions; often do I find, after years, the reason why his opinion was right. . . .

Contemporary Notice in a Letter.

Frascati: 27th October, 1836.

A paragraph has appeared in an ultra-Protestant Swiss newspaper, so contrived that the worst enemy to the cause could not have imagined anything calculated to do it more injury, the sum and substance being that Protestants were gaining a footing in Italy, chiefly owing to the zeal and liberality of the King of Prussia—implying that he had established a sort of Propaganda in the country, with schools, libraries, and every instrument of conversion. A copy of this was sent officially to Bunsen, with a request for an explanation; and he received additional private notice that the personage most disturbed by this paragraph [the Pope] had let fall expressions to the effect of 'Bunsen keeps quite away; I have hardly seen him for two years.' These communications suggested the necessity of doing two things—first, of writing a paragraph in the Berlin official newspaper, which he sent inpreviously for inspection, that he might know whether the formal and circumstantial contradiction which he was enabled to give would be considered satisfactory; secondly, of making an attempt to prove that his having refrained from seeking opportunities of personal interviews had not originated in any want of respect, but rather in delicacy, not to obtrude his presence,—from the nature of the negotiation and correspondence going on latterly. He therefore sent an official letter, stating that he had heard from the Governor of Frascati of His Holiness's intention of coming over one day thither in his way to Camaldoli to dine, and that he begged leave to offer a breakfast at Villa Piccolomini by way of refreshment on the way. The answer was gracious, declining the invitation *for this time*, a promise having been made to alight at the residence of the Cardinal Pacca, and at the Villa Falconieri. At the same time, Bunsen received private information that this personal attention had given pleasure; and when he went over to Castel Gandolfo the day after the Pope's arrival, he was met with kindness and even caresses, the Pope dwelling with emphasis upon owing his late cure to a Prussian (Dr. Alertz), and saying further in allusion to a supposed personal likeness between Alertz and Bunsen,—'È proprio un suo fratello che è venuto apposto per guarirmi.' When a day or two later the visit of the Pope to Frascati took place, it had been settled that Bunsen should take the opportunity of presenting to him several Prussians, mostly Catholics, in the Sacristy, as less inconvenient to the Pope than such presentations in Rome; and accordingly he appeared with his train, and was desired to approach close to the chair of the Pope, for the greater convenience of presentation in the narrow space; the Pope spoke to each of the Catholic young men (one of them being Urlichs), and expressed himself pleased with them—'Buone faccie, mi piacciono.' After the set had retired, Bunsen was about to leave his post of honour, but the Pope said, 'Restate, restate,' and continued to talk to him so eagerly and continuously that no moving was possible while the Pope remained, having the cross on his slipper kissed by a current of friars, ladies, and persons of all ranks, as fast as they could get in and out. Alertz has received princely rewards for his fortunate exercise of medical judgment, and has been requested still to delay his departure,* perhaps that he may try to deal with the cholera, which, being actually at Naples, may well be apprehended as imminent.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold. (*After requesting Dr. Arnold to become godfather to his daughter Matilda.*)

Rome: 13th February, 1837.

That want of spontaneous energy in the mind which you mention is what Niebuhr once complained of in his son Marcus, saying, 'Er hat keine Sehnsucht' (he has no intellectual longing). Indeed, nine-tenths of our knowledge, if not all of it, are owing to that thirst after knowledge which is like the searching after the road which leads to our home we perceive it not from the foreign place in which we find ourselves. . . . But we know there is a home, and a way to it. What you say struck me much of our picking up thousands of things that we want, and of which we know not how we came to learn them. That is the longing, the spontaneity, which is nothing but a more powerful action of inward consciousness. . . .

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* This excellent physician, who continued to honour his calling and his country in the city of the Popes, died there, whilst this Memoir was approaching completion (Nov. 1866), universally regretted.

To the Same.

Capitol: 15th May, 1837.

. . . The reason why I should doubly rejoice in seeing you and Mrs. Arnold here, this summer, is that it is very probably my last in Rome. I have every reason to believe that, next spring, I shall pass the Alps and settle in Germany. I end with wishing nothing but to be where Providence will have me.

The *Lyra Apostolica* contains appalling things of *that Sect*: 'Roman, Lutheran, Zwinglian novelties' are put together in one line. Now there is not one jot of doctrine in the Church of England which you did not take from Luther or Calvin, and in which we of the United Evangelical Church in Prussia do not agree; if, therefore, there be something which separates us as heretics from the true Church, it is the Apostolic Succession—they cannot get out of that argument. Christ died only for the English, for they have the Apostolic Succession in common with Rome and Moscow. *Jam satis.* Such positions will fall of themselves, and the sooner, the more really conservative i. e. reconstructive, principles are opposed to them.

The cause of the clouds and storms which obscured and disturbed the latter years of Bunsen's residence at Rome, and caused his final departure in 1838, requires an explanation which shall be as much condensed as possible; but, to make the matter intelligible, circumstances must be looked into, which seldom excite any interest at a distance from the scene of contending purposes and systems.

The government of the Prussian dominions had always been a system of royal orders and decrees, constituted with exemplary regard to positive and actual law, and obeyed with military precision.

When the King's will was once known, there was no question of remonstrance or of opposition:—for instance, when King Frederick William (father of Frederick the Great) resolved to maintain the cause of his Protestant brethren in Heidelberg (persecuted and driven out of their own Church by the Roman Catholic Elector), and therefore declared that, as long as they were not restored to their hereditary possessions, he would retaliate on the Church of Rome, by withholding from his Catholic subjects in Magdeburg their immunities and the use of their church, he was only considered as 'doing what he would with his own,' and never accused of a breach of vested rights. When, therefore, the Prussian dominions received the large accession of territory consisting of the ancient dioceses of Cologne, Trêves, and Paderborn, the Prussian ordinances were alone reckoned upon for the regulation of the new countries as well as of the old. The Prussian troops were, as such, to march into the Protestant church after parade, whether recruited among the Catholic or the Protestant population; and if a marriage was to take place between persons of different persuasions (a so-called 'mixed marriage'), the law of Prussia vested in the father the sole right over the religious education of his children, and forbade his entering into stipulations on the subject before marriage. This was law, and the monarch's will— and how should it be interfered with? The degree of power in the Church of Rome over its members, and the renewed and increasing determination to exercise that power to the utmost, was altogether ignored. It may be still in the personal recollection of others, besides the writer of these lines, how common was the impression that the French Revolution and its effects had crushed the Pope and his power, and that both continued to exist but on sufferance,—that they would and could make no demands, but were ready to acquiesce in whatever might be politically enacted.

The possibility of a mixed marriage is denied by the Roman system; and in countries of exclusive Catholicism no such marriage can by any means be legally contracted. The sufferance of the Pope has only been extended to such alliances between reigning families, for reasons of State; and then by disregarding rather than by permitting, this condition of mere sufferance also applied to all mixed populations at a distance from Rome. In Prussia there had been as yet little or no experience of the difficulties attending a mixed population, for the province of Silesia (the only one containing any considerable number of Roman Catholics) was too happy and contented in being under Prussian rather than Austrian rule since the conquest by Frederick the Great, to occasion any trouble. The clergy being peaceably inclined, and making no difficulty in granting to a 'mixed marriage' the 'passive assistance' which secured to it complete validity,—consisting only in the presence of the priest and his silent acceptance of the troth-plighting of the parties,—without granting them any form or degree of nuptial benediction. But the case was different in the stricter newly annexed provinces on the Rhine, where the clergy would not grant even this 'passive assistance' without the secret (and illegal) promise of the Protestant bridegroom to allow his children to be bred up in the Romish faith; and the umbrage given to the Prussian Government was becoming the greater in proportion as the influx of skilled labourers, artisans, and husbandmen from the neighbouring Protestant provinces, and the presence of the Prussian military, gave occasion for an ever-increasing number of marriages between the Protestant immigrants and the Catholic daughters of the land.

Previous to the Prussian rule, Protestants had for many years been known only from hearsay in that whole tract of country where the Reformation had originally taken strong root and flourished until it was extirpated under archiepiscopal dominion by the unsparing infliction of death or transportation. The zeal, therefore, of the Romish priesthood to secure all future increase in the population to the Roman Catholic majority, as well as the growing anxiety of the Government to extend protection to its own people, may thus be conceived; and it must be remembered that the Belgian clergy were indefatigable in stimulating the spirit of opposition in their neighbours within the Prussian frontier, and that the archbishopric of Breslau in the far east was beginning to awake from its pacific slumbers.

At that time it was believed to be desirable to *promote* mixed marriages, as tending to preserve peace between the two Confessions. All Germany, since the Peace of Westphalia, might be said to live in a condition of mixed marriage; and Bunsen, with most of the statesmen of his day, considered it an indispensable duty to maintain peace by virtue of this sort of compromise. Had the desired peaceable arrangement taken root in Germany, it would, at least for a time, have been tacitly ignored at Rome; but the same spirit had arisen, which in Rome brought into power an unconciliating party, the influences of which were felt alike by the party of liberty and the party of absolutism, of self-government as of hierarchical dominion. When in 1827 the Government authorised the western bishops to apply to Rome for new instructions, and Bunsen (on occasion of his first visit to Berlin) received directions to enter into negotiations in support of the Prussian view of the subject—no one was aware of the danger of this step in the wrong direction. Later, it was said to Bunsen on high authority in Rome, 'Why do you demand everything from Rome? Let the bishops do their part; a peaceable understanding between you and them will be enough for us.' On Bunsen's return from Berlin to Rome in 1828, negotiations were carried on between him and Cardinal Mauro Capellari in the short reign of Pius VIII., which resulted in a Brief of March 25, 1830, more indulgent in its terms than any such document before or since issued; but which in an evil hour the Prussian Government viewed with dissatisfaction, because it did not favour its own views as much as had been expected. For, although the priest was to *grant the passive assistance*, in case, after due examination of the state of mind of the Catholic bride, he should be convinced that she was not careless and indifferent in things sacred, but really resolved to use *every means in her power* to effect the bringing up of her children as Romanists, even though no promise were made to that effect by the Protestant party, yet in no case was he empowered to bestow that nuptial benediction, without which the Catholic population considered a marriage to be to a certain degree disreputable. On the principle before mentioned, that everything should be done to encourage mixed marriages, the Government was urgent for the gratification of these pious feelings by the Church; whereas advice to the parties, either to renounce the marriage altogether, or to accept such 'passive assistance,' or finally to be satisfied with the civil contract (which was in force wherever the Code Napoleon has become the law of the land, as in the Rhine Province), would have been the safer measure. Tedious were the negotiations and great the expenditure of thought and of energy, in the endeavour to gain a clear notion of the subject; and the hesitation about accepting the Brief in question, though it contained the best terms that ever could be obtained, may be considered to mark the loss of the cause. This hesitation lasted for years, and meantime the opposing power gained strength daily. The Cardinal, author of the Brief, had become Pope Gregory XVI., and had appointed Cardinal Lambruschini as his Secretary of State and principal adviser: the Archbishop of Cologne, Count Spiegel Desenberg, had been cut off by sudden death, and was succeeded by Baron Droste von Vischering, a man of serious conviction, but of views opposed to the cause of peace,* and who proved regardless even of his own promise to fulfil the Convention of July 19, 1834. This Convention, founded on the principle of the Brief of 1830, was offered to the acceptance of the bishops with much prospect of success while Archbishop Spiegel lived. At the present time, though only a quarter of a century removed from that period, it will seem almost incredible that, in that Convention, the abolition of the civil marriage so especially obnoxious to Rome, and so self-evident a safety-valve to non-Catholics, was promised by Prussia as the recompense for compliance on the part of the bishops.

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* When the King's intention to name Baron Droste von Vischering to the See of Cologne was communicated at Rome by the Prussian Envoy,

Ten years earlier, everything might have been easy which now proved impossible; but the favourable season had been allowed to pass, and from this time forth the strife of contending elements was unceasing, until Bunsen was in a manner crushed by them, and the blame, chiefly incurred by others, was heaped upon him; but the moment his back was turned upon Berlin, adverse influences hindered all action, and caused the right moment to be lost. The following account occurs in a paper written by Bunsen at a subsequent period (in 1840). It was then handed to his friend Professor Gelzer, who published it after Bunsen's death in the September number of the *Protestantische Monatsblätter* of 1861, an able periodical of which he is the editor.

All efforts of the Government failing to effect a

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the Cardinal Secretary of State, with that naïve frankness which characterises even the wiliest Italian, exclaimed with undisguised astonishment, 'Is your Government mad?'

peaceable solution of difficulties,* Bunsen was summoned by the King to Berlin, in the summer of 1837, to give his council and assistance in concerting definitive measures. He found the King fully resolved to carry matters with a high hand towards the Archbishop, who was proved to be engaged in violent opposition to the Government, and was accused, on strong evidence, of having entered into the ultramontane combination of the Belgian bishops.† Negotiations and conferences proved unavailing. Proposals to the Archbishop to resign his post or to abstain from all exercise of the authority belonging to it, were met with a decided negative. At last, the King caused him to be arrested (on November 20, 1837) and conveyed out of his diocese, never to return. It has been one of Bunsen's misfortunes to be regarded as the instigator of this strong measure: but it is very certain that he found the King and his Ministers resolved upon the point. All that he could do was to expend his powers of persuasion in endeavours to induce the Archbishop to take a more *Prussian* view of his duty: and he afterwards defended the proceeding in a public State paper, characteristic of himself and of the time in which it was written, as it rests upon the assumption of a close alliance between the two Churches in Germany, and of a certain hereditary connection between 'the Church and the State.' It may be said to mark a crisis in these views. The Catholic Hierarchy was already labouring to effect the dissolution of this connection, and it was inevitable that the State should on its own part seek a separation, as soon as its transformation from an absolute into a constitutional form should be complete. The Prussian Government did not indeed give way after this crisis, but the whole affair was felt to be a defeat. No support was found in public opinion. No Parliament existed to take the matter out of the range of international transactions, and settle it by internal legislation. In general, the excitement in Germany at this period was not so much the result of enthusiasm for the Church as of indignation against despotic power.

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* A very serious complication was occasioned by the sudden proscription by the Archbishop of a number of theological teachers in the University of Bonn, who had been originally appointed with the full approbation of Rome, but who were, as followers of the late Professor Hermes (a teacher who in his lifetime was left unreproved), forbidden to preach or to give lectures. These acts were considered as part of a plan industriously pursued, to get the University entirely out of the hands of the King, who had endowed and supported it at his own expense.

† It was the intention of the Government to bring the Archbishop before a court of justice, under an indictment of conspiracy against the law of the country. The Archbishop's secretary, however, having succeeded in removing all incriminating papers before the seizure of the Prelate, this saving portion of the scheme necessarily fell to the ground.

It might well be deemed a tragical fate which thrust Bunsen into a position incongruous to his own nature. Often had he exerted himself, incurred reproach, and risked the loss of high favour, by advocating greater freedom for members of the Catholic Church; and just before this very period, the soldiers were relieved from the obligation to attend the Protestant service after parade, at his special and personal request to the King, the particulars of which remarkable occurrence will be related on a subsequent page.

The order sent from Berlin, June 24, 1837, admitted of no delay in obeying it, and Bunsen performed a rapid journey, gladly availing himself of the opportunity of conveying his third and fourth sons on their way, the one to the Blochmann Institute at Dresden, the other to Schulpforte—which long-intended transfer furnished the ostensible explanation he was desired to give. He reached Berlin by the 1st August. Capaccini arrived on the 9th, and was received in a private audience by the King, who confirmed all that had been already stated by Bunsen and by Baron Altenstein (Minister of Public Worship and Education), and concluded by declaring, that unless the new Archbishop (Droste von Vischering) would keep his promise and refrain from violating the laws of the country, he would remove him from the diocese ('che egli, il Re, l'avrebbe allontanato dalla sua diocesi,' were the expressions in the Report of Capaccini); and an order from the Cabinet authorised both the further negotiation with Monsignor Capaccini, and the preparation of a complete Report by Bunsen on the state and the rights of the case.

The Memoir was carefully and deliberately worked out, giving a detailed declaration of conviction as to the principles of the monarchy in its relation to the Church of Rome and the Romanist population, and in immediate connection with the questions at issue. On the 17th August Bunsen announced to the Crown Prince that his work would within a week be completed, and that he entreated to be released from further negotiation on the subject, and allowed to return to his post. The same representation and request he also made to Herr von Altenstein, receiving from each a protest equally positive against his departure. It was now that a great temptation was held out to Bunsen, in the suggestion that the situation of Director-General of the Royal Museum had lately become vacant, and that he might therein find the much desired opportunity of exchanging his position in Rome, however delightful in itself, for a permanent settlement at Berlin. In such good earnest was this plan proposed and dwelt upon, both by the friendly and the adverse parties, who with various intentions were now agreed in desiring to detain him, that his wife received on the 9th September decisive directions for the removal of herself and her entire family to Berlin, for definitive residence, as speedily as she might find it possible to accomplish her travelling arrangements. The cholera had scarcely ceased raging in Rome—it was equally raging at Berlin: the wide tract of country between was full of opposing lines of demarcation, with quarantine regulations; yet the prospect of a journey, although next to impracticable, was in contemplation and preparation during four anxious weeks, until a letter of the 9th October gave notice that Bunsen might be expected to return to Rome, although probably not for any length of time. The grant of the honourable and desirable position at the Museum was to be combined with the Presidency of a Commission for the despatch of Roman affairs; and in spite of the sanguine nature of Bunsen, which had so often led him to believe in the possible combination of incongruities, it became clear that such a condition of apparent independence but of actual subordination to the Ministry of Public Worship must be avoided; and that it was equally important for him to retain his position as chief of the Prussian Mission at Rome. These proposals would have detained him at Berlin, working hard in the cause, which, in fact, remained pending between higher powers than those of a negotiator, instead of allowing him to insist, as far as a public servant could insist, upon his release.

The important Memoir was handed in, by permission, for the King's personal inspection, all but the concluding portion, by Bunsen, on the 25th August, his own birthday — a day often critical in his life, and which he was fond of rendering such when the means were within his influence. He wrote a short sketch of the contents of the concluding part; most important, because including, as the last of *six* measures, considered indispensable for the pacification of the Rhine Provinces, the rescinding of the regulation of the Sunday parade, that is, the compulsory attendance of the military without exception, after parade, at a Protestant church. On delivering this into the hands of Prince Wittgenstein, Bunsen pointed out to him the particulars, and received in reply the most urgent representation of the offence that would be given to the King, and the advice to refrain from an attempt which would be unavailing to effect any good purpose, and would bring down upon himself condign displeasure. But Bunsen had withstood, on this subject, influence far more powerful in the arguments of the Crown Prince,—who had endeavoured to induce him to give up the attack on the King's fixed determination, by representing that the application of the whole body of Ministers of State, with his own (the Crown Prince's) urgent request, as a personal favour, had proved unsuccessful.

At length, on the 3rd September, Bunsen was to be permitted to defend his statement by word of mouth; and he was invited to the royal dinner-table at Charlottenburg, with Count Lottum. The Crown Prince was also present, and took the opportunity, before the important audience (which was to take place after dinner), to give Bunsen a last warning, that he must leave out the obnoxious passage. On his reiterating the previous protest, the Prince charged him to be brief in his arguments—not to exceed twenty minutes,—and to be prepared to find the King sharp and positive in his objections.

The King bade Bunsen take a seat exactly opposite to himself, as he sat with his back to the window in his cabinet; saying, 'You may be short in your communication, for I have read the whole.' All went on well, even encouragingly, on the part of the King, till Bunsen observed, 'To the last point I must entreat the peculiar indulgence of your Majesty, for it is most important.' 'I know all about that,' said the King: 'I thought you were aware that I desired to hear no more of it.' 'But,' rejoined Bunsen, 'it is, please your Majesty, a case of conscience: and I have something new to communicate.' The King's countenance was flushed,—he was evidently impatient, and seemed about to rise and break off the audience: but the word '*conscience*' detained him: he laid his hands one over the other, as if to listen, and said, 'If that is the case I must hear what you have to say.' Bunsen stated, first, that according to a contracted view of duty, though canonically it was a compulsory precept of the Church of Rome, no Catholic could, without committing actual sin, take part in any act of worship with Protestants: and to be present, though only as a spectator, was considered as taking part in it. A footing was thus gained for further pleading: the King protested strongly against the assertion that the alleged compulsion had made martyrs, on the ground of an anecdote, which he deemed to be without foundation, that one of the soldiers had, at the church-door, exclaimed, 'So far, and no further!' giving himself up to arrest. The King was sure 'the thing could not be true, or he must have known it—such stories ought not to be accepted as fact from defamatory writings.' He was assured that the evidence had never been controverted; and, after further arguments, the King said, 'If your pleading is finished, I will explain how I look upon the matter. In my army it has ever been the custom to call upon the Lord of Hosts before, or to return thanks after, a battle. Must we henceforward part, and Catholics go one way, and Protestants another, when we again have to fight for the fatherland? In order that our Catholic fellow-Christians might have no objection to pray with us on such occasions, I thought it advisable that they should convince themselves beforehand of our acknowledging Christ as the Saviour—for their priests seek to persuade them that we believe nothing, and our Rationalists have done all they could to confirm that impression. Therefore I caused an inoffensive Liturgy to be used, and I have forbidden preaching upon points of controversy, or at too great length.' The King continued to speak, with much animation and a striking command of language: at a pause, Bunsen offered with emotion the assurance that *he* had never doubted the nature of His Majesty's sentiments, which it was most precious to him to hear thus explained, but that his conviction remained the same, that the King's views and intentions were misunderstood,—the appearance of compulsion in a matter of conscience having closed minds against conviction. He had felt obliged to speak of this fact, it being most important at the present moment to prevent having both clergy and people irritated against the Government. Now came the most dangerous moment of the conversation, the King enquiring why, the practice objected to being general, the complaint against it should come from one place only? 'I hear no complaint from the Rhine;—yet the Rhenish people are not apt to be shy of grumbling.' The question was embarrassing, for the King was the only person not aware that his generals in Rhineland and Westphalia had agreed silently to drop the custom of Sunday parade. It had become a rule to keep from His Majesty's knowledge whatever might contradict his wishes and purposes—a mischievous rule for public servants to follow towards their Sovereign. And yet no King had ever better deserved to be told the whole truth, which he ever desired to know: for although in the first moment of an unpleasing discovery a burst of dissatisfaction and of blame might take place, yet he was sure immediately after to acknowledge his mistake; and his weakness was rather that of too easily surrendering the decision of his own judgment. But it must be added, that in no one would the withholding of the truth have been more unpardonable than in Bunsen, who had in so remarkable a manner experienced that the King could reward the contradiction of favourite ideas with signal grace and favour, when once convinced of the uprightness of motive in the opposition given.

Bunsen replied, that 'however it might be with the utterance of a grievance, it was equally felt in both parts of the kingdom, and would not fail to be made known, particularly in the present time of excitement; and it were better to be beforehand by removing the cause.' 'It is impossible,' said the King, 'that I should abrogate the existing ordinance.' He was reminded that a private direction to the commanders to drop the practice would serve the purpose. 'What might be done' (said the King) 'would be to give up the monthly parade, and hold it only three or four times a year.' Bunsen felt that the combat was won; and he ventured to reply to the last remark,—'What has been wrong when done twelve times is not right when done three times!' Then the King smiled, and said, 'Well, I shall not write on this matter—let the generals be informed.' With an expression of deep thankfulness Bunsen enquired whether His Majesty might be pleased to allow of his taking the route by Münster, to communicate the royal decision to General Müffling, as well as to the general at Coblentz, &c. . . . With that the audience was closed. The King gave his hand to Bunsen, with the words, 'I shall be pleased to see you again.'

Bunsen was unspeakably happy,—and it was only a question whether the hour just passed, or that in which he related all that passed in it to the Crown Prince, was the most precious to him.

What followed either ought not to have taken place, or *he* ought to have been permitted to keep himself clear of all participation, as he so continually desired and petitioned to do; but he was reserved for the fate of a victim and a scapegoat.

Contemporary Notice of the State of Rome under the Cholera.

18th August, 1837.

On the 15th, an Englishman, teacher of languages, was attacked by the savage populace of Piazza Montanara as a poisoner. It is said he was imprudent enough to caress a child, and offer it a *ciambella.* The first three Carabinieri who tried to save him were overpowered, and a reinforcement at last succeeded in dragging him to the Hospital of the Consolazione, with eleven stabs. Some of the murderers have been imprisoned; the women are said to have been more savage than the men. A priest, too, was in danger, but the Carabinieri were in time to save him; he had given sugar-plums, and was accordingly suspected. The sensation is general among Germans and Danes of their own insecurity, and of longing after Bunsen.

14th October.—A visit from Lord Clifford was matter of great interest. He spoke at length of the late dreadful period, said justly that the death of about 10,000 people, who had not the means of an honest livelihood (the entire mortality is estimated by moderate calculators at 12,000), is not the calamity to be deplored, but the difficulty of providing for the 4,000 orphans that remain; and he used expressions curiously exemplifying the manner in which good Catholics avoid throwing blame upon the Papal Government, saying that 'he had often urged upon his own (English) Government, what every one must now see to be the fact, that the *result of the policy of the Courts of Europe* towards Rome would be that the Roman Government would have no authority left;' that orders were given, but there was no power to enforce them; that vast sums have been collected for the relief of the sufferers, and a number of plans made, but not one executed, so that little or no help had been received where most needed; and in the course of conversation he related anecdotes proving a state of vicious disorganisation everywhere, not explaining in what manner the blame should be due to 'the policy of European Courts.'

The sketch of Bunsen's life during this year of severe trial would have seemed incomplete without the preceding particulars of the condition of things which he had to look back upon when his mental gaze was turned with increasing longing towards his home. His family was happily removed to Frascati before the pestilence had reached Rome, and Frascati remained untouched by it. From his numerous letters no extracts have been found of general interest, with the exception of the following to his wife, which is inserted on the principle of conveying 'the very force and body of the time, its form and pressure' upon his mind. How different the result proved to his calculations, and how far his impressions were in many points from coinciding with reality, he was to learn to his exceeding cost; and that his state of spirit was morbid, owing to over-exertion of the mind and to impatience of the surrounding scene, was painfully evident to the receiver of his letters.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Berlin: Monday, 28th November, 1837.

MY BELOVED,—You will have felt that my last letter came from a heavy heart; and the newspapers will in part have given the explanation. It is a strange feeling with which one beholds in one moment a great and incalculable future stamped with its essential condition: that is what has really occurred. Perhaps I felt this not quite for the first time; but it was the first time that *I* was *not alone* concerned with the present. Not that I ever doubted of the final victory of truth and right, for that is wholly and entirely on our side; but I dreaded that blood might flow before it should be possible to bring the multitude out of their infatuation. But I took comfort in the thought, which I expressed to Herr von Bodelschwingh: 'God will surely not let us pay the penalty for having exhausted all indulgence and long suffering in such long delay;' the King, with his own peculiar moderation and consideration, having worn out every form of persuasion towards that fanatical, crafty pretender to sanctity (the Archbishop of Cologne), so that he well foresaw his lot, and had prepared himself for it. His plan was, to escape into the Cathedral, to place himself before the altar, cause all the doors to be opened, and invite the violence he expected. But he was taken by surprise, through the resolution and firmness of two distinguished men, the President von Bodelschwingh and the General von Pfuel (the same who in 1815 commanded at Paris, and in

1830 was governor of Neufchâtel), and thus time was gained for acting upon the population, the whole of which, as well as of the lower clergy, with few exceptions, are on the side of Government. The greater part of Germany, from the Baltic to the Alps, is not against us, but with us and for us, from motives the most various in kind. . . . That I, to the very last moment, strove to save the Archbishop, you will believe, without my assurance. The Crown Prince is *now*, almost more than his father, irritated at the unworthy behaviour of the man whom *he* recommended, and valued! He sees to what it tended.

I am, God be thanked, as well as I am busy. I sleep quietly, and take little food, yet you must be prepared for finding me grown stout, and I seem to myself to have become *very old*. I am cheerful with all that, I think, although with little occasion for being so.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Berlin: 17th October, 1837.

It is only a short time that I have known with certainty that I shall, if alive, pass the next Christmas on the Capitol. I leave Berlin at the end of November, and am to embark on the steam vessel from Trieste on the 16th December. Whether my stay at Rome will be prolonged beyond next spring is uncertain, but if, and whenever, I leave it, it will be with my whole family. This is the great present result of my stay here this time.

When this was decided, my first thought was directed towards the Capitol, my second to you. May I not hope to see you now, as you once intended, at Christmas? Might we not meet on the road? My days are numbered on account of business at Vienna. If you should go to Venice, our meeting on the road might be certain, for a daily steamboat runs between Venice and Trieste. But I will not be unreasonable; let me only hope to celebrate a German Christmas-eve with you and yours on the Capitol, no *imperator* will ever have been happier. . . .

To the Same.

Berlin: December, 1837.

After 150 days' absence I am about to return to the Capitol, and must at least send some hurried lines to you. The great struggle between hierarchal arrogance and pretentions and sovereign and national power, has begun here. I have had to wield Jove's thunderbolt by command, as before I had to propose and try the extremest measures of conciliation towards peace.

People here believe that I am to return to Berlin in the spring. I only know that I shall protest against a second temporary stay with dictatorial powers, and claim an honourable, free, though not ambitious permanent situation, if they want me.

The transactions of October and November, 1837, are recorded in detail in Bunsen's private notes, but shall be passed over in silence here with only the expression of an opinion, at this distance of time and on a general review of facts, that the amount of unassisted labour and of responsibility forced upon him produced a morbid excitement, and deprived him of the power of self-defence, while at the same time his instinct was strongly set against any final settlement at Berlin. The extracts from his Notes, both the preceding and the following, contain his sentiments in his own words, considerably abridged.

December, 1837.—'This was a time of mistakes; they arose from the nature of the task laid upon Bunsen, and which he had undertaken; it was not merely a difficult, but an impossible one, and so it had been in fact from the very beginning, at Berlin.' . . . After enumerating the difficulties which in the course of so many years he had been enabled to overcome, he exclaims, 'Why might not this time also the impossible be made possible, and peace concluded with Rome, by my personal representations?' All around seemed to be persuaded of the probability of his success—why should he doubt? This state of feeling may explain, even morally excuse, but not remove the enormous error. On that last evening the Crown Prince had said, '*L'archévêque leur pèse;* they know not what to do with him.' So it was—a step had been taken without due estimation of its importance. He who had been called upon to take an active share in the transaction was the same who, following in the track of Niebuhr, had firmly opposed the system of imposing the unbending letter of the law upon the members of the Church of Rome, and thus had incurred the suspicion of Crypto-catholicism; and the extremity, in which he had acted, was that which no one but himself had laboured to avert. Yet, with a little more circumspection and a greater calmness of mind, Bunsen himself might have foreseen the catastrophe in which he was to be the chief sufferer.

The coming burst of indignation against him was kept back by tidings of the signal distinction with which he was received at Vienna by Prince Metternich. But this reception contributed still further to mark him at Berlin as a dangerous man, whose return thither must be prevented by every possible means. Signs many in number occurred on this journey, which, if attended to, would have withheld Bunsen from rushing upon what, in human language, might be called his ruin. One of the most remarkable was the goodwill shown him by Prince Metternich, not only in a long and confidential interview on the evening of his arrival, but by sending to him when the travelling carriage was already at the door, to ask for a second conference, when he read to him a despatch just received from Rome, urging upon Bunsen yet more strongly than before not to venture upon returning to his post, and adding the remarkable words, 'I advise you as a friend, remain here, at least a fortnight! I will answer for the speedy arrival of a fresh courier. I promise to make your stay agreeable to you. I take upon myself the responsibility towards the King. *In dubiis abstine!* is always my maxim.' Never was better advice given; and to Bunsen it was so convincing, that he did not conceal from Metternich his belief that it would be right to wait, at least for further consideration. He actually dismissed the post-horses, but sent to consult his colleague, Baron Maltzahn, the Prussian Envoy at Vienna, in whose friendly sentiments towards him he had reason to trust. Maltzahn, however, was decisive as to Bunsen's immediate departure, and argued, with Herr von Thile (Bunsen's faithful companion and friend), 'Wherefore should Metternich desire to detain you, but that he apprehends Bunsen's presence in Rome would bring things right again? How can you calculate the disadvantage of one day's delay? At Berlin they could not forgive you for stopping half-way—it would look like fear.' Bunsen renewed the order for the post-horses —Maltzahn undertaking to convey his apology to the Prince. This was an inexcusable error on the part of Bunsen—who had again received a warning, but, alas! in vain.

After travelling day and night, he reached Trieste, and found intelligence from Rome; not from the Chargé d'Affaires (Herr von Buch), but from Reumont and from his wife. The Pope had declared that he would never receive Bunsen. Should he now turn back? Having quitted Vienna, whither should he go? He embarked, and at Ancona received the news of the Pope's Allocution,—that Capaccini had great misgivings as to his coming. A message from Buch signified that the Cardinal Secretary of State had let him know confidentially that Bunsen would not be received by the Pope, though no official intimation of this determination was to be communicated to him.

From Ancona Bunsen addressed, on the spur of the moment, a note to the Papal Government, which failed of its purpose, because it rested upon a false supposition — the firm attitude on the part of his Government.

In a letter of early days, about 1825, Bunsen's course of then unassisted labour was described by one who daily saw and knew what he effected, as the life of a high-bred hunter, well kept and having abundance of all things necessary to well-being, but held at the full stretch of all his powers in unceasing exertion. Now, at length overdone, did the high-mettled steed rush homewards by instinct, having lost, in excess of strain, the power to discern objects in their reality.

Bunsen re-entered his sanctuary on the Capitol a few days before the beloved festival of Christmas, when worldly prudence would have dictated retreating to Florence to await orders, or an immediate return to Berlin to defend himself and the cause he had advocated. But thankfully do all those who loved him look back upon the 'refuge from the storm, the shadow from the heat,' experienced by Bunsen during the following three months while he was awaiting the return of the courier despatched January 3, 1838, and then upon the much desired leave of absence, granted to him at last, for a journey to England, and a residence there for a year. During this period Bunsen found in his Egyptian researches effectual exercise and relaxation for a mind that could not rest in inaction; and the society of attached friends furnished the accustomed solace.

The festival of Easter and the preceding Passion Week were invested with the greater solemnity, as the courier was shortly expected to arrive, and to bring a despatch, on the contents of which the future fate of Bunsen would depend. On the Monday after Easter the expected messenger arrived, meeting Bunsen and his family as they had just issued from the chapel after Divine service and after partaking of the Holy Communion, and were entering the garden at the foot of Palazzo Caffarelli. The moment was one of deep emotion, too powerfully swelling the heart in the consciousness of the past and the future, for any admixture of common sorrow, as Bunsen opened the packet containing the King's consent to his giving up his post and to his making use of this leave of absence for a journey to England.

Bunsen's own words, in the Notes relating to the late transactions, testify to his consciousness of a blow which he had not anticipated, and of a fall for which he was not prepared, either for himself personally, or for the cause he had advocated. But the accompanying letter of the Crown Prince, while it explained and delineated that state of feeling towards Bunsen which he had been the first person to predict on their parting at Berlin, conveyed as usual a balm to his wound, by proving that the express will of the King had interfered to prevent disgrace and mortification from being added in order to give bitterness to the unavoidable fall. He was simply permitted to make use of the requested leave of absence, and not dismissed. But the letter of the Crown Prince expressed his decided wish that Bunsen should come in person to Berlin, accompanying the courier who must be sent thither. Bunsen's own feeling was against forcing himself in such a manner into the presence of his King; but he respected too much the opinion of the Crown Prince (who was persuaded that a personal statement by Bunsen would alter the King's view of the circumstances) to refuse to act in accordance with it. Yet his extreme disinclination to make another break and separation in the family life, and the longing to take a gradual leave of Italy and the period of his life which was now about to come to a close, induced him to resolve upon a degree of self-indulgence very foreign to his habits when important business was concerned. He fixed upon Dr. Franz (an excellent Greek scholar, afterwards Greek Professor at Berlin, then about to proceed with his family to Berlin), as courier, and took him in his own light travelling carriage with post-horses; but he gave way to the disinclination at once to part from his collective possessions in life, and instead of making a direct and rapid journey to Berlin, allowed himself to accompany the slow progress of the large vetturino-carriage which contained his wife and the six younger children: nor did he part from them to proceed onwards with greater haste till after he had cast a last glance upon Florence. A letter from Florence to Kestner gives an account of his feelings on this journey; but a few words must here be devoted to describe the bitter parting from Rome, which took place ten days after the arrival of the award from Berlin. The amount of business which had to be done, and the packing and arranging of everything, did much to prevent all brooding over the present sorrow; the days were too busy for receiving visits of farewell; but the evenings were filled up by the kind presence of regretful friends. For an account of their departure, the words of an attached and valued friend shall be quoted:—

'Bunsen left Rome on April 29, 1838, after a residence altogether of twenty-two years, twenty-one of which were passed on the Capitol. He quitted his beloved home with a firm step and unbroken spirit, saying to his wife, 'Come, and let us seek another Capitol elsewhere.' His carriage was surrounded by a band of faithful friends, as well as a number of younger men, most of whom he had himself drawn to Rome, whose minds he had guided into new paths of intellectual discovery, whose career he had watched over and assisted, and whose hearts he had won for life by his affectionate and untiring care and sympathy. They saw in him the centre of an active intellectual life, which Rome has never known since, and which could have been maintained only by a German, who, as Ampère truly said, was 'not only the representative of Prussia to the Papal See, but of German learning to Roman antiquity.' No one who was admitted in Bunsen's time to the halls of Palazzo Caffarelli will ever forget either their far-stretching prospect over Rome, or the assemblage of eminent men whom Bunsen's power of attraction gathered round him every winter; while the hospitable Villa Piccolomini at Frascati will live in the hearts and memories of a smaller circle, who were admitted to the happy unfettered family-life, which went on through the quiet sunny summer-months on those breezy and wooded heights. And the soul of this delightful domestic establishment was the head of the household, whose gifts of heart no less than of intellect, whose unceasing activity of thought, gave zest and animation to the family life at home, as well as to the friendly intercourse in other, wider, and more varied circles.'*

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.] Florence: Monday morning, 7th May, 1838.

Beloved Friend!—Now it is that I indeed tear myself away from Rome, and from Italy, inasmuch as I quit Florence, hasten towards the Alps, and take my last leave of *you.* A great and splendid Past lies before my mind, closed and concluded; out of which your image shines upon me, the image of faithful and high-minded friendship. That image will rise in all the strength of remembrance of the spring-time of life, in proportion as the chasm widens and deepens between the old and the new. Once again, therefore, in comparative nearness, from this side of the Alps, receive the thankful outpouring of the warmest attachment to you for all your kindness and affection; and let not too much time elapse without a greeting by letter. I intend to be at Berlin on Thursday, the 16th: I found it impossible to tear myself away sooner from my family and from Italy. From Rome I drove with my wife in the open carriage, the children (with Meyer and Franz) going on before, in short day's journeys (like a courier-drive of pleasure), as far as beautiful Siena; thence I broke away in the evening, and reached Pisa by midnight; next day I was with the faithful Rosellini, morning, noon, and evening, seeing between times the grand monuments of a renowned past. The Duomo of Pisa is the honour and ornament of Italian humanity in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and the Campo Santo is the finest and most affecting conception of the kind in the whole of the middle ages. There my mind expanded in peace; and there I could wish to die were I not a German, and did I not hope to aid in the building of a new Campo Santo. The next morning I was at Florence; my first walk was to the Loggie di Orgagna. . . . Yesterday evening I went thither again, and not without a blessing upon the meditations which the place inspired. I entered doubting whether I should allow myself another day at Florence, and came out resolved to hasten with all speed towards Berlin. I take with me the freshened image of all that is most beautiful in the middle ages:—the Pisani, Luca della Robbia, Orgagna, Benozzo, Giotto, and Raphael, are those who are highest placed in this Pantheon. But now the call of the moment is, to turn heart and head towards the future and the fatherland. Whither? That may be decided in a month. I hope by the 15th June to greet the modern metropolis of the world, and for a hundred days to plunge into England and into English life. This had ever been my wish, as a fit close to a wandering life, and as the last act of consecration for work and influence in the fatherland and in the present; and this wish, according to all appearance, will be granted to me.

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* Abeken, in the article of *Unsere Zeit*, 1861.

The courier-journey to Berlin, which Bunsen was induced to undertake, overcoming his own disinclination in compliance with the strongly expressed desire of the Crown Prince, began in fact only when he broke away from Florence a week after having quitted Rome, thereby giving time for the exertion of influence on the part of his opponents to prevent his being allowed to reach Berlin.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.] Munich: Sunday, 12th May, 1838.

I hasten to announce to you that I arrived here safely, and I can add a piece of intelligence, not just what you would have expected, but yet to be rejoiced in. How hard the separation from you and the children in Florence proved I have already expressed in my lines from Bologna; I did not anticipate that it would be so short. The intelligence I found on my arrival here has determined me to resume our former travelling plan, and to proceed straight, all of us together; and the directions are so distinct as to afford me the certainty that the Crown Prince will not be offended by my not complying *now* with his gracious invitation. The day after to-morrow I despatch my faithful travelling companion (Dr. Franz) with all the needful papers to Berlin; and then I shall quietly await you here.

I lodge with my sister. The rest which I shall now obtain may probably save me from an illness; for I travelled from Florence to this place in four days without sleeping. Next Wednesday I am to begin communicating to Schelling my 'Ægyptiaca.'

The statement in this letter is worded with studied precision, in anticipation of its being inspected by Austrian officials; but the shock was very severe when, a few hours after reaching Munich (10th May), not having found anything addressed to him at the Post-office, Bunsen received by estafette what he qualifies as a 'prohibition.' It was a mildly-worded utterance of the King's will, that he should 'at once make use of his leave of absence for the journey to England.' He expresses in his Notes, that 'this was the hardest moment of the whole time.' 'But,' he observes, 'this too was overcome.'

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST JOURNEY TO ENGLAND.

RECEPTION IN ENGLAND—SIR BENJAMIN HALL—MR. PUSEY—ARCHDEACON HARE—EXPLANATION OF PROPHECY—VISIT TO WALES—DR. PRITCHARD—SIR T. ACLAND—POWDERHAM CASTLE—GLADSTONE ON CHURCH AND STATE—OXFORD—PARLIAMENT—LORD ASHLEY—'QUARTERLY REVIEW' ON COLOGNE QUESTION—MRS. FRY—LAW OF DIVORCE—HIGH WOOD.

At Munich not only rest of body and restoration of mind, but a variety of enjoyment awaited Bunsen and his family. To the latter this was the first introduction to German life, and calculated to give the most favourable impression of that condition, so different from any that they had known. The refinement of thought and feeling, in the highly intellectual society with which they became acquainted, combined strikingly with a simplicity of habits and an absence of all attempts at external display, which might have been deemed ideal.

Bunsen to Kestner.

[Translation.] Munich: 11th June, 1838.

Beloved Friend !—Here I am still at Munich, and shall remain over July; so it is with human plans ! but how glad I am to be here I wish to let you know. First, I had the joy of being able to take up and complete some unfinished writings; and then I found a copy (which I was able to purchase) of notes taken during Schelling's lectures, and I was so seized upon by the giant conception, that I resolve to take time by the forelock, and in this place at once to sound its depths, as far as I should have power to do so. This is what constitutes my principal task here, and my progress in this direction is matter of continual delight to me. Much diversity of opinion arises, which I discuss with Schelling, but quite independently of the fundamental principle of this admirable work. My 'Ægyptiaca' have formed the outward point of connection with these researches, as the inward link lay in an ever-increasing sense of need on my part. Along with this there is much going on besides, and much is springing up anew, and getting finished. I feel as if it were impossible to part again from these pursuits. My friends in England are very impatient of my delay. The University of Oxford intends for me the honour of a degree, as soon as I shall arrive, of Doctor of Laws, the dignity they bestowed upon old Blücher in 1814: and in London I have three invitations to friendly houses in which to take up my abode—one from Sir F. Ord, whom personally I know not as yet. Arnold has dedicated to me his 'Roman History,' with the frankness of an Englishman and the effusion of a friend;—so they write to me, for I have not yet seen the volume. Pusey will have me to live in his house in London, and afterwards accompany him to Pusey. So does everything present itself, according to all appearance, in a most friendly aspect;—but who knows the future?

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

Munich: 1st August, 1838.

I send these hurried lines, my dearest friend, on the very eve of our departure from this place, because I cannot delay longer expressing to you my gratitude for your admirable first volume of the 'Roman History,' which I have been enabled to see here, and for the kind and only too flattering manner in which your friendship has prompted you to connect my name with it. But let me now speak of the work itself, or rather tell you on what text I shall speak when we meet. Your plan is excellent, your style worthy of the subject, your research and judgment worthy of your great predecessors and standards, Niebuhr and Thucydides. That is not my opinion only, but that of all who have here seen it.

At Frankfort, besides enjoying a friendly reception from his old friends, Radowitz and Sydow, Bunsen received the commission from Berlin to write a State paper on the late transactions. It was in a degree soothing to his feelings to be called upon to do this, but, as he justly observes in his Notes, 'To undertake this, without documents at hand, and without a hope that his work would be seen by the public, was the last error of many that he had committed.'

The Notes go on to give a few particulars of Bunsen's public business after arriving in England, on his birthday, August 25, 1838. He was surprised at finding 'entire ignorance of the state of the case' which had created such commotion in Germany: having then to learn, what he had afterwards frequent opportunity of observing, that the English public mind, dwelling upon an immense amount of interests, general and individual, which belong to national concerns, requires time in order to take any cognisance of foreign transactions, not self-evidently having a bearing upon England. 'Among those who were most favourable to Prussia no distinct opinion had been formed: in the party of O'Connell enmity against Prussia was active as well as among the diplomatic representatives of the Catholic Powers. Personally, Bunsen was met with the most encouraging confidence and kindness by the decidedly Protestant and zealous party. Soon after, in the periodical publications, not only of the Roman Catholics, but even in the Ministerial 'Globe,' attacks were made upon the Prussian Government; against which, in entire understanding with the Prussian Minister, Herr von Bülow (whose confidence never deserted him), Bunsen defended the cause by means of articles inserted in the 'Times,' the 'Standard,' in the 'Quarterly' and 'Foreign Quarterly' Reviews, written by friends, whom he furnished with particulars and documents. This summing up is given to avoid returning later to the subject; but some account is due of the beginning of a period so fraught with interest and with consolation as that just commenced in England.

For a few days after the arrival of the party in London they remained together in the hospitable house, in Wimpole Street, of their brother-in-law, Sir Benjamin Hall, and enjoyed the warm reception of many friends whom they had first met and valued at Rome. On the 4th September Bunsen willingly saw his wife and children depart, to repair to the home prepared for them by Mrs. Waddington at Llanover, Monmouthshire, intending to follow them speedily after a few more visits to the spot of most attraction to him, the British Museum. A letter to his wife, of the 6th September, relates the cause which changed this plan.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] London: 6th September.

It is unnecessary to say how my thoughts have accompanied you, and how thankful I was for the fine night and morning which favoured your journey. I tried yesterday to do without you as well as I could; from the British Museum I went to the Mint, with Mr. W. Hamilton, and from thence to the Club. I must confess that I have a developed sciatica; in spite of the blister, the pain was so violent last night that I had scarcely any sleep.

Sunday, 9th September.—. . . I am still suffering so much that I cannot dine to-day at Lord Ashley's; I would not risk being shut up in London for months by a relapse, as happened at Naples to Mr. Elphinstone, who has come to see me regularly in my tortures. I was better this morning before your letter came to give me a new sensation of life.

As to my plans, I have none; I know not yet when I can undertake to travel without danger, and long sitting is what I can least bear. Then I cannot leave London before *the article* is made up.

The remainder of September was spent in awaiting convalescence: the arrival of Lepsius being the most effective of all in helping Bunsen through days of compulsory inaction, till at length he was able to venture upon the journey to Rugby, whither the railway was in that very week opened. That short visit to Rugby proved a bright spot in Bunsen's life; and the friendship kept alive by written communications ever since the first meeting with Dr. Arnold at Rome in May 1827, and now confirmed and doubled by union in heart and sympathy with Mrs. Arnold, was thenceforth interwoven with the tissue of his life.

From Rugby, Bunsen, with his wife and eldest son, who had rejoined him in London, returned to Llanover in time for the Welsh festival in October, called the Cwmreiggyddion, a meeting with the object of encouraging and preserving the fine arts of music and poetry, as cultivated from time immemorial in the Principality, and in the Welsh half of the county of Monmouth, which in earlier days must have been more exclusively Welsh than it is at present.

Early in November, Bunsen left the maternal home for a tour of visits among friends, of which his letters give an account. The first is dated from Redcliffe Lodge, at Bristol, the residence of Dr. Pritchard, whose ethnological works were matter of all the more delight and admiration to Bunsen, as they were new of their kind in a country where ethnology had yet to be admitted among the number of sciences worthy of cultivation.

Bunsen to his Wife.

I am sure that you and dearest mamma will have followed us on the wings of those glorious sunbeams that shone upon us yesterday. It was an ideal journey, as to the scenery and variety of interesting objects. Hall arranged all things so kindly and so cleverly for us that we saw every object well, and yet did not miss the packet at Newport, although arriving at the last moment. The Avon and the Bristol Channel are truly beautiful, and the situation of Clifton, close to Bristol, is the finest of any English town I have yet seen. We landed, and just as we were arranging our packages Sir Thomas Acland suddenly stood before me; he had brought Mr. and Mrs. Harford from Blaise Castle to meet me; he was accompanied by another gentleman with a very prepossessing, well-known, unknown face, who in English and German claimed my old acquaintance; it was Stapleton, whom I last saw at Göttingen, in 1812.

Dr. Pritchard's house stands on the foundation of an ancient abbey of Carmelites; in the inside is the date 1590, and there is a splendid drawing-room, of which the walls and ceiling are covered with the finest carving, of flowers and beautiful figures of angels. The whole family was collected, including the eldest son, who is Tutor at Oriel College, mother and daughter very pleasing, and taking interest in the occupations and studies of the husband and father. After dinner we had some good singing and playing, and we talked on till near midnight.

Killerton (Sir Thomas Acland's): 18th November, 1838.

As to my plans, I must first await Tom Acland here, who is now in the midst of Parliamentary visits, dinners, and speeches. To-day I am not up to any resolution, first owing to having taken Dr. P.'s prescription, and secondly on account of the letter of good and faithful Usedom, which I enclose. You will see that matters are threatening, so that of my three creations at Rome perhaps not one will remain.* All is in the hands of God. I have long foreseen the present crisis. My private opinion is that the Cardinal intends *not yet* the breach; but they are going on in the spirit of fanaticism and folly. I shall answer Usedom that I do not intend to write one word to Berlin unless they ask my opinion. I care no more about my next external position than about the mountains in the moon; I know God's will will be done, in spite of them all, and to my greatest benefit. What that is He alone knows. Only one thing I think I see clearly, my whole life is without sense and lasting use, if I squander it on *affairs of the day*, brilliant or even important as they may be. My world is in the future time, for that I have felt and thought; I have seen there dangers and wars, and schisms and confusion, but also the only safe place to flee to. These truths I will confess, with my life, and with my writings and counsels. I know that at present few people can say and do in these respects what

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* The intention of the Papal Government was to have closed both the chapel of the Prussian Legation in Palazzo Caffarelli, and the hospital on Monte Caprino the very day after Bunsen's departure.

I can: *there* is my treasure and my heart. Tell me sincerely and openly, my love and good angel, what you think and feel about it: your own, own independent opinion, your own heart's and conscience's word.

Killerton: Tuesday, 20th November, 1838.

. . . Yesterday was the great day to visit the Bishop of Exeter: you may imagine how anxious he was to learn the state of the Cologne business. I gave him in two hours a sufficient sketch, and to-day have sent him the papers. To-morrow he will dine here: to-day Cockerell and Mr. Harford are expected. Thursday we are to go to the Earl of Devon, at Powderham Castle, and assist in the evening at a christening. Saturday, Tom Acland and others will be here. Sunday, we go to Exeter for the morning service—it is hoped the Bishop will preach: the most ancient piece of music has been selected for the Anthem, for me to hear—in short, between the Member for the county and the Bishop of the diocese, I am well provided for. I was to have been present at a great school meeting on Tuesday, but have fought off that, as well as a dinner at the Bishop's—else it is a great delight to talk with a man of such eminent talent.

The atmosphere of this house does me good, even though of course a sort of whirlwind, not acknowledging time and hour, is ever circling; but there is true kindness and moral worth, with excellent intellectual qualities, throughout.

Gladstone's book is coming out. As to Rome, I have given the whole into God's faithful hands.

Wednesday, 21*st*.—It is rainy, and all things are wrapped in a wet blanket, impenetrable for the rays of the sun, equally for snow and frost. I walk about in the house, talk, and read and write, as I choose. In the evening we talk till twelve o'clock in accustomed cordiality and seriousness. It is a miserable season, certainly, for travelling, and were it not for the obelisk at Kingston Lacy, and the Ker Seymers at Hanford, I should not go a mile out of my way home.

Sunday morning, 25th.—The parties, wanderings, dinners, journeys, of the last few days left me scarcely any minutes, and the arrival of the article for the 'Quarterly Review,' in proof sheets, absorbed those.

This is a large Elizabethan house [Hanford], built 1620, with fine rooms, but cold. Thank God, the moral and intellectual atmosphere is warm, otherwise I should take a chill to my heart. Tell mamma she must send me to some good Whigs: this journey has made me more a Tory than ever I was. To return to Exeter—on Sunday the Bishop preached: people said it was done for my sake, as he preaches but four or five times in a year, and had lately done so. His sermon was a Bishop's sermon, argumentative and full: it contained matter for ten ordinary sermons. I told him so after church. I thank him for it the more, as it has left me a soothing impression: I should otherwise only have had before me the eloquent and sarcastic statesman. There is more in him, I really believe. The service was beautiful and moved me deeply. I know exactly now what I can adopt, and what are its defects.

[Translation.]

Hanford: Tuesday morning, six o'clock; 5th December, 1838.

My Beloved!—All is still within and without, and thus I can set myself to write to you once more from this place, out of the depth of my heart—before Caspar comes and preparations must be made for the journey, which is to bring us to-day in eleven hours, a distance of 110 miles, to London.

When heart and eyes have overflowed (not with a current of inundation, but as a tranquil well-spring rising to the sacred morning light from its dark depths), as has often been my blessed consciousness in this quiet room, then has my heart turned to you with unspeakable love and longing, but also mournfully and painfully. While *I* have been refreshed and strengthened by nature, art, and contemplation of the human soul's native beauty, and have drunk in new life from all I have seen and experienced, *you* are turning singly and alone the heavy wheel of life's daily work, not because you have no taste or opportunity for other pursuits, but because in your daily task you see the way of duty. You, beloved! in whose ardent earnestness, purity, and gentleness, the divine was first revealed to me personally, and the prospect opened, in community of love to wend our way to Heaven together (leaving those to watch over their cares, who are ever more deeply burying themselves in the dark chasm of self)—*you* are overwhelmed with the cares of life, not those of selfishness, but of love and exertion for those nearest to you—*you*, who understand how to take advantage of every moment granted for raising the mind, and for the contemplation of higher existence, yet have often in the blessed long day not an instant in which to rise out of the flood of laborious avocations! That you yet ever continue fresh in capability is a peculiar grace of God, and your spirit is kept up by the consciousness of effecting good, and of the love and grateful veneration of the surrounding recipients of benefit, among which, the first, most blessed, and most thankful am I. But yet it is become clear to me, in these days of heaven's light, that so it must not go on. Our pilgrimage is now in the downward vale of life: let us try to secure frequent moments of solemn consecration, of taste for the higher consciousness, which presupposes leisure and repose. The intervals in which we used to edify and revive each other have become in the latter years ever more rare in recurrence—not because we have exhausted all utterance and feeling, so that only the earthly deposit of our married life remains—not as though we could no longer mutually kindle life and elicit sparks—*no;* but merely because the load of our earthly day's work has increased upon us, and its principal weight is thrown upon your shoulders. And that thought is oppressive to me; for with you I desire ever more and more to share the highest reach of spirituality—you not only understand me, but you fan, and clear, and purify the flame. In you and with you I shall ever be sure of finding the response to my better self. At this moment I know not how to help but by taking a larger share myself. I pray to be enabled to see more clearly, and that the way may be shown me. But you also, dearest, help me in this—think over our life, and tell me what you think. I hope to return to you, not all that I wish, a new-born, thoroughly earnest being, but refreshed and stirred up in my innermost life: clearer than before as to myself and my lot. Nothing is near in this existence but the seeming distant; nothing true but the highest; nothing credible but the inconceivable; nothing so real as the seemingly impossible; nothing clear but the deepest; nothing so visible as the invisible; and no life is there but through death. I could go on in this strain till the day should close; but its course is drawing me on—whither? To you, although by a circuitous way.

The feeling that would have prompted the suppression of the last letter has been silenced by the consideration that the object of these pages is to make Bunsen known, as no one ever knew him but the writer; and this effusion, in his beloved 'hour of prime' (to use his own language), is peculiarly characteristic. To the receiver it was so far a surprise, as she had not been aware of his even observing the amount of her avocations; he had probably been led to reflect upon this by questions mooted in conversation at Hanford with a lovely being, beloved both by Bunsen and his wife as an adopted daughter, of whom they had seen much in Italy, Louisa Ker Seymer, married in the following year to the excellent Edward Denison, Bishop of Salisbury, and taken away from the happiest married life in September 1841. The sense expressed by Bunsen of his wife's excess of labour and care never was less applicable to the case in question than at that time, when, under the shelter of the most loving and lovely of mothers, she was enjoying peace and leisure for uninterrupted attention to her six younger children.

From London Bunsen continued to write daily and fully; but of a large portion of these letters nothing requires to be extracted, as their substance related to his unwearied and successful endeavours to bring the facts of the Cologne case before the probable writers of articles in various Reviews, by communicating to them documents which he alone could furnish.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Travellers' Club: 4th December, 1838, six o'clock.

Here am I again in the midst of real life and business, speaking, hearing, thinking, feeling English, and therefore I write to you again in that shape. I have done a great deal of business since I sent off my last letter this morning.

I shall not go away until I have set all things a-going, but I have no mind to be detained here or anywhere else. I am as active and as bustling as a spaniel after dinner, and besides, am longing to be with you, both with my English and German heart, with head, and mind, and everything. . .

Saturday, 8th December.—I have been to Rogers, and saw his beautiful house and collection. It is not that poets are wealthy in England, but rich men write verses, i.e. measured prose. He is an amiable old man in manners, in whom the habits of mercantile life have helped to counteract that corrupt voluptuousness extending to intellect, so usual (and particularly in this country) among old bachelors delighting in the fine arts. My mind is in a balancing state, not quite sunk again in the common world, and no longer quite in the spheres of light. *Schelling and England* in the two poles of my existence are re-awakening the enfeebled electricity, and thus fresh life streams into the accumulated ballast with which I had loaded my vessel. I must endeavour to volatilise this, or I shall not stand the high seas; to rest in the haven of formalism and pedantry is once for all impossible. I feel that it were better to perish in the struggle with the highest, than lose a long existence among things of smaller value, and the deceptions of the moment. Take this as a moderate expression of what I feel much more strongly. The Lord has not guided me in both those ways in His wrath but with His eye of love; and may He grant me not to misuse the gifts of Heaven to follow mere inclination or the most inviting illusions of self and of sense! . . .

To the Same.

65, Wimpole Street, Thursday evening, half-past nine:
13th December, 1838.

Last night, at eleven, when I came from the Duke of Lucca, Gladstone's book was on my table, the second edition having come out at seven o'clock. It is the book of the time, a great event—the first book since Burke that goes to the bottom of the vital question; far above his party and his time. I sat up till after midnight, and this morning I continued until I had read the whole, and almost every sheet bears my marginal glosses, destined for the Prince to whom I have sent the book with all despatch. Gladstone is the first man in England as to intellectual power, and he has heard higher tones than anyone else in this island. To-morrow is resting day—places taken to Bath.

The remainder of the year, after Bunsen returned from London, was spent actively and happily. He applied himself vigorously to the State paper which he had been commissioned to write, intending to close and exhaust the subject of the Cologne disturbance, and untroubled by any prophetic consciousness that his labour would remain a dead letter, scarcely acknowledged, and possibly not even perused. Thus was he enabled to exert his native energy in the composition. Scarcely had this been finished, when he was desired to write a full opinion on the subject of the Law of Divorce. In the notes he observes:—'This work cost much time and money (to procure books of authority for reference), but both were gladly expended; and an essay, at least conscientious, was sent in. From that time to the present (the date, October 1839) not a line of acknowledgment has been received.'

From the moment of reunion with his family Bunsen carried out the intention, so touchingly expressed in his letter of December 4th, of sharing *as far as possible* in the family day's work; and the daily Scripture-reading, with explanation and comment from him, ushered in by one of the beloved Hymns, again became the morning rule, unavoidably fallen into disuse during the year of travelling and continual change of abode. Thus, for the first time since the departure from Rome, the home-feeling was in a degree revived at Llanover.

To Dr. Arnold.

Llanover: 4th Sunday in Advent, 1838.

The reason why I have allowed your dear letter of the 9th November to remain without answer is to be found less in the wandering life I have led since the 14th of that month, than in the unwillingness of the spirit to say to you I could not come,—together with the impossibility of saying the contrary. Being now returned to this my second home, I have worked so hard at my State paper, that I believe I can to-day fix a date which I longed to announce sooner. If nothing unforeseen happens I shall set out from hence the 4th January. . . .

Now, my dearest friend, those eight days which I hope to spend with you must be consecrated to the great object of our thoughts, the crisis of the age, if not exclusively, at least principally. I read in London Gladstone's book, in the night and following morning of the day it was published. It appears to me the most important and dignified work which has been written on that side of the question since Burke's 'Considerations.' Gladstone is by far the first living intellectual power on that side. He has left his schoolmasters far behind him, but we must not wonder if he still walks in their trammels—his genius will soon free itself entirely—and fly towards heaven with its own wings. I have sent my copy with some hundred marginal notes and effusions of heart to the Crown Prince of Prussia. You will see my thoughts run in the same channel with Gladstone's; his Church is my Church, that is, the Divine consciousness of the State,—a Church not profaned and defiled either by Popery or the unholy police regulations of the secular power. I have no doubt that the Church of England as she is and may be, according to her nature and history, is this consciousness for England. . . .

Bunsen to Platner.

[Translation.] Llanover: 24th December, 1838.

On this day, the evening of which we have ever celebrated in friendly union, I must address a greeting to you over sea and land. . . .

The spectacle of a great national existence, such as the English people alone have at this present time, is, in itself, grand and elevating; and to me the more so, as in the same measure as I recognise and admire the high superiority of the nearly-allied existence which yet is not the actual life to which I belong, the more I take in the full consciousness of what is to us, as Germans, individual, and rejoice in it. As to everything practical, high and low, we have only to place ourselves at the feet of other people, to contemplate and learn; and whoever loves to learn, and understands how to learn, will be taught here by the wisdom that walks the streets, by the very air that he inhales. It is another thing with philosophy. The power of thought belongs to us, the Germans, in this day of the world's history; I mean the philosophical consciousness of the life and of the reason of things divine and human in thought. There is, however, a general sense of the need of this here among the higher minds: Coleridge is looked upon among them as a prophet, and he has left sayings of high and deep intelligence upon these subjects, but single and unconnected.

This condition of enquiry and of development in minds at the present moment is infinitely attractive to me, and I am thereby brought into a new line of connection with men, to whom I was already closely drawn by inclination and opinion. I have travelled in many directions and seen many parts of England, and have passed over more than a thousand English miles, without ever sleeping a night anywhere but under the roof of old friends or of their friends. In a few weeks I hope to see the idol and admiration of all parties in the nation, the Duke of Wellington, whose works (eleven thick volumes, containing nothing but his official correspondence) best reveal the greatness of the man. . . .

To John Hills, Esq.

Llanover: 26th December, 1838.

I have sent Gladstone's work with my *postilla* to the Crown Prince. It is—in its principal bearings—second only to Burke's 'Considerations' in my opinion; still he walks sadly in the trammels of his Oxford friends in some points, e.g. the Apostolical Succession as identical with the continued series of Bishops, although there be a duly ordered presbyteral order, of which (as it is so easy to prove) the episcopate is merely a *branch*, apostolical but not scriptural, primitive but introduced into Church government *paulatim* (as St. Jerome says), in the progress of time, not at once. I wonder Gladstone should not have the feeling of moving on an *inclined plane*, or that of sitting down among ruins, as if he were settled in a well-stored house. The reason of these defects in his book I ascribe to the want of a deeper philosophy. It is the deficiency of the method of *handling ideas* in this blessed island which makes it so difficult for your writers, political and ecclesiastical, to find the seeds of regeneration in your own old blessed institutions, which to *preserve* you must *reconstruct.* This operation requires that the eternal *spirit* should be drawn out of the decaying or decayed *letter*, and Sir Humphrey Davy did not teach you that. How wonderful that separation is between *real life* and *ideal thought!* One ought to be the image and *Abglanz* of the other; and yet we, Germans, find it so difficult to construct reality with our ideal thoughts, and you English to see your own great reality in the light of that thought and to sublimate it (*verklären*) into that spirit which it embodies, and which to incarnate is the only good reason for its existence. . . .

The year 1839 began with the performance of some of the promises of visits which had been accumulating; but all could not be accomplished (and thus tempting invitations to Sandon and Castle Ashby were given up) within the few weeks which intervened before the meeting of Parliament, at which time Bunsen's inclination to be in London, to watch the supremely-interesting scene with which his thoughts had ever been busied at a distance, coincided entirely with the kind wish of Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily to receive him there as their guest. On the 4th January Bunsen and his wife with their eldest son set out towards Pusey in Berkshire, remaining by the way for one clear day with their old friend, Mr. W. Clifford, at Perristone in Herefordshire, and for another day at Gloucester with their esteemed relatives, the Bishop and Mrs. Monk. At Pusey they enjoyed the society of Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily for a fortnight, other friends being also there during a portion of the time. A glimpse of Oxford was also contrived for them, driving thither early, and returning at night. There they saw the rooms at Oriel inhabited by their eldest son, and rejoiced that their own flesh and blood should share in the advantages of a situation so ideally attractive to eye and mind as Oxford.

At Pusey, Bunsen and his wife parted, she to return to Llanover, he to finish his view of Oxford, profiting by the kind invitations to remain there on his way to rejoin Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily in Grosvenor Square, in time for the opening of Parliament.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Merton College, Oxford: Friday, 24th January, 1839.

I am luxuriating in the delights of Oxford—but have never more felt how I crave your presence. There has never been enough said of this queen of all cities. I have been received with the most friendly kindness. The Vice-Chancellor paid me a visit at once, and invited me for Monday, when Sir Robert Inglis is to dine with him. The whole day have I gone about with the different Heads, Wardens, Provosts, of twenty or thirty Colleges, to see the wonders of this Jerusalem. In the evening I dined at Merton Hall, and platonised with Sewell. I feel quite at home among the teachers of youth, and it is with and among such that I desire to pass my life. The 'Standard' has printed my letter. The 'Globe' has given a second article on the subject, in which is said, 'The Archbishop of Cologne had broken his word.' One is not an Englishman for nothing! even as a Papist, a man takes account of the truth. . . .

All Souls', Oxford, Monday.—This morning I have had two hours at breakfast with Newman. O! it is sad—he and his friends are truly intellectual people, but they have lost their ground—going exactly *my way*, but stopping short in the middle. It is too late. There has been an amicable interchange of ideas, and a Christian understanding. Yesterday he preached a beautiful sermon. A new period of life begins for me—may God's blessing be upon it!

35, *Grosvenor Square, Tuesday, four o'clock.*—I have seen the opening of Parliament, and the Queen,—a really beautiful sight. I had from Bülow a ticket for the Royal gallery: for to-night I have Lord Haddington's ticket for the Lords, and Pusey's for the Commons. Lord H. came to take me thither five minutes after I was gone. But the most important is what Bülow told me this morning, when I asked him whether he would advise me to go by Hamburg about the middle of March. 'You do not seriously think of leaving us? that is out of the question: I shall write to the King that I cannot maintain the war which is now only beginning. You must stay here at least till June.' I could only reply, that 'my leave of absence ceased with the end of March, when I should be expected at Berlin; besides which, I had no reason for staying, but many for going.' If he will write, and if they will send me the King's order to stay, *tanto meglio*—but I shall let that come of itself.

The King of Bavaria has commanded the Protestant soldiers to fall down before the Host. Those at Regensburg have refused; and the King allows the alternative of quitting the service or complying. A letter has been published (to Count Senfft, the Austrian Ambassador Extraordinary in London for the Belgian question) signifying that the Pope will never allow Roman Catholics (those of Limburg and Luxemburg) to be transferred to Protestant Sovereigns. Of both these things due use will be made here.

Lord Melbourne complained of me at Lord Holland's, saying, 'Bunsen is setting up the country against us—his article in the 'Quarterly' is in everybody's hands, and makes people mad.' Bülow endeavoured to soothe, saying 'that *I* had not *written* it, that the article was good and true, and he, Melbourne, would ruin himself and colleagues by opposing its cause.' Melbourne thereupon softened, but added, 'All the young people are growing mad upon religion—W. C., too, who preaches that article.'

Wednesday.—My first Parliamentary night is past. . . . Pusey arrived by 7,—after we had dined he thought it was too late for the Lords,—so we went together to the Commons, when the usher gave me a place on the benches opposite to the Speaker, behind the Members. . . I wish you could form an idea of what I felt. I saw for the first time *man*, the member of a true Germanic State, in his highest, his proper place, defending the highest interests of humanity with the wonderful power of speech—wrestling (as the entire vigorous man instinctively wishes), but with the arm of the Spirit, boldly grasping at, or tenaciously holding fast power, in the presence of his fellow-citizens, submitting to the public conscience the judgment of his cause and of his own uprightness. I saw before me the Empire of the world governed, and the rest of the world controlled and judged, by this assembly: I had the feeling that had I been born in England I would rather be dead than not sit among them and speak among them. I thought of my own country, and was thankful that I *could* thank God for being a German, and being myself. But I felt also that we are all children on this field in comparison with the English: how much they, with their discipline of mind, body, and heart, can effect even with but moderate genius, and even with talent alone! I drank in every word from the lips of the speakers, even those I disliked. . . . Sandon walked with me home: his house is at the opposite corner of the square. Pusey had only come in a quarter of an hour before, having been at another Club. To-day I am to go with him to an agricultural meeting at twelve; then to see Lord Harrowby, and try again to behold the face of Lady Frances Sandon: also try to get a little better dressed, which Tom says is absolutely necessary—not forgetting new gloves (he adds) and a better hat! Besides, I must see Gladstone. Read his beautiful letter; it will do you good to see what he says of Abeken. Goulburn had sung his praises already to Sandon in the same tone. . . . I feel like Antæus, the stronger for having touched the soil of my mother-land; for such I call and feel it—doubly blessed in having two moral parents as well as two natural ones.

Wednesday, 7th February.—I breakfasted to-day at the Aclands, with Mr. Wood, the working hand of the High Church Newman party—with an eagle-nose, fine and intellectual,—and Lord Courtenay. Then went to Gladstone with Tom, and was delighted with the man who is some day to govern England, if his book is not in his way. We are soon to meet *under four eyes*, which is the only way for becoming known to each other. . . .

Friday, 9th February.—Here, my beloved, is the answer of the Ministry: most obliging, and tolerably satisfactory. They make a secret towards me of the blow the Pope has given—but repeat wisely my own words, that the State paper cannot well be printed unless in reference to some *new* fact or event. . . . The Arnolds are here: he is to sit for his portrait to Phillips, from eleven to one, and I hope then to be with him. I am in all the misery of note-writing and visiting: my next week is entirely taken up. But I *will* go to Parliament, and I *will* see 'King Lear'—with Tom (!) and Pusey. . . .

Monday, 11th February.—I continue my Diary. Saturday Ashley took me to a meeting whose tendency and importance made that day one of the most important of my life. He and Sandon and others desire a lay-union for extension of Church rights; in order to call upon all lay-churchmen of England to stand up for two points—one, that the people shall have a regular education in parish and commercial schools: the second, that the schools shall be under the clergy, directed by a diocesan board, consisting of clergy and gentry, under the Bishop. Ashley communicated the plan to the Duke. 'You will defend the Church, and you are right,' he observed; 'but mark one thing: no frontier is good for defence which is not also good for aggression: take vantage-ground.' The hint was acted upon, as you will see from the 'Times' of to-day. [Bunsen goes on to describe several speeches: the important question mooted, the long discussions and their final result, belong to the history of England of that period. The merits of the case need not be dwelt upon here; only so much is inserted to show the intense interest taken by Bunsen in the subject.] . . .

. . . . On Sunday I went at eleven with Gladstone to his parish church, after which we began our conference, closeted in his room. He said it had been his wish that I should be prevailed upon to write a book on the present state of the Church of Rome—if not of the whole Church. I answered, that the first of a series of letters with which his work had inspired me had exactly that title and import: but I had rather begin with the second, the apostolical succession. This led to my *declaration of love* to him for having consciously thrown a stumbling-block in his own way as a statesman, and excited censure, because he came conscientiously to those consequences for which he was so violently attacked: and that I admired him (with permission for saying so), particularly as to the point on which I differed from him. At five minutes before three he stopped me, in order to introduce me to his father, who was pleased to hear from me what I was so happy to express to him about his admirable son. Then we went together to church, and heard a very good sermon from the Bishop of London: then returned, and again had a conversation alone together. . . .

As to the meeting between Pusey and Arnold, the latter could only come after breakfast, when there was merely time for half-an-hour's conversation; but this made both know and like each other, as each expressed to me.

I wish I could give you an adequate idea of the love and admiration I feel for Pusey: *admiration* for his extraordinary statesmanlike judgment, wherever he is, on the ground of his parliamentary life and business, in which he moves as a fish in the water; not less for his admirable temper and character: and *love* for his unspeakable goodness to me, as well as Lady Emily's. It is as if the house, and the life in the house, was for me alone; all is calculated (without showing it) to make me enjoy and profit by my stay here. In particular, he collects all papers, pamphlets, articles, &c., to make me acquainted with parliamentary business, and lead me into the perfect understanding of parties, persons, and interests. We want one thing alone—*time*; for I have little, and he *none.* A hundred things we settle to do, and for scarcely one can we find leisure. Pusey says it will be better later, but it appears to me that more stops of the organ are every day drawn out, and the music ever more complicated. . . .

Peel is not the genius, but the tactician and experienced captain of the Conservatives. He reduced the plan to this: 'You will give a Board an immense power to appoint, direct, found, &c., and you speak of liberty of education, accusing us of exclusiveness: now, I say, your system is an encroachment upon liberty: we will educate our children according to the doctrines of our Church, and so also those who willingly come to us; let all others do the same if they like; if they prefer to be governed by you, let them! We will not, and never will.' . . .

In a letter of February 16 mention is made of an invitation to make a speech at the great meeting of the Bible Society, and of Bunsen's unwillingness to promise, 'in the doubt of being able to say what he would most desire to utter.' The next day's letter, however, announces the 'maiden speech' as having been made and approved.

In the evening, at the great dinner they speechified me as a toast, and I had vowed to tell them a piece of my mind if they did so. So in returning thanks I told them on what great principles I presumed England and Germany stood together as to science and natural philosophy.

1. The most unlimited liberty in the investigation of truth. (Cheers.)

2. The ground for this to be, not the despair or mistrust of unbelief, but sound belief. (Cheers.)

3. That as historical science is blind without natural, so, *vice versâ*, natural philosophy is blind without philosophy of the mind and historical knowledge.

Then I commented upon the constituent parts of this assembly, in allusion to some remarkable individuals met together, with illustrious members of both Houses of Parliament, surrounded by men high in every branch of knowledge, and all connected with the object of the Society. This led to the conclusion. . . .

I omitted to write about my breakfast at Hallam's. Pusey, Lord Mahon, Macaulay (who is the Demosthenes and Cicero of the Whigs), Empson, and Kemble, the Anglo-Saxon scholar. I sat between Hallam and Macaulay, and the conversation was very lively and instructive; after breakfast its course was turned to what is now in everybody's mind—the Church. It was evident that Macaulay is writing the article in the 'Edinburgh' on Gladstone's book; he spoke with all the power of his mind (or rather *esprit*) on the subject. They wanted to draw me into the debate, but I slyly departed, not wishing to tell them all I knew on the matter, and desiring neither to give them arms against my friends, nor to withhold my opinion. However I may agree with the Whig party in single points, I disagree with them in the general view of things human and divine, and I know they are wrong in this, and will never go with me. They invited me to a session of the Central Education Society, presided over by Mr. Wyse (whose wife was a Bonaparte), but I declined. I will not let them know how far I think them right, as in the whole they will go the wrong way . . . the best are negative spirits. They are good for the purpose of keeping the Tories awake and within bounds; the worst is, they are in O'Connell's hands. It has been made out that O'Connell cannot be eloquent unless greeted by cheers from the opposite side; and in Parliament he is now heard in deep silence, and becomes weary and tiresome. . . .

Sunday morning.—Having prepared my second and third letters to Gladstone, I went to church with Pusey, after an interesting conversation at breakfast about Rothe's magnificent development of the idea of the Church in St. Paul and on Schelling. After one o'clock we returned, and discussed the Chronology of St. Paul's Epistles, and the author of the Acts of the Apostles till after six, when I lay down for twenty minutes to rest, so as to be fresh for Lansdowne House, whither I went with Hall at a quarter to seven. Lady Lansdowne most graciously claimed my acquaintance, and made me sit on her right hand, between her and Mr. Strangways, her brother—a singular person, very monosyllabic and cold at first, but who afterwards became very animated, and brought out a vast deal of information on architecture. The house is princely and tasteful. After dinner, conversation with Labouchere and with Lord L. on National Education (you know he is now Minister of Education, as President of the Board founded the other day). He said I must allow him one morning expressly to show his gallery of statues. Returned home twenty-five minutes before eleven, read the Epistle to Timothy in the Greek Testament, and went to bed. Rose at a quarter past six this morning (Monday) and wrote. Breakfasted with Pusey upon ham and speculative philosophy. I wish I could give you an adequate idea of the speculative talent and depth of Pusey. There is no Englishman I know who has studied this subject so much; he takes in Schelling as easily as Plato. . . .

Wednesday, 27*th February*.—On Monday (25th) we dined at Baring's with Lord and Lady Mahon (she is agreeable and handsome), Carlyle, Henry Taylor (the poet, and a clerk in the Colonial Office), Mr. Greville (Clerk of the Privy Council). The party was very pleasant. I made Lord Mahon tell me about his own works and studies. Amongst other things he mentioned that the Duke is so fond of children that he has always those of some relation for a month at a time in the country, and plays with them for hours at football, letting them plague him as much as they please, and is like a child himself among them. . . .

Friday morning, 1*st March*.—I breakfasted with Gladstone. Found Sir Stephen Glynne with him. We had a long conversation. I never speak English half as easily as when hearing him speak and seeing him. Of course we had not done till twelve, but I arrived at home in time to be fetched by Lady Raffles and Ella to Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate Street, to see Mrs. Fry.

I think, of all moments spent in London, the time spent here was the most impressive and striking to me. On the long journey thither I had a conversation with Lady Raffles, in which I felt again more than ever all that she is. . . . [Many particulars are given of Crosby Hall, and the arrangement on this occasion of a bazaar of work and books to be sold for the benefit of female prisoners and convicts.] In the middle, near the front stall, stood a tall, large figure, about 60 years of age, with eyes small but of sweet and commanding expression—a striking appearance, not plain, but rather grand than handsome. This was Mrs. Fry, my favourite saint. She promised, when we had made our circuit, to find a place in which we could have conversation; and this she did, in a gallery overlooking that *glorious* Crosby Hall. When she stopped speaking, I said something expressive of my feeling as to her work of love, and further ventured to say, 'I have for many years wished to convince myself why you could and should not devise measures for making such great and blessed efforts as yours, for so grand an object, independent of yourself,—to form something that might survive you.' 'First read the book which thou hast bought, and then let me hear thee. I will see thee at my house, and I will take thee to Newgate with me.' Then she said, 'I will see thee off; but I must go to my stall: I have now rested.'. . .

Monday morning, 4th March.—[The first passage of this letter is in German.]—My beloved! I must, on the morning of this day address to you a few lines, to have a sort of dialogue, in spite of the cold distance between us.

May God bless you abundantly, and by penetrating you more and more with the consciousness of His love, reward you for all the love with which you make your husband and children happy! May He more and more draw out of your heart the sting of care and of anxiety as to that future which belongs to Him; and give you strength and power to commend all things with a cheerful heart into His father-hand! May He grant you joy and blessing in all that is most dear to you, and suffer your children all to thrive and flourish! When I utter these wishes and prayers for you I have need to double the supplicatious for myself! . . .

Sunday, 10th March.—I found a note to announce that Mrs. Fry would set out on her journey to the Continent next Wednesday, and wished first to hear from me what hints or letters I could give her. I therefore resolved after church to go to Upton. The two ladies approved my suggestion that they should drive me thither, and with me see Mrs. Fry, to whom Mrs. Ward had been introduced at Paris, receiving also an invitation to call upon her in England. . . . . (*Continued on Monday morning, seven o'clock.*)—At Mrs. Fry's door the servant protested that she could not see anybody; yet we were let in. Mrs. Fry came, much fagged, but friendly. I began my statement of a plan for her journey, quite different to that which had been made out for her; she took my hint instantly. I gave her a picture of country and men from Stuttgard to Elberfeld, and before I reached Heidelberg she said, 'That is settled, I must go that way.' Then I took courage, and told her of Köpf's establishment for lost children at Berlin, of the deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, &c. 'But the most interesting subject,' I said, 'is the present state of the Moravian Brethren—a matter I have for fifteen years longed to discuss with you—they should cease to be a *sect*, and become an *order*.' I explained and enlarged; she said, 'I think that would just be the thing—but dost thou think it can be done?' I replied, 'I think it *must*, and if it be the intention of Him who rules His people, it *can*.' After further reiteration in general terms she fell into meditation, and then said, 'It would be a beautiful thing—a great blessing. I now feel what thy friend Lady Raffles told me; I ought to have seen more of thee—thou shouldst have been under my roof; I should have gone to High Wood to meet thee. I am sorry for what I have missed; shall I ever see thee again?' Then, having put on her long black cloak to go to their meeting, she took my hands and said, 'Farewell! may God be with thee in all thy ways, and prosper all thou doest.' It was an impressive and solemn interview, and we all felt the power of her character. I came home by six, dined with Pusey, and then read with him till eleven. . . .

Bunsen returned to his family and his mother-in-law on Wednesday in Passion Week, and passed a bright Easter-time with them at Llanover, of which nothing further can be said, than that he worked energetically at the project of a Law of Divorce demanded of him at Berlin, as to which subject he had been collecting materials and opinions. Early in April he returned to the affectionate hospitality of Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily, now established in Hertford Street, instead of their previous abode (the house of Lady Lucy Pusey) in Grosvenor Square.

Bunsen to his Wife.

23, Hertford Street: Tuesday, 16th April, 1839.

So I am again, my most beloved, in the midst of this last stage of my *Wanderjahre.*

When I was just about stepping into a fly, at seven o'clock, at Birmingham, to go to the inn (no train proceeding till half-past eleven at night), Mr. Lee stood before me —summoning me to his hospitable abode; he had arranged with Dr. Arnold to keep me there, as it was out of the question that I should reach Rugby that day. I found Lake of Balliol, and we had a delightful dinner and evening there till one in the morning. I breakfasted with Mr. Lee at seven, and by nine had mounted the mail with Lake. At Rugby, Mrs. Arnold and some of her children met me on the meadow. It was truly a reception of friends. Dr. Arnold gave me the continuation of his work on the Church, which furnished ample materials for conversation. When discussing the University system, it struck me that on the 20th, when the Cathedral question comes on, four stalls might be detached from different cathedrals to be attached to either of the two Universities. My idea was approved —and I plan preaching this to my friends, to try whether I can gain them over to it. I wish that besides the two Divinity Professorships and the Hebrew Professorship (all well endowed) there should be two for the New Testament —one for Ecclesiastical History—Greek and Latin Professorship, &c. . . .

Thursday morning, 18*th April, quarter past six.*—My beloved—among the many comforts you bestowed upon me during our last meeting, there was one, greater than you can be aware of,—I mean your way of approving my resolution as to Berlin, and your expressions about Usedom's communications.* I did not express my feeling to you, because I thought it unreasonable to be pained by being told plainly what I knew before and foresaw, and *faithless* to indulge a sentiment of this nature. As to Berlin, I should have waived all my reluctance, had you urged me to go. How could I read that letter of the Crown Prince without feeling all my heart's affection and gratitude flow towards him who wrote it?

The debate has not advanced an inch the second and third day—it will perhaps not end before Friday. Grote and some others say openly, 'Shall we overturn the coach?' Grattan made a theatrical but eloquent speech, and concluded well.

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* The faithful Usedom had written in low spirits as to Bunsen's prospects, and represented him as given up by all his former friends, who took it ill of him not to force his way back to Berlin.

On coming home I found a most cordial note from Sir Robert Peel, in answer to mine, inviting me again for Saturday, and saying 'he would try to collect a few persons whom I might be pleased to meet.' Pusey says he never knew of such cordiality on the part of Peel. . . .

Bunsen to his Wife.

Monday, 22nd April.

What an invaluable letter you have sent me! Don't think me cruel for longing for an entire letter from you!—it is the fixed point of the day and the centre of my thoughts. But I am not ungrateful for a mere line, and you have sent me so many, with all your occupations, and the languor you experience—least of all am I thankless for any utterance of love, however brief: the fact is, I cannot do without an uninterrupted continuance of the accustomed intercourse and conversation. . . .

Tuesday morning.—I have risen early to write to the Minister, and acknowledge the receipt of the papers, saying that I should require a leisure interval of several months for the work entrusted to me (a detailed opinion upon the several documents, and in general upon the conception and treatment of the matter).

My dearest love, the way will be shown to us; but let us look back, and say whether it has not been hitherto one of continued mercy? . . . . I know that all will go on well, so as to enable me to do what is my call to perform, if I am only not faithless. Pray for this, with me! . . .

The literary world has not its proper position! No thought beyond things tangible. Buckland is persecuted by bigots for having asserted that among the fossils there may be a pre-Adamic species. 'How,' say they, 'is that not direct, open infidelity? Did not death come into the world by Adam's sin?' I suppose then that the lions shown to Adam were originally destined to roar throughout eternity! . . . .

Sir Robert Peel's dinner-party was really a very gratifying event to me; it was the conclusion of my attendance on that very long debate, the subject of which was naturally the leading topic for him and his friends. But he said besides many good things; for instance, that the present English style was usually so conventional and so little classical that he believed in future times the book chiefly to be quoted out of this period as classical, as a sample of 'good racy Saxon,' would be the collection of despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington; they were written merely to utter in the simplest manner what he had to say, without being in any degree *apprêté*. To-day I shall call on Lady Peel, and leave her my plan of reading for her daughter. I have nothing further to tell, but that I wrote twelve hours, then refreshed myself in the Green Park, and in the evening with dearest Pusey. He is a most *unique* union of a practical Englishman and an intellectual German, so that when he is speaking in one capacity, one might think he had lost sight of the other. . . .

Thursday, 5th April, four o'clock.—. . . . The extract from my essay is in the press; I went through it to-day with the publisher. I have been invited (through Lord Ashley) to speak at the meeting of the Church Missionary Society, and to move a resolution. I am resolved to accept whatever offers in this field, and see whether I can be of use; and how far the strength of my pinions may sustain me. . .

Saturday, 27th April.— . . . I shall write an opinion (as to the Divorce Law) to be comprised in not more than from four to six pages, but such as to be a witness against them. . . . . I want to make Abeken translate Gladstone's book, and I would write the preface myself, at Fox How or dear Llanover, this summer; I will write it as for my beloved Prince. Pusey was struck with three words that the Prince put together about the Church of England, her '*beneficent, limited sufficiency*' (*ihr wohlthätiges, beschränktes Genügen*). Nobody but himself could express with three words the whole state of things. Old Bader at Munich has written a book, 'On the Emancipation of Catholicism from Rome.'

Wednesday, 1st May, eight o'clock, evening.—I must write to say that I have got out of one of the most difficult tasks I perhaps have ever laid upon myself, with God's help, much better than I had anticipated. You know I had written a speech to be read on the *Natale di Roma*, on Rome and Niebuhr's history, with which Pusey was much satisfied. Now, having to treat the same subject another day, I intended to make the speech a complete exposition of the German system of historical criticism, and of that of Niebuhr in particular. Monday I set again to writing, finishing all up to the conclusion, and yesterday I revised all and wrote the close—it was half-past nine when I had done. Then we breakfasted, and Pusey revised the second part—it was fifteen minutes before one when we had finished. The lecture went off very well. . . . My treatise on Niebuhr's Roman History, however, cuts deepest to the quick; Pusey says it is the best I have yet written. After the meeting, Sir Thomas Acland, Lord Northampton, and Lord Burghersh spoke, to express to me the thanks of the Assembly, in the name of all the English who had been in Rome. The speech of Sir Thomas moved me greatly; he said, 'He not only gave us to enjoy the hospitality of one of the most agreeable houses we ever visited, but he also raised the tone of social life among our countrymen.' At home I found Pusey rejoicing in my success. I dined with Lady Emily alone; afterwards I lay down and slept till nine, and then set myself to write my speech for Exeter Hall; but presently found that one cannot force nature to generate and produce. . . So I went to bed, and rose (this morning) at five, wrote the speech—eight full pages—and copied it out; it was then eight o'clock, and I endeavoured to get it by heart, in which I found I could not succeed. I went to breakfast at Sir Thomas Acland's, and arrived at Exeter Hall ten minutes past eleven; however, they had reserved a seat for me next to the Bishop of Winchester. . . .

Some things were said, just bearing upon my two points:

distribution by means of colporteurs (that is, by hawkers competent to read and explain, if admitted, not merely book-hawkers), and having training-schools for such, by the Moravian Brethren (as I should suggest); and the peculiar enmity of the Papal hierarchy to this Society. The Bishop of Winchester spoke well; Lord Glenelg made a beautiful speech: after him, an American clergyman, speaking so heartily as to delight the hearers infinitely. It was rather cruel, that they made me speak after their two best orators, but there was no choice. I know not how I managed, but I delivered a speech of about forty minutes with tolerable fluency, and I think I *did* say what I meant to tell them, in parts better, in parts less successful than the written speech: beginning and end almost literally as it had been written. I was very much cheered, and cordially thanked by the directors. . . . I have had a delightful letter from Usedom; —*The Capitol is to be retained:* Buch's proposal has been rejected. God bless you! *Do* write me a letter!

Friday morning, 3*rd May*.—I am in the greatest hurry, as this morning I have been lazy and slept till eight o'clock, and Ashley fetches me at half-past ten to the Jewish Missionary Society, and then I have to fly like a whirlwind till dinner time. . . . I inclose you my speech, begging you to write it out, and retouch it as you think best, according to the sense. What is added is what I spoke *extempore*, making the whole a response to the report read. At Lord Bexley's dinner I had the delight of sitting next to Lord Glenelg; he was in very good spirits, and we two *serious* persons attracted general observation by *laughing* the greater part of the dinner time! . . .

The daily letters, and regular journal, failed not to rejoice the heart of the receiver, up to the date of her own arrival in London on the 15th May: but although there exist full details of the animated scenes which Bunsen so ardently enjoyed,—with enumeration of interesting names among his new acquaintances, of delightful social meetings, of ever-fresh occasions of collecting materials for contemplation, and for drinking in knowledge of men and conditions at the fountain head,—further extracts would seem unnecessary.

This period of residence in London was in many respects a climax in life to him. Never could a more decisive opportunity have been granted to a man for experiencing and actually measuring what his own personal place was in society, reckoned according to moral weight and intellectual ascendancy. He may be said to have been the object in England of the homage of a nation, eagerly and affectionately granted to himself alone, in the face of circumstances which might have proved adverse. He had arrived, to all appearance, a man of ruined prospects and broken fortunes: supposed to have no chance for the future but through the favour of his own Government, which he seemed to have forfeited: yet hailed and cherished as he was in the first instance by the friends who had learned to love and value him in Rome, their animated interest in him and their persevering kindness brought by degrees, from all sides, characters the most various as well as distinguished, within the sphere of his influence.

The name of Joukoffsky often occurs both in Bunsen's own and in other contemporary letters: he was in London in attendance on his illustrious pupil, then the heir apparent, now the Emperor of Russia, and Bunsen hailed the opportunity of renewing his intercourse with that man of worth and genius, and of most original and attaching individuality, whose acquaintance he had made six years before in Rome. A farewell letter from Joukoffsky contains the remarkable expression, — 'Conservez toujours votre cœur d'enfant! Vous êtes le premier enfant de cinquante ans que j'ai jamais rencontré.' The observation was strictly just—and that 'heart of a child' —warm, trustful, hopeful, was not reserved to feel the touch of age, and that of death had no power over it!

A contemporary letter of the 17th May records that—'Joukoffsky fetched us at ten o'clock to view the pictures of Lord Francis Egerton.' Thence Bunsen proceeded with Joukoffsky to witness a trial at the Old Bailey, after which he was invited to dine with the Sheriffs and Judges and intended to stay in case he should find among the party one of the Judges, from whom he had been told that he could procure much of the information wanted on the Law of Divorce. 'The evening of the 19th May was spent with Mr. Pusey and Lady Emily, in the company of Joukoffsky: when a card came from Lord Palmerston, inviting Bunsen to his dinner-party on the Queen's birthday. This Mr. Pusey decides must not be declined: and thus the time intended for Cambridge will be cut short. At Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Herbert's, at Ickleworth, on the way thither, we are to dine and sleep on the 22nd, then see what can be seen of Cambridge on the 23rd, and return on the morning of the 24th to London.'

On the 5th June Bunsen had the high enjoyment of hearing the 'Messiah' of Handel for the first time as a whole: he had heard single pieces out of it, but in his earlier days the entire composition was never performed in Germany. The authority of German composers, well acquainted with the style of executing the music of Handel in both countries (for instance, Mendelssohn and Neukomm), may be quoted for the fact that only in England is the Handelian tradition in real existence; and there alone, in the execution of passages of whatever character, that degree of force and energy, and that powerful light and shade, is preserved, which prevents the grave and solemn from sinking into monotony, and the mournful from degenerating into the puling and mourning: communicating every emotion as it ought to emanate from the human mind—in fulness of tenderness, of awe, of applause, or of heroic resolution, without being oppressed or overwhelmed, and without losing dignity.

A visit to High Wood, near Hendon, gave an opportunity for commenting upon 'the dignity, the order, the quiet activity, the calm cheerfulness, with which Lady Raffles ruled the house, the day, the conversation;' and the place and its neighbourhood were full of those memorials of the honoured dead, which served to enhance the natural beauty of the prospect and the interest attaching itself to the residence of Sir Stamford Raffles. The ground of High Wood must have been trodden by the footsteps and hallowed by the life and sorrows of Rachel Lady Russell, even though no family recollection exists to mark the spot which she inhabited, when she dated some of her letters from *Totteridge*, a village lying near. But the beautiful portion of original wood, in which Lady Raffles's friends have enjoyed walking with her, contains within its precincts a chalybeate spring, walled round, and marked by an inscription as having been inclosed by *Mistress Rachel Russell*, at a date when the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Russell must have been under twelve years old: yet there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition that the mother should have caused the work to be performed as a public benefit (the healing quality of the spring being in repute among the poor), and assign to it the name of her daughter instead of her own. Moreover, in that wood there is a spot evidently cleared of trees in a regular circle, from the centre of which (as the lower class of inhabitants, at the time when Sir Stamford Raffles made the purchase of the ground, still remembered) a previous proprietor, about the middle of the last century, had caused the loose stones to be removed which had formed a 'monument to the memory of the gentleman who was beheaded.' This piece of forest might have been a portion of Lady Russell's own large Southampton inheritance: as an original Russell property, it is gone out of remembrance.

Contemporary letter from Oxford, at Oriel College, while staying with the Provost and Mrs. Hawkins.

10th June.

Yesterday, Wednesday, 12th, was the great day of conferring degrees. Breakfast at nine, then arrived the Arnolds from Rugby. Bunsen having put on his uniform with the doctor's crimson robe over it, the Provost conducted the ladies to the theatre, and then returned to accompany the procession of Heads of Houses, &c., which however, entered not till after eleven; but the intervening time lacked not variety of interest to those waiting, first from the contemplation of a building the most perfect of its kind, a piece of living harmony in forms and proportions, enveloping and showing with the greatest advantage of light and shade the various subdivisions of spectators. The whole scene recalled paintings of Tintoretto or Paolo Veronese, with the superior effect of reality of life and light. . . . As the Doctors and Heads of Houses marched in, they were differently greeted—some with applause and some with hisses; but on the appearance of Dr. Arnold, applause long and loud took place, with but one solitary attempt, soon drowned, at disapprobation. Then the Vice-Chancellor (Dr. Gilbert, since Bishop of Chichester), a man of fine person and grand deportment, spoke in Latin to announce the individuals whom the University designed to honour; he was interrupted by applause at the names of Herschel and Bunsen, loudest and longest at that of Wordsworth; and when he had finished, the appointed persons, with their staves of office, marched off to fetch the persons to be honoured, and returned with them in procession. . . .

This morning (Thursday, 13th) Sir Thomas Acland knocked at the door before we were quite ready to be taken to New College Chapel; the morning beautiful, the chapel, chanting, organ, all exquisite; in the Cloisters one would gladly have gazed longer, but we were bound to return to breakfast. Every walk in Oxford is an inexpressible treat—leisure to enjoy would have been all that could have been wished—and yet how much has been enjoyed without leisure!

On Saturday, 15th June, a sunny drive of twenty-nine miles brought Bunsen and his wife and son from the hospitality of the Provost of Oriel and the varied attractions and excitements of Oxford, to

Claydon, and a reception of cordial kindness from Sir Harry and Lady Verney. On the 17th June the party (increased by George Bunsen from Pforta) arrived at Rugby, whence, on the 19th, they accompanied the Arnold family to their beloved and beautiful abode of Fox How, near Ambleside, Westmoreland, where the remaining days of the month were passed in a constant succession of social and intellectual enjoyment, heightened by the habitual view of scenery, such as was capable, unaided, to have filled and occupied mind and time, rendering that short period an inexhaustible store of matter for remembrance and thankful meditation. The grand character, the impressive, commanding nature of Dr. Arnold were then well taken in, fully estimated, and honoured to the full extent of its rights and claims; and, happily for those who contemplated this great and good man, they knew not that this was the last opportunity they had for seeing him in comfort. After this date, except for a short glimpse, Dr. Arnold was not again seen by Bunsen. Could but the manifold interest of the conversation of Dr. Arnold, the cheerfulness of the social meal-times, the animation of the exploring walks, the variety of information communicated by the mind which never slumbered and never seemed weary—the grasp of intellect for which no subject was too great or too insignificant, as long as the prime interests of humanity were affected by it—the ardent longing after yet more knowledge, yet more capaciousness of spiritual comprehension—could all this and more but have been described and commemorated, as the hand of Bunsen alone could have described the man whom he admired and honoured! But it was not to be! To the fortunate auditors, however, of much of this rare intercourse nothing was more striking than Dr. Arnold's power of putting questions, and exulting in having an associate before whom he could lay any difficulty upon which his mind was at work. 'No one can guess,' he said, 'the amount of gratification in being enabled once again to learn, when one's life's business is perpetual teaching; when the occupation of communicating to the ignorant the little one knows more than they, leaves little or no leisure for labouring to diminish one's own ignorance.'

By the beginning of July Bunsen was again in the temporary home of his family, with Mrs. Waddington, in Monmouthshire, and received shortly afterwards the announcement of his appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Prussia to the Swiss Republic. The close of Bunsen's notes (on the transactions, the result of which had been his removal from Rome), after mention of the commission received to work out an Opinion on the Law of Divorce, and of his having, 'after considerable expenditure of time and money, effected and sent in at last a conscientious treatise on the subject, on which no comment had been made, nor even its safe arrival announced'—contains merely the communication of the fact, that 'the pressing solicitations of the Crown Prince for an appointment for him, the persevering hatred of his opponents (preventing, it may be supposed, his being named for a place at Berlin), and the faithful good will of the King, had effected his nomination to the post in Switzerland.'

This was beyond comparison the best provision that could have been made for Bunsen, under all the circumstances of the case; and he certainly estimated justly the kindness thus evinced towards him, and affectionately responded to the well-judged decision of the King, even though there was pain in the consciousness of being excluded from Berlin—in the probably long delay in the renewal of personal intercourse with the Crown Prince, and in the apprehension (so soon verified) that he would not again meet the benevolent glance of the King. His short comment on the nature of the office bestowed upon him, in the Notes so often quoted, had best follow here:—

'The direction received for his conduct in Switzerland was—to do nothing. Bunsen vowed secretly to follow up the line pointed out; and did, to the best of his knowledge, avoid the exertion of any political influence, without being indifferent to the condition of things in the country. The Pope's Nuncio, in combination with Austria, endeavoured to stimulate the Catholic Cantons to enter a protest against Bunsen's nomination; but he soon succeeded in prevailing upon his Austrian colleague (Comte de Bombelles) not only to lay aside his apprehensions, but to cause the cessation of attacks upon him in the ultramontane periodicals. He neither wrote in his own defence in the papers, nor did he cause anything to be written for him. Meanwhile slumber fell upon the project of the law of marriage and divorce, and deep sleep upon the Roman relations!'

Extracts from letters will show that the remaining months of his residence in England continued to be filled with vivid and varied interests. On the 17th July Bunsen was again at Oxford with Mr. Pusey, having been invited to witness a great meeting of the Agricultural Society. At this meeting, Bunsen in a letter to his wife states, that when the toast of 'the Agricultural Society of England and Lord Spencer' was proposed, with great cheering, Lord Spencer

Returned thanks in a beautifully simple speech, saying his whole heart was in farming, and his happiness to live among the farmers of England. He then said, the Association had much to learn from other countries, especially from Germany, France, and Belgium; and then he named me individually, proposing the health of the foreigners present. Mr. Webster not being there, and I having been named, I was obliged to make a speech: on rising, I found I had friends in the room, for I was much cheered. I then said, how much this union of all classes and occupations struck me—that *there* was the strength of England, the agricultural interests being the basis of the social system—there was the power of the empire, whose greatness must be dear to every friend of humanity. Now, you should have heard the burst of applause! The gentlemen and farmers began to communicate observations on agriculture—and did it amply; the farmers speaking in most genuine language of their own, and with good John Bull humour. One (from Sussex) challenged all England with a hundred oxen; Lord Spencer accepted the challenge for next year, but insisted upon their being shown alongside. . . .

Monday, 22nd July.—I took George on Friday to see

'Othello.' Kean and Cooper played much better than I had expected. Saturday we saw St. Paul's and Westminster Hall—my dear boy overjoyed to have seen each. Then we saw the 'School for Scandal,' an infinitely clever piece, masterly and classically performed. It reminds both of Tom Jones and of Hogarth; it bears the character of the eighteenth century—great depravity, great elegance and cleverness, and no genius. I think, after all, there is more genius in Molière than in Sheridan, but much more acuteness in Sheridan than in Molière. Sunday morning I conveyed George to the steamer—saw the Reverend Mr. Peacock of Cambridge, and recommended George to him. . . . . Then Lepsius and I went down to Greenwich, philosophising on language—the day beautiful; returned by eight to go to Chelsea to dine with Hamilton, where we met Millingen and Gerhard—returned by twelve on foot. . . .

The remainder of July was spent in the same animated succession of interests and occupations, the day following the last date being marked by 'a delightful conversation of two hours with Dr. Lushington, whom I am to see again to-morrow, and who has in the meantime collected all books that I want still to know and read: our principles as to that question agree almost entirely.' Early in August Bunsen returned to Llanover, where he had at last leisure to rest, after his fashion of resting—applying himself with all his power to the execution of the commission received. A cheering event to him and his family was the reunion with their sons Ernest and Charles, for the former of whom a leave of absence from his regiment was obtained for a few months, to accompany his parents into Switzerland, while the latter had been withdrawn altogether from the Blochmann Institution at Dresden, to carry on his preparation for the University under his father's special superintendence. A visit from Lepsius at Llanover again enhanced all other pleasures; and at length, the day before the festival of the Crown Prince's birthday, Bunsen departed from the maternal home, for some concluding days of business in London, accompanied by Lepsius and his two sons —forming a joyous company on the top of the stage-coach.

The last day and night in England, 28th October, were passed by Bunsen and his wife at the Palace, Salisbury, with the Bishop and his bride (their beloved Louisa Ker Seymer).

Thus was the remarkable first period in England closed, in thankfulness and hope, with reviving prosperity.

Bunsen to (Dr. Edward Stanley) Bishop of Norwich.

Llanover: 19th August, 1839.

. . . I enclose to your Lordship the letters of introduction which your son has desired to receive from me, and which I am happy to give, in order to procure to some of my most honoured friends the pleasure of becoming acquainted with one of the most distinguished and amiable young Englishmen I know. I always rejoice when I see that intellectual union between the two nations increase, from which alone, according to my firm conviction, the world can hope (humanly speaking) to get out of its political and spiritual confusion.

Allow me to avail myself of this opportunity to submit to your kind consideration some thoughts respecting our common friend Dr. Arnold. Having had the happiness of passing some weeks with him, partly in Rugby, partly in Westmoreland, I feel on the one side more than ever elevated and edified by that rare union of a clear intelligence, great acquirements, and deep piety, which must ever endear him to his friends, and command even the respect of his enemies; but also, on the other side, I cannot help being oppressed by the moral certainty those visits have given me, that he must sink at no remote period under the pressure of duties and occupations each of which requires separately the life and strength of a man strong in mind and body, to be carried through for long together. It is useless to say in what a manner he fills his place as headmaster of a school which he has made from a very indifferent one, if not superior to all others, certainly inferior to none in England. Besides (not to speak of his duties as the loving father of a numerous family, over whose education he constantly presides) he preaches every Sunday elaborate sermons, as the Christian public knows from the volumes which are printed. He is engaged in classical editions of the most important and difficult Greek authors; the second edition of his Thucydides being almost ready for the press: and last, not least, he has begun a work on Roman History, in comparison with which Gibbon's undertaking is a trifling task, it being in fact nothing less than the History of the World through eight centuries before, and as many after, Christ. This work I consider as the great task of his life, as one by which with few others the learning, feeling, and in general the intellectual and moral standard of England and English thought will once be fixed, when all the bustle of party shall have subsided, and many an usurped reputation be forgotten.

Now it is my decided conviction that he will sink under the weight of the work, if not relieved from the duties of his present situation. If this is possible, it must be not only an object of the wishes of his friends, but worthy of the most earnest consideration of those who preside over the destinies of the English nation and empire. I am aware that it is impracticable to place him on the episcopal bench; I add, that were it even practicable, I should as a friend not wish it for him. In the present state of the Church of England where the Chapters have no share in the immense charge of the administration of a diocese (as they ought to have according to the Canons, and as they actually have in the Roman Catholic Church), the Bishop who is conscientious has no time for writing historical works, scarcely for reading them.

But it strikes me from what I have been enabled to observe in this country, that a Deanery is the very place for a man like Dr. Arnold. For in vain have I looked around to discover such a place for him, as would be his in Germany, and which I must consider as the real destination of so eminent a literary man. I mean a Professorship in one of the two Universities, giving an honourable position with a competency and an opportunity, by holding lectures, of exercising those functions which are the most healthy for a literary life. There is no such place in England! A Deanery would ensure the means of providing for a numerous family; it would be equally honourable to Government, to the country, the Church, and himself. It would, moreover, insure leisure to him, thus granting the truly enviable *otium cum dignitate* which is all that the mighty of this earth can give to a man of genius and character who honours his age.

If such a Deanery could be found vacant near a good public Library, and, if possible, a literary establishment, it would be ideal. Durham would perhaps be the most desirable, not only because it is 'the golden Deanery,' but because it would give an opportunity of usefulness to a young institution, which still wants the sanction of a great literary name; and also become a compensation for the loss of that communication with the rising generation, in which Dr. Arnold so much delights at Rugby.

Here, my dear Lord Bishop, you have the whole current of my thoughts. I knew I might allow them free course in addressing you, the more so, as I never have had any conversation, or other communication, on the subject with Dr. Arnold himself. But I am of opinion that if such a situation could be offered him, he would accept it: and I know that the success of his literary career and his very life are incompatible with his remaining many years more at Rugby. This belief and this conviction seemed to make it almost a duty to me to communicate my ideas on that subject to your Lordship. As to the theological prejudices against him, they are visibly dying away;—how unjustly he has been dealt with on this score also, his six letters to the editor of the Hertford paper, on Chartism and the remedy against it, would prove even to his opponents.

CHAPTER IX.

RESIDENCE IN SWITZERLAND.

THE HUBEL, NEAR BERNE—RECEPTION BY THE DIET—SWISS POLITICS—LETTERS TO ARNOLD—BEUGGEN—THE CYMREIGYDDION.

THE period occupied by the residence of Bunsen with his family at the Hubel, near Berne, is strongly distinguished from the previous and subsequent conditions of their existence. It was attended by circumstances of peculiar comfort and benefit to all, and was looked back upon with affectionate thankfulness, even in the case of Bunsen himself, to whose taste and wishes it was by no means consonant. He was truly grateful to the kindness of the King, Frederick William III., for putting a term to his ambiguous condition, by appointing him Envoy to the Swiss Confederation, in July 1839 : but this, in itself so desirable a position and provision, was incompatible with his sanguine hopes of employment at home ; for, strongly as events had spoken, they had not yet brought conviction to his mind, that he was a person out of the question at Berlin, and that Berlin was a place out of the question, as a sphere of action, for him. Besides, he had formed an estimate, which subsequent experience justified, that to follow up the internal transactions of the Swiss Confederacy demanded the same amount of study and attention as the public business of any one of the governing Powers of Europe; and that reports the most carefully digested, and views and opinions the most deliberately formed, failed to command the interest of the Berlin Cabinet. Deeply painful as had been the transactions between Rome and Berlin, they were concerned with the highest interests of humanity; and Bunsen felt less the pain of a life-enduring personal wound, than the privilege and satisfaction of having laboured in matters of evident European importance. Unwelcome to him, however, as was the settlement in Switzerland in itself, yet the journey thither was gladly undertaken, as a return to home life; for the months spent in England, although full of causes of gratitude, and always looked back upon with deep affection to individuals and localities, had not the recommendation of having furnished an actual, independent, family-existence to the wanderers, such as they found at the delightfully situated Hubel, a solitary country-house, standing on its own hill, looking across richly wooded and cultivated tracts of country towards the entire group of the summits of the Bernese Oberland in their eternal snow.

Bunsen and his family left the beloved shore of England at Southampton, and crossed over to Havre on October 29, 1839, on the way to Paris, resting one day at Rouen, where the architecture and situation of the town, and particularly of the noble cathedral and the faultless church of St. Ouen, made so deep an impression upon him, that he often afterwards urged upon travellers to make a point of seeing Rouen, as 'the Nürnberg of France,' and, with the exception of that town, unequalled in picturesque effect.

A few lines transcribed from a letter of Bunsen's to his mother-in-law, dated 'At the Hubel, December 1, 1839,' express his feelings in looking back upon the remarkable period passed in England.

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

. . . If poor words had been necessary to make you aware of what I feel when thinking of the thirteen months passed with you, or near you, I could not have reached Paris without having written—but I am sure they are not required. I could not say a word when we parted, for it would have been choked by emotion, and have called forth emotion. What do I not owe to you! and still I may say I am thankful for owing so much to you—to her whom my heart owns as a second, a true mother. Your kindness, and the happiness with which you surrounded me, rendered the memorable period which has carried me over the great crisis of my life one of the happiest I can remember—happy, from the affection I enjoyed and felt—happy from the enlivening impressions I received—happy from the strength and spirit I felt to undertake and to perform my work!

. . . This house is a God-send—meeting all our wants. The view of the Alps glorious, and the weather most mercifully mild. . . . Things are improving in Switzerland; I find I had judged the events of Zürich rightly—it is an admirable and almost unparalleled popular movement. Besides, without it I might have had to fight the Pope again here. He had stirred up the Catholic population to protest against my nomination, and they had already persuaded some Protestant deputies to join them, when the scene and ruling influence were changed, by the whole Jacobin-atheistic set of Zürich being routed by the 20,000 psalm-singing peasants. I have been received with great distinction, and have reason to anticipate the same at Zürich, where I am to make my solemn entry and speech, the seat of government being at the present moment there. . . . The contrast in passing from the Catholic Jura to Protestant Neufchâtel was great: it was Sunday—on the French side the roads (in a horrible condition) were crowded with wheeled conveyances for enormous trees, perhaps fifty or sixty in number, accompanied by loud swearing and quarrelling drivers; on the side of Switzerland, in the same tract of country (a brook forming the boundary), the same race to the eye, the same language to the ear, but all quietness, peace, mildness, and cleanliness; bells were ringing, and the population going to church. How *thankful* I felt that we had to wait at the post station, because the postillions were gone to church! I was ashamed of our travelling, and yet so glad of the visible proof of being in a really free and Christian country.

In this beautiful land of strangers (in the sense of absence of personal acquaintances) Bunsen found one esteemed associate of his Göttingen years in Professor Ziegler, a native and resident of Berne, since deceased; and at Christmas, as soon as possible after the settlement at the Hubel, Professor Gelzer, of Basle, was the first of many guests received under his roof. With what is called general society Bunsen and his family had little communication, and yet they never were in want of such a degree of social intercourse as was suited to their own habits and occupations.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Zürich: 10th December, 1839.

. . . Our first day's easy journey brought us to Aarau at five o'clock, where, the Session of the Great Council having begun, we obtained with difficulty a narrow resting-place; and the same unanticipated political activity deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing the celebrated Zschokke, who was occupied in a committee and offered to come and see me at eight o'clock the next morning, whereas I was bound to be seated in the carriage by half-past five.

The sun having succeeded in penetrating the fog, we saw the finely-situated Baden, and entered Zürich in the finest weather, where at the entrance, which I remember only surrounded by shabby receptacles, now stands a fine post-office and an hotel opposite, whence, after we had satisfied our hunger, Thile sallied forth to announce to the 'Chancellor of State' my arrival, and communicate the transcript of the King's letter. At five o'clock came the Chancellor and Secretary of State to make their visit, and announce the desire of the Council to bid me welcome to-morrow, the President proposing Thursday at twelve for the audience, and inviting me to dinner at three o'clock. The Guard of Honour is appointed to grace the front of the hotel for two days, according to custom; in short, all is arranged in high ceremony, the personages at the same time kind in manner. . . .

Thursday, 12*th December*.—Yesterday, first of all I made the sketch of my speech, the spirit moving me to issue forth from the accustomed hollow phraseology; and address to the Confederates a few words, speaking the exact truth. . . . I should have preferred to have left the paper, in order to speak freely what the moment suggested, but I considered it my duty to impress the written words as distinctly as I could on my memory, as the affair was not one of my own. Besides which, an inspiriting assembly of hearers is essential to unpremeditated speaking and to fluency of speech altogether: in addressing a small number of unknown persons one is at a disadvantage. Meanwhile the brightest sunshine spread over the hills, and the good population of Zürich crowded the streets and open places.

Battalions of troops, roll of drums, waving of hats—no point of ceremony was left out. . . . After my address I received a well-expressed reply from the President, full of veneration towards the King and of good-will towards me, the close of which was: 'Thus I bid your Excellency be welcome in the name of the Government of the Confederacy, and of the entire Confederation.' I hasten to have a look at the lake in the sunshine.

Bunsen to One of his Sons, in Schulpforte.

[Translation.] The Hubel, near Berne: Christmas, 1839.

Read not too much of *modern* writers: Schiller's dramatic and lyric poetry and Göthe's earlier verse, and Shakespeare—especially the historical pieces—are all good food; but the ancients are, and remain, the main thing. Beware of losing sight of the historical. But, above all, seek to be firm in grammar; otherwise, for the rest of your life, you will feel the want of a strong foundation. Practise the construction of German with an enquiring spirit; for in the present irruption of barbarism into the style of writing (approaching to the corrupt German of the pageant period of Louis XIV.) it is more than ever needful to be sure of one's means of defence. Be not over-careful about forming a style: the style is the man himself: whoever thinks clearly, and seizes a subject honestly, will write well: all else is wind and emptiness.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

The Hubel, Berne: 25th January, 1840.

Thus I am at last established, if it please God, for good, at the foot of the Alps, my dearest friend, and my pen goes in the direction which my heart long since had given it. After having laid the basis of my social, political, and domestic life, I can begin to resume my own private life, with my books here, and my friends abroad.

. . . Here are twenty-five political bodies—all sovereign

—and an Union besides, revolutionising and revolutionised since 1798, and particularly since 1830. My predecessor had left me the legacy of two fresh revolutions (Zürich and Wallis), and Tessin welcomed me to the third. My predecessor was gone: I knew less of the recent events of the Alps than of the ancient ones on the Nile: fifteen newspapers came in upon me daily, to inform me how much I had need to know before I could simply understand them. Disdaining to gain information by sacrificing existence to the nothingness of diplomatic life, I set my mind upon instructing myself in the way that we philologers are forced to examine into ages past, and I think I have succeeded. At Zürich I found friends in politics and religion, and true Germans, among the heads of the new Government, which has been the effect of one of the noblest and purest of popular movements. They enabled me even to learn things, of which my colleagues were not informed; and I think I am now so much at home that my political studies come in only for their regular share in the six days' work, which is all right. . . .

How I feel with the Swiss peasant, who inscribed on his house:—

Bewahr diess Haus, Sanct Florian:
Zünd andre an, lass dieses stahn!

If there must be revolutions their patron saint might kindle them elsewhere (of course our two countries excepted). *I* have no time for them, and Switzerland has had her full share of that blessing—so much so, that the idea of government and law is almost vanished, and must be recreated, which is not easy. . . .

Let us write to each other regularly, once a month, *à la fortune du pot*—whatever subject first offers itself. I cannot live without regular communications to and from you.

Bunsen to One of his Sons.

[Translation.] The Hubel, near Berne: 23rd March, 1840.

. . . . You are approaching a solemn day, the most serious and the holiest as yet of your life. The ancients expressed well the fact, in saying that everyone is in his Baptism inscribed as the combatant of Christ, but in his Confirmation receives the arms with which he is to contend under the banner of Christ. No one has a right to the excuse, that the duties are unknown, or the sacredness of the engagement, not considered. Your paternal friend, the honoured and excellent Professor Jacobi, gave you an excellent pattern in the life of Dr. Heim, whom I have often seen at Berlin. But first and last I would have you look up to the model above all others, Jesus Christ: think of His sufferings for us sinners; and grieve not His spirit by unfaithfulness. There is nothing that can support the fiery trial of temptation and of suffering, which is before you, but the belief in the revelation of God as Love, in the person of Jesus Christ. Let not mockery and scoffers lead you into doubt—they are judged: and be not chilled by the coldness of those around you, but rather pray that by the sincerity of your striving after right, and the perseverance of love and patience, you may be found worthy to make the way to the Saviour easier to them.

Friends you will find on the way of life, if you make them an object of prayer. There is no gift on earth more precious than faithful teachers and friends.

Bunsen to Dr. Arnold.

The Hubel: 22nd April, 1840.

. . . They have made in Switzerland a new revolution, or rather accomplished one begun last year, in the Valais; this has given me more to do (that is, to write to Berlin) than usual. When in the Holy Week I had despatched everything, I took up the work begun at dear Fox How, my

Order for Scripture reading, or Annus Dei, to try whether I could this time succeed in getting through the prophets—viz.: bringing each vision to its right chronological and historical place; it has been five times a Sisyphus-labour with Isaiah; this time I hope I have succeeded. . . .

We enjoy our existence here as the happiest we ever had, with thankfulness, and in the most glorious weather and congenial air; we are busy all day, and read in the evening with the children. I can do more here in a day than in the life of Rome in a week. The Muses require leisure and a free mind, and the search after knowledge requires the whole man, at least for the time. The material to be conquered is immense, and still one begins only to live after having got through it. How my heart and soul would rejoice if I ever saw you in a situation such as mine, I mean of *otium doctum!* Believe me, my dear friend, I am no prophet, but my feeling has rarely been wrong in such matters. *You can do* impossible things, such as publishing the second volume of your 'Roman History' in this year, when it was scarcely begun last year—a fact that is, indeed, as surprising as joyful to me; but you will never accomplish the whole work as you so nobly have conceived it, in all its extent, and as a *κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ*, unless you soon find a place of leisure. Your work must be complete and must be a sterling work for all centuries; but you will have for it only the ordinary period of strength allotted to other mortals. I feel as sure as of my existence that you will sink under it, if you overstrain and divide your energies, as you must do now, for a longer period. Forgive the boldness of a friend!—but what can I give you but the conviction of my soul? . . .

To the Same.

The Hubel: 3rd June, 1840.

. . . . The Crown Prince has sent me a letter of twenty-eight closely written quarto pages, containing his whole creed and system of government as to the Church. My two vols. (MS.) have excited great sensation; he caused them to be read to him in a committee, of which three persons were in many points opposed to my views: this made him study the matter thoroughly, and moved him to write that letter.

. . . I am convinced the King ought not to employ me as Minister, at least not of Ecclesiastical Affairs. The Ministry of Public Instruction, if separated, I should feel courage to accept, and it need not kill me. There, I understand and respect the machinery which exists; which is not the case with the Church; and with my feeling in the latter instance one may be a prophet, but one is not fit to be a practical statesman. What I should like best of all would be to be President of a Royal Commission for Church and Public Instruction, without having to undertake the administration itself. . . .

The decease of Frederick William III., an event significant in its bearings on all sides, and peculiarly on the life of Bunsen, shall be rather recorded here in words written at the time, in a letter which has been preserved, than by any reminiscence.

13th June, 1840.

. . . . For a whole week we have been expecting the close of a life, important to us among so many others:—and Bunsen had been overcome since Tuesday last by emotions very different from those the world in general would attribute to him. It was on that day that the account came of that convulsion of the chest, which nobody supposed the King could have outlived as long as has really been the case: then we felt, that however death may be anticipated, nothing can prepare one for it—and the consciousness that the eye is closed which beamed with so much kindness—the hand is cold from which so many benefits have been received—and the spirit fled which operated much good, and willed nothing but good, during the long course of union with the body—fell with force unchecked by uncertainty. Bunsen has felt that a period of his own life is closed; and whatever crisis calls upon us to be aware that the past has quite passed away, is in itself awful, even without concomitant circumstances, in the present case weighty indeed. He has not only lost his beneficent Sovereign, his paternal benefactor—but also the Crown Prince, whose friendship equalised the difference of rank and condition. Whatever the present King may be to him must in the nature of things be something different to what he has been. The value is thus, if possible, increased of that wonderful letter, or rather volume, received so few days since: to various parts of which Bunsen had been writing a succession of letters in reply, up to the day which marked the necessity of a close. . . . From what he knows of the present King's character, he believes that he will make no violent changes at first, but begin his own government with his father's Ministers.

The 'letter, or rather volume,' here referred to had been mentioned, as follows, in a letter dated May 30, 1840.

At last M. de Thile is returned, having been detained at Berlin, from whence it seems invariably difficult to get away as soon as intended. He has brought to Bunsen an unique letter from the Crown Prince—endorsed 'A long letter and a short one, for Friend Bunsen'—containing twenty thickly-written pages, and put into a leather case with a peculiar lock—which the Prince sought out in the presence of Thile, by way of envelope, and which he charged him to tell Bunsen was intended for him as well as the letter. This letter is a commentary on the voluminous communication of Bunsen at the end of last year—inimitably clever, and satisfactory beyond anticipation, as showing the Prince's satisfaction: his deviations and modifications apparently constituting no essential difference of opinion, and the expression of general convictions and views being such as do one's heart good—to say nothing of the exquisite kindness of the whole.

This passage is transcribed as containing a faithful record of Bunsen's own feelings and opinion at the time equally with the preceding: but an observation shall not be withheld which the writer of these lines has had much opportunity of making, on the subject of the 'satisfaction' expressed, and the coincidence of views and convictions believed in, and often insisted upon, in the course of that remarkable and voluminous epistolary correspondence which subsisted so many years, and which is no doubt all safely preserved in one or other of the Archives at Berlin. At some future time the whole of it will prove an object of deep interest, whenever some future historian shall be permitted to inspect it. There were many points of similarity, as well as of sympathy, in the minds of the royal writer and of him upon whom he bestowed the honour of his confidence and of his correspondence. Each possessed the power of manifold development and expansion of the matter which occupied thought and feeling. With King Frederick William IV. the deep-seated root of opinion would be continually growing and branching out into an almost boundless luxuriance of vegetation. Then Bunsen would seize upon some portion of this growth and hold it fast, and, with his rare gift of combination, he would argue and demonstrate its connection, whether seeming or real, with his own 'heart of oak.' He endeavoured to prove, that taking for granted the positions so brilliantly stated and so eloquently elucidated, the results would be so and so, varying greatly from the deductions of the royal writer, who late, if ever, gave up his belief in the possibility of persuading Bunsen to adopt views as his own, or to co-operate in measures which he himself best knew not to be those advocated by Bunsen. It seems due to the cause of truth, that the only surviving witness to the spirit and tenour of letters to which reference is impossible should give the testimony of her belief, that although the receiver was under deception, yet he alone was to be blamed. The sanguine nature of Bunsen bore him on for years over the difficulty of disguising from himself the fact, that from the opinions of the King such results could never proceed as he had calculated upon, and as he considered essential to the well-being of Church and State. But this present date of June 1840 is far antecedent to the period when 'hopes too fondly nursed were rudely cross'd:'—and how indistinctly as yet the purposes of the new Sovereign were discerned is shown in the remarkable circumstance of Bunsen's being the medium of recommending to Royal notice and to promotion his future opponent, Professor Stahl. The opinion formed by Bunsen of the capabilities of Stahl, as a writer, to carry on active opposition to the current of infidel writings and lectures, at that time exercising such general and perceptible influence, must have induced the invitation to the latter, in the summer of 1840, to give him an opportunity of forming his personal acquaintance by a visit at the Hubel. A full report of the impression made by Stahl, during the two or three days of this visit, will of course exist in the collection of letters addressed to Frederick William IV.—but no notice of it has been found among Bunsen's own papers. The result, however, was, that Stahl was recommended to the King, who from that time ceased not to look upon him with favour, and in time advanced him to that post of honour and power, as member of the supreme council on ecclesiastical matters, in which he so perseveringly laboured for the destruction of the union between the Lutherans and the Reformed Church, which Frederick William III. had hoped to secure upon sure and lasting foundations.

To those most nearly connected with Bunsen, and most devoted in attachment to his memory, the explanation of the cause of this, one of the greatest and most widely operating mistakes of his life, would be matter of more interest and curiosity, than it is likely to be to the public at large:—but that he, the earnest advocate of the Union,—who, far as he was from being satisfied with the Church-regulations of the late Government, yet considered the Union as the first step in advance in the right direction—should have proved to be the means of bringing forward a strenuous opponent to their free and popular development, was indeed a singular fatality.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Basle: Tuesday, 30th June, 1840.

. . . Here do I sit, in dear, quiet Basle, with the hills of the beloved German fatherland before me. . . . At Solothurn, embosomed in verdure, under the grand rock-wall of the Jura, where we changed horses, the great Ursula Church, above a high flight of steps, was before us:

I had been told it was beautiful, but found a building after the pattern of S. Ignazio and the other Jesuit churches. Behind the church we entered a narrow defile, formed by primæval forces in the disruption of the Jura-chain, reminding me of the clift of the Adige-valley: to the narrowest part the name of *Kluson* (the *closing*) is given in each place. Then at Liestal, the fine valley of the Rhine opens upon us, with German hills on the further side. The air was delicious: at six o'clock we alighted at the Stork—found Inspector Hofmann waiting to invite me, first to come to the place of general greeting, and secondly to receive the hospitality of Frau Merian, who, with her late husband, has formed a principal support of the Mission-house. . . . I accompanied my honoured and gifted guide to the Antistes Burkhardt, with whom I found assembled about eighty persons, from France, Germany, and Switzerland, seated in a circle, of whom he enquired in succession, beginning with the nearest, first the name, and then the matter, as to which a communication would be asked or offered. Valette gave a message of friendly greeting from the Société Evangélique, and thanks for aid from Christians of Southern Italy—speaking German fluently. When my turn came, the Antistes named and welcomed me, and I replied shortly that I had long wished to see this establishment, and was glad to be enabled to return thanks in my own name, and that of many Protestant Christians in Rome, for the fraternal sympathy evinced at Basle—the gift of Testaments in 1830, and contributions to the hospital. The Antistes replied—'We have all long wished to behold you face to face; you have laid a foundation of life for the Gospel Church, which will not perish; our hearts and our prayers have been with you throughout the trials of the latter years, and will continue to follow you. May the Lord bless you in all your undertakings!' You will believe that I was much affected, for these were not empty phrases. . . .

To the Same.

[Translation.] The Hotel Baur, Zürich: 5th July, 1840.

. . . . I proceed with renewed powers, after a night's rest, to the continuation of my account. As I told you, the first day of the festival at Basle is dedicated to Israel. Strangers and natives are seen flocking in together, but the larger portion of the inhabitants of the town keep back (from meetings with a religious object), considering the thing solely as a party-movement—and thus it is with German Christianity among the people in general, with few exceptions. . . .

About 250 persons collected—one or other of the proprietors of Basle kindly giving a private garden for the purpose, the master and mistress themselves receiving the guests and distributing tea, bread, milk, beer, and cherries fresh-gathered from the trees on the spot. There peasants from Würtemberg and Alsace might be seen mixing with clergy and professors—having come twenty or thirty or more miles to this most real festival,—kindly received among the higher-placed and wealthier denizens of the city. The greater part of the company wandered about, the prospect of the Rhine and the German hills and the picturesque town before them: by degrees groups were formed,—where one began to speak, others stood to hear, and animated interlocution, French or German, was heard on all sides. While I was in conversation with Major, a very aged blind woman (resident far beyond Strasburg) eagerly greeted him, as recognising his voice, which she had heard years before when he had preached at Strasburg, and had sought in vain to hear again. I stood for some time eating cherries out of the same basket with a Suabian carrier, who had much to relate of his wanderings, and entered most earnestly into the deep interest of this meeting of partakers in a common Christian faith.

The second day, Wednesday, was devoted to the heathen: but nevertheless the Committee of the Jewish Mission met at eight o'clock in the morning, to communicate experiences and proposals among its own members,—and the quiet earnestness of this arrangement attracted me. I went in to hear, but after others had spoken I was asked to speak, and felt that I had no right to keep silence. I told them of Italy, and then of London and M'Caul,—and could not resist notifying my favourite idea of arranging a Jewish-Christian-Apostolic Synagogue, with school-teaching in Hebrew, or in the language of the country,—by means of which, without violence, to work against the Rabbinical Synagogue, and to point out a possible future for the existence of the Jews as a nation. I spoke also of the fine elements of worship in the Jewish Liturgy, their Psalmody, and the active part taken by the congregation in prayer and Scripture reading as their office and privilege. Hausmeister, from Strasburg, Dr. Bahrdt, from Calw in Würtemberg, and others, eagerly consented. Among all discouragements, it is a comfort to know that the women (among the Jews) are now taught to read, and permitted to join in prayer—whereas formerly even the mother and mistress of a family had nothing to do in house-worship but to kindle the Sabbath-lamp on Friday evening, and extinguish it on Saturday. . . .

On the last evening the Mission Society receive all guests in their own garden, and give them tea. I was at first in the inner hall with Hofmann alone, where, besides the portraits of missionaries, lie the remains of the bomb which proved the founder of this establishment and that at Beuggen. When the French were obliged to raise the siege of Hüningen, on their retreat they wantonly threw the destructive missile towards Basle—but it burst near the Leonhard-gate, outside the city wall—and, in memory of the merciful deliverance of the town, a number of individuals resolved to combine for the formation of an establishment for the propagation of the Gospel; and thus arose, in 1816, the Mission-house here, and the Reformatory at Beuggen. . . .

A few words of explanation seem necessary in order to understand Bunsen's extreme interest in the establishment of Beuggen. One of the awful consequences of a condition of long continued war and oppression, little commented upon but widely felt, was the reduction of crowds of children to a state of savage life, in various parts of Germany; they wandered about like homeless dogs, seeking any and everywhere the means of supporting their wretched existence. Their dwellings and parents having perished in the horrors of war, the communities to which they had belonged could no more be discovered, and the distress was too great and general, even in towns and villages which had not been reduced to the last extremity, to enable them to afford efficient charity to vagabonds who had become the pests of society. This lowest condition of human misery moved the compassionate heart of Johannes Falk, of Weimar (a man of genius, the admired associate of Göthe), to give up the brilliant world of wit and letters which he had delighted in and adorned, and to devote himself to literally 'snatching the brands from the burning,' by receiving into his dwelling, and into his very life, beings repulsive from physical and moral impurity, upon whom he bestowed first of all bodily relief, and then sought to bring these outcasts to the knowledge of the love of God and of His patience towards His fallen creatures, by the experience they had made of the love and patience which he, a mere man, was capable of exercising. This is not the place for enlarging upon this subject, I mean the first of the many reformatory establishments now existing, the principle of which was, not to compel by severity the adoption of good practices (as if such a course could succeed), but the conquest of the reprobate spirit by the influence of humanising kindness, by habits of wholesome industry, and by the development of the higher faculties. It was during the calamities of war that Falk commenced his labour of love, and immediately after the conclusion of the general peace Zeller offered himself for a life of self-sacrifice, in order to rescue the outcasts who roamed about the country round Basle. His position in life was that of an official in that town, the income of which place secured a maintenance for himself and his family. This he gave up in faith and confidence that, in doing the work which he felt to have been put in his way by Providence, the necessaries of life would never be wanting. His wife entered with the same ardour as himself into the new line of irksome duty, and the numerous family grew up into efficient assistants to their parents. Like the school in Halle, founded for the destitute in the beginning of the eighteenth century, by Aug. Hermann Franke, and like the orphan establishment still flourishing near Bristol under its founder, George Müller, that of Beuggen has neither funded property nor any regular income, and the pupils and their directors live day by day on voluntary gifts, cultivating their land, but never laying by money; and the faith of the Director has never failed, nor met with disappointment. Neither poverty nor riches,' but 'food convenient for all' has been the portion of all.

Bunsen to the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone.

The Hubel, Berne: 3rd August, 1840.

. . . . Let me now thank you in the name of all Christians, and of all well-wishers to the glory and welfare of England, for your indefatigable efforts to rescue your dear country from the eternal reproach of the opium question. You can scarcely be aware what good you have done, in enabling the friends of England abroad to maintain their ground against her numerous enemies, all Romanists, Atheists, Jacobins, of all colours and nations, Montalembert and his friends at the head, throwing that question in our face, as proving the humbug and hypocrisy of all pretended Christian profession and works of the English nation, as abolition of Slavery, Bible and Missionary Societies, &c. I have thanked God, that Sandon and all to whom my heart and soul are attached in England followed the same course with you.

After a long and animated argument on the Eastern question of that day, he proceeds as follows:—

It is surely impossible not to see the finger of God in the foundation of an English Church and a congregation of Christian proselytes on the sacred hill of Jerusalem. And would you do nothing to avail yourselves of political conjunctures which it is not presumptuous to term providential in their coincidence with those symptoms of Zion's revival?

You may now without an effort obtain for Christianity in the Sultan's dominions, not only liberty and privileges, such as Christian Europe fought for in the middle ages, but even territorial property, indispensable for the maintenance of the first. But, whatever you do, let not party politics lame the hands of England! She holds the balance of Europe under that condition. . . .

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

The Hubel, Berne: 13th November, 1840.

I am most thankful to be able still to write to you from this charming place of quiet and leisure. . . . I certainly had been led to suppose I should be called to Berlin for October 15, by no inferior authority than that of the King himself, whose words, transmitted to me by a most confidential agent, implied much more than my mere presence at that great epoch. I am assured that the intentions of the King have undergone no change, but the unexpected readiness shown by the Pope for an amicable arrangement of the Cologne affair having brought on Conferences on that subject at Berlin, to be held during this winter, the King could not send for me, as it would have appeared to the Pope a hostile rather than a peaceable measure; and besides, would have brought me into open opposition to the majority of the Ministers of his late father—most of whom he yet retains. The new Minister of the Royal House, General von Thile (my very faithful friend), wrote to me soon after October 15, 'If the King did not give you on that day a sign of his love and esteem, it will have been for your now good and for the King's good, and I know that this second reason will satisfy you.' The King has not written to me directly, but sent me word that he intended to do so, desiring me in the meantime to be convinced of his 'most friendly dispositions,' and consulting me about the negotiation with Rome—the agent appointed to go thither having orders to pass privately this way and take my advice. The King has entrusted me besides with a negotiation about calling men of literary distinction to Berlin in his name, and has on my suggestion already nominated two, and desired Humboldt to write to me on the subject of the measures he has in view. . . . I am thankful beyond measure for the present prospect of being left quietly here, till the spring at least, to continue my Egyptian researches and those on the Gospels; for, once removed hence, my leisure will be at an end, perhaps for ever.

The letter notices the extreme excitement produced by the insolent tone assumed by the periodical press of France in anticipation of speedily recovering the Rhine as a boundary. As an effect of this, the song 'They shall not, shall not have it—our free, our German Rhine!' was sung to one melody or another with ever-increasing enthusiasm, from one end of the country to the other; and the prose ejaculations accompanying this music and poetry spoke of nothing short of the re-conquest of Alsace and Lorraine, and of dictating terms by means of the army of united Germany, alone and unaided, at the gates of Paris. Then it was that the brilliant eloquence of the new Sovereign, whenever he had occasion to address his enthusiastic subjects, led the German mind, beyond the limits of his own dominions, to connect its habitual speculations with the splendid apparition of a monarch so gifted with every quality and so worthy of love and admiration: and a vision of German unity accompanied this general, though brief, intoxication. A lady of authority in matters of fact, as well as high in rank and mental gifts, declared (in 1843) her conviction to Bunsen, that during the two first years after Frederick William IV. came to the throne he was 'master of the situation,' and might have effected anything in Germany as leader of the public feeling.

The summer and autumn of 1840 were marked in the memory of Bunsen and his family by many opportunities of enjoyment gratefully entered into and prized at the time, and in subsequent periods looked back upon the more affectionately as having passed away not to return. They had never before been enabled to reside in a place which they were not obliged to leave in search of refreshment during the fine season; whereas the Hubel afforded a fixed home, so situated as to facilitate excursions of short duration into the finest scenery possible, yet itself commanding such splendour of nature as not to admit of a craving for change; and the advantage, to the growing-up sons and daughters, of the uninterrupted tenour of daily existence in the midst of varied means for the acquisition of knowledge suited to the needs and tastes of each, was duly felt by all, though by none so much prized as by the parents, who best knew how rarely such periods of animated leisure occur in the working years of life, and who luxuriated in the contemplation of what Niebuhr terms, with reference to Roman History, the golden time of development—'Die goldene Zeit des Werdens.' On looking back upon this year in Bunsen's life—a time of vigorous purpose, of energetic occupation, of activity not debased by struggle, of action unhindered by the necessity of resistance, of 'rejoicing as a giant to run his course,' of overlooking, as from a vantage-point, the regions to be traversed, the intellectual provinces to be won, the mental victories to be achieved—the remark suggests itself, applied by Silvio Pellico to his friend and fellow-sufferer—'Quel fiore di salute, o come appassì!'

Four days spent in the Bernese Oberland in July, and in August a week divided between Geneva and

Neufchâtel (besides the journey to Basle and Zürich), made out the sum total of Bunsen's absences from home.

At the Hubel many valued guests were received in succession, among whom none were more prized than the Rev. Frederick Maurice and his first wife, and Arthur P. Stanley, then young in years, but in whom Bunsen already discerned the promise since so nobly expanded and perfected. The birthday of the new Sovereign, on October 15, was cheerfully celebrated at the Hubel, under the gathering gloom of the early winter. The first sprinkling of snow appeared on that festival-day; and, soon after, the arrival of Neukomm, valued as a friend and associate full of sympathy and intelligence, and delighted in as originating and stimulating the daily pleasure of music; of Henry, the beloved eldest son (who came to the Hubel after taking his degree at Oxford); and of Lepsius, the favourite associate of Bunsen in Egyptian studies—contributed in various modes and degrees to the energy of life and of social intercourse which bid defiance to the severity of a winter of a rigour unusual even in that mountain region, and also to the gloom, worse than the cold, caused by the long-enduring fogs rising from the Aar, and filling every space up to a considerable height on the hills. A visit of two days made by Bunsen and a few members of the family at the Hubel to Mr. Morier, at Thun, was marked in their recollection, not only by the social pleasure there enjoyed, but also by the personal experience of the depth of the fog which concealed the lake even from the view of a house separated from the water only by the breadth of the road. A walk of three-quarters of an hour, every step of which was uphill, through a portion of the forest which shook down the hoar-frost like hail upon the passengers, brought them to a point where the Jungfrau showed clear and massive in the full grandeur of eternal snow against the deep blue sky, 'the solar beams reflecting cloudless,' nothing else being visible but the smooth and level surface of the sunlit masses of vapour, from which the giant-mountain seemed to rise as from a bed of down.

CHAPTER X.

MISSION TO ENGLAND.

AUDIENCE AT BERLIN—BISHOPRIC OF JERUSALEM—ARRIVAL IN LONDON—QUEEN ADELAIDE—LORD PALMERSTON—PUSEYISM—DEATH OF MRS. DENISON—DUNCHURCH—LETTER FROM SIR ROBERT PEEL—DINNER TO BISHOP ALEXANDER—VISIT TO WINDSOR CASTLE—APPOINTMENT AS MINISTER TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.

IN April 1841 Bunsen was summoned, not unexpectedly, to Berlin, to receive by word of mouth the commands and instructions of King Frederick William IV., for a temporary mission to England, 'which would be explained to him in person.'

Bunsen to Mrs. Waddington.

The Hubel, Berne: 5th April, 1841.

Thus, my dearest mother, I am coming to my Fanny's country, as you might perhaps have wished to see me come the first time—as the Envoy of my Sovereign. Of all diplomatic missions this is the only one which I am thankful to have, it being merely on a special occasion for a short time, as is expressly stated to me. I thank God, besides, that I did not come so the first time; for I could only prove by entering the country as an individual, and rather against the tide, that I had friends in England *as Bunsen.* And again, if I had not been there, and had not been received as I was, the King would probably not have thought of this mission. Whatever the object is, I am sure it is an agreeable one, for the King wishes to give me an opportunity of success in the world. I believe I shall be in England by May, and again at Berne by July. . . . I am just finishing the last chapter on the 'Basilicas,' the former part being in the press. The last volume of the 'Description of Rome' passed through my hands the other day. Lepsius left us a week ago, taking with him the first volume of 'Egypt,' written between the 1st and 27th of February: since which I have been printing the form of worship for the Holy Week.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Naumburg: 26th April, 1841.

At length I can write to you upon a course the most important and difficult, perhaps, that I may have to undertake, before that which shall lead to the grave: and yet the smoothest and most joyous—for I have been borne as by angels thus far.

At Basle I saw many friends; on all sides one felt the spirit of the Mission-festival ever active. Early in the morning the thought was clear and living before my soul, that the King had called me with a view to do something in the Holy Land; and that it might be the will of the Lord, and probably would be that of the King, that in Jerusalem the two principal Protestant Churches of Europe should, across the grave of the Redeemer, reach to each other the right hand of fellowship. . . . The centre of the thought of all hearts is the Holy Land; and many assured me that with prayer and with true affection they look to Frederick William IV. . . . At Frankfort, Sydow, the faithful friend, awaited me, and we went together to Radowitz, of whom I enquired whether he knew the object for which I had been called to Berlin? He answered, 'No!' and I rejoined, 'Neither have I been informed, but yet I believe I know,'—and I told him my supposition. 'Then,' said he, 'the King has already set me to work for you;' and he brought out the Memoir, written by him from the King's dictation, in French, in March, just as it was sent in to the four Great Powers on the 30th of that month, as the King's Address to European

Christendom, on the subject of the so-called Sacred Places in Palestine; which was met, and blown to the winds, by a witticism—'Ce serait établir une Cracovie religieuse.'

Then did Radowitz give me a description (modelled in bronze, with his own well-known plastic power) of the condition of minds awaiting me at Berlin. Those of the Royal family he portrays as more favourable than I anticipated: elsewhere much of hatred and mistrust, and yet more of fear. But as of all these I feel in myself nothing but what I may hope with the help of God to overcome, I have no apprehension. . . .

The letters of Bunsen to his wife were more abundant than ever during this period of absence; but of these deeply interesting effusions little can be extracted to serve the purpose of completing the picture of his mind and life. The mere fact of his being called by the King was a cause both of joy and triumph, when the circumstances are considered which interposed a barrier, seemingly impenetrable, to his return to Berlin.

Bunsen's inner consciousness expanded and dilated in the genial atmosphere of the King's presence, and his eminent power of being happy had rarely been more fully called forth than in the intercourse with the King granted to him during the five weeks to which his stay was extended. In the golden *Now* of the beginning reign hope ruled the hour and grasped the future; and the complications, the contentions of principles, the clash of highest interests, which were not long in making themselves felt, were 'hush'd in grim repose.' The demeanour of the King towards him exemplified throughout the sentiment conveyed in his own original utterance previous to the meeting, 'I hunger and thirst after Bunsen!' On the 2nd May Bunsen was received in the most affectionate manner in the Palace at Berlin, and conducted by the King into that same inner chamber, to the same spot which he had occupied at the last interview on December 2, 1837, where, after a few words of kindness, the King's voice was choked as he alluded to the death of his father, and the degree of emotion in both needed silence in which to subside; then there followed a concise indication by the King of the commission to be entrusted to him. The arrival of the King of Holland as a guest at table broke off the communication, to be renewed when the King removed to Potsdam on the 6th, whither he commanded Bunsen to follow him, and to take up his abode in the so-called Japanese House, a favourite dwelling of Frederick the Great. The charm of the Royal gardens, of the season of abundant blossom, and of the genial weather, were all circumstances of which Bunsen was strongly susceptible.

The subject of the commission entrusted to Bunsen cannot here be passed over, as having been one of great importance both at that time and afterwards; but the comment shall be as short as is consistent with the endeavour to give a true representation of the amount of Bunsen's own views, which were infused into the design of the King;—worked out by him with such earnest zeal, clung to through life as far as he felt them to be of real use to the cause of Christianity, but furthered in their very beginning by a strong breeze of delusion, which acted variously on the several participators in the scheme, but which naturally flagged when their time was over.

Bunsen to Frederick Perthes.

[Translation.] London: 12th October, 1841.

. . . . The King has from early youth cherished the idea of amending the condition of Christians in the Holy Land; where, as throughout the Turkish Empire, the position of all Christians is altogether ignominious, and that of Protesants doubly so.

The Treaty of July 15, 1841, appeared to him to indicate that the Princes of Christendom considered it to be their duty to remove this disgrace. He would have much preferred that this object should have been effected by all the Christian Powers acting together, and to have seen it so effected that the Holy Places should have been given over into Christian hands, without interfering with Turkish supremacy; but that proved impossible. Then I was called the chief points were as follows:—

A negotiation jointly with the English Government, in Constantinople, to obtain the acknowledgment of a Protestant body, as such, in the Turkish Empire; and a confidential negotiation with the heads of the Church of England, desiring of them the establishment of a Bishopric in Jerusalem, with which other Protestant Christians might connect themselves.

Into this noble purpose of the King Bunsen entered with all his soul's energy; and if the word *delusion* has been unwillingly used, it applies not to the design, but to the effect of the exuberance of hope, picturing a grandeur of result such as human imperfection, whether in circumstances or individuals, has as yet only delayed, not defeated. Abundant have been the blessings diffused from the centre of Christian life which it was granted to Frederick William IV. to originate in Jerusalem; but the more real, the more spiritual, the more belonging to the 'deep things of God,' that work has been, the less is that establishment calculated to be 'a renown in the earth.' The day which shall 'reveal the thoughts of all hearts' will reveal the work of revival and of sanctification which it has been allowed to effect.

Bunsen arrived with his instructions in London in the midst of a crisis from which he apprehended disturbance, but which proved highly favourable to his negotiations in every quarter. The Ministry of Lord Melbourne, then about to resign office, and that of Sir Robert Peel about to enter upon it, showed equal readiness to meet the wishes of the King of Prussia and encourage every plan which might increase national sympathy and union with the principal Protestant power on the Continent. Of the existing centres of opinion—'thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers'—each and all in Great Britain, so independent in reality of influence, the greater part were, or became favourable, to the views of the subject which Bunsen brought to bear upon them. The mild and venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, and the gifted and energetic Bishop of London, Dr. Blomfield, warmly encouraged the purpose; as did the entire party of a weight equal to its worth, termed Evangelical, with its distinguished leader, Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury.

As Bunsen always endeavoured to find, and often succeeded in finding for his highest ideas, some footing in practical realities, so did he find a starting-point for the new Jerusalem Bishopric in the already existing mission to the Jews, where he who was the most influential man of the society, Dr. M'Caul, entered into the matter with enthusiasm; the spirit of the time in the mass of English society being directed to the reclaiming of the Jews with a degree of zeal that forms on retrospect a mortifying contrast to the present dispirited and discouraged condition of minds in respect to that great object of hope and prayer.

The steady opponents of Bunsen's negotiation were the men influenced by the opinions of J. H. Newman, who even in the altered form (greatly modified from the original design to provide unity and common action between Continental and English Christians) still found too much of the impress of the King's original idea.

At last, however, an English Bishopric was founded by Act of Parliament, to the endowment of which the King of Prussia furnished one-half of the requisite funds, the remainder being supplied by subscriptions in England among individuals; the Prussian Government stipulating that German congregations and missions should share in the care and protection diplomatically procured and extended to the establishment. It was, in a manner, the founding of a Colonial Bishopric, such as were afterwards founded in considerable number in English colonies; the colonists here being the Protestant Christians, or those willing to become such, scattered abroad in a wide district, like that to which the general Epistles of Peter were addressed.

The intention of introducing a stipulation that

German pastors labouring in the Holy Land should accept English Ordination shall only be mentioned here in order to specify that by the influence of Bunsen it was rescinded. As for the report spread and credited on the Continent that Bunsen, as well as his Royal master, intended surreptitiously to introduce Episcopacy and Episcopal Ordination into Prussia, it was solely founded on a supposition wholly unsupported by any act or measure proposed.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Sans Souci: 8th June, 1841.

Berlin now lies behind me; the next night will bring me on the way to Halle. I arrived here yesterday evening; the King having expressed his wish that I might be ready by Monday.

. . . . Lord William Russell had given me to understand that to commence the negotiation in prospect with me would be agreeable to Lord Palmerston, and Bülow's report being to the same effect, I took opportunity to suggest to the King to give me my dismissal—which I expect to-morrow. . . . The King had desired me to remove to Sans Souci, as in the present rainy weather the Japanese dwelling might be cold. What can one express about so much kindness? Only consider how the King is engaged; every day from nine in the morning till the hour of dinner (three o'clock)! ministerial reports are made to him; then again public business, from an hour after dinner till tea time at seven; at half-past ten he dismisses the company, and then sits down while others go to rest, to read papers and despatches, and the letters which have arrived during the day; after which he writes his own letters, and is often at work till one or two o'clock in the morning. When the accumulation is great, the excellent Queen sits up with him, to read papers aloud, or, in one way or another, to help. He sees and feels everything defective, whether in persons or things, more clearly and deeply than anyone in his dominions.

After a journey marked by much enjoyment of the society of old friends, at Gotha, Naumburg, Bonn, and Brussels, Bunsen was enabled to date his first letter from London on June 24, St. John's Day, the anniversary of the commencement of the congregation on the Capitol. He clung with affection to 'signs and seasons, and days and years,' though not to the extent that would have degenerated into superstition; a date once marked by an event for good seemed to him a point round which all that was good and desirable might cluster for ever.

Bunsen to his Wife.

[Translation.] Wimpole Street: 24th June (St. John's Day).

Thus I write to you from London, from the same house and room which first received us on our flight out of Egypt. What years of blessing, what recollections, what events between then and now! It sometimes appears to me like a dream. Then, trying to find my way in the much longed-for but unknown island, in narrow circumstances, avoiding by choice, yet more than by necessity, every degree of publicity; now returning as the Envoy of such a King, in such a cause, at this moment! . . .

I am just arrived at the right moment. I shall have all the advantage of Lord Palmerston's knowledge of the subject, and the result of his negotiations at Constantinople; he is willing to do what he can, and his successor cannot do less. Parliament is to meet on August 20, and Sir Robert Peel is expected to come in before the end of the month.

. . . . Lord Ashley's communications as to what has been done here in the very sense of the King's wishes are so romantic that the world will never believe that there existed no preconcerted plan. There is some alarm in the diplomatic world; the Russian and French representatives said, I should be stirring up Lord Palmerston to remodel the Eastern question. Neumann (the Austrian) said to Bülow, when the question was asked, 'What is Bunsen's commission?' 'To form a second league of Schmalkalden.' Lord Melbourne also took Bülow to task, saying, 'Bunsen is a stirring man: what is he to do?' Bülow has behaved admirably, as the King's minister, and as a friend; it was most necessary that I should find him here. . . .

To the Same.

London: Monday, 5th July.

I have begun my business, and—I have finished it—essentially—and well. God be thanked! . . .

Bülow leaves London in a week for Berlin, and will be the bearer of these good tidings. . . .

The enemy will strive to sow weeds; but I hope the gardener will be too strong for him.

To the Same.

Bushy Park: Tuesday, 13th July.

. . . . I must tell you that Monday (the day before I was at Bushy Park) was the most decisive and important day. I had written down the development of the principles contained in the King's Instruction, having foreseen that their consequences might have a startling effect; and this was the case. I, of course, demanded for the German congregation and converts the German service and the Confession of Augsburg. But when I perceived that it was admitted that the plurality of tongues and of articles was not contrary to unity, I took the offensive, and argued that they must act in a *catholic* and not in an *Anglican* sense, and that they ought to be foremost in establishing the principle of 'unity in principle with national individuality;' that Rome was digging her own grave by taking the contrary course. This was yielded; and then I took my higher flight. . . . The venerable Archbishop hailed in spirit the benefits that may result. . . . The Bishop of London spoke in the same strain, and Dr. Kaye (Bishop of Lincoln) assented. This ever-memorable conference lasted two hours. I then went to Sir Robert Peel, who had expressed to Lord Ashley the wish to see me at one o'clock—(in spite of his having the elections and the marriage of his daughter on his mind)—of course, I came not before two, but yet he received me, and I explained the whole in a conference which lasted till four. He showed by his questions the difficulties he foresaw politically, but took the greatest interest, and seemed satisfied with my explanations. . . .

Monday, 19*th July*, 1841.—This is a great day. I am just returned from Lord Palmerston; the principle is admitted, and orders to be transmitted accordingly to Lord Ponsonby at Constantinople, to demand the acknowledgment required. The successor of St. James will embark in October; he is by race an Israelite—born a Prussian in Breslau—in confession belonging to the Church of England—ripened (by hard work) in Ireland—twenty years Professor of Hebrew and Arabic in England (in what is now King's College). So the beginning is made, please God, for the restoration of Israel. . . .

Bunsen to Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.

Curzon Street: 9th July, 1841.

May your prayer for me be heard, and the grace of God be vouchsafed to me, without which we can do nothing, and are nothing. The school through which, with few exceptions, He has been pleased to conduct me has been that of success and prosperity, and you know, as a Christian, it is a trying one, and, without grace, more so than that of adversity; we are so apt to ascribe to ourselves and our merit what is given to us, notwithstanding ourselves and our sins.

Self is the only power which God has given to man the awful liberty of placing between the rays of eternal grace and his own darkness. It absorbs the light divine, and takes away the blessing of all that we receive. Self-will brought on Adam's fall, self-will died on the Cross, at the foot of which alone we can, as priests of the Most High, sacrifice it with willingness of heart, out of thankfulness for love unspeakable, and receive in its place a new heart, moving in the blessed sphere of the Divine Will. But self even tries to snatch away this very new life, if not guarded against—and more especially in prosperity. I feel that I have never such need of divine grace as in such moments.

Bunsen to his Wife.

Friday morning, 6th August. — . . . All is settled finally. The Bishops will request next Thursday the authorisation of the Crown to consecrate Professor Alexander as Bishop of the United Church, consisting of members of the National Churches of England and Prussia, at Jerusalem. Next Thursday, Dr. M'Caul will have with Lord Ashley a conference at Lambeth to lay down the preliminaries of an union of the Jewish Society with the Bishops. . . . I have ceased to wonder. How I long to show and to explain to you all!

I start immediately for Herstmonceaux, to Hare.

15, South Audley Street: 11th August.

13*th August.* — . . . The Memoir, with translation (eighty pages folio), goes to Berlin, I hope with my final report. To this I shall add a very solemn address to the King, expressing my earnest prayer to be allowed (after having presented myself to His Majesty) to retire to Bonn to work quietly in the cause of restoration of the Church; and deprecating any further interference with the practical business of the day.

26*th August.* — . . . In sending off the Memoir to the King, I repeated that although small it was the work of my life—yet written in a foreign land and a strange tongue—as my Liturgy on the Capitol, and my Hymn Book at Rome!—a tragical destiny, and yet blessed to me. On Wednesday came a courier with despatches and letters from General von Thile, expressing the King's 'most grateful acknowledgment,' but at the same time some fears and apprehensions as to my putting the King too much forward—he desiring to act but as a humble Christian. My answer to these apprehensions (which are couched in the most touching terms) will have been the Memoir; but I could not have sent it earlier, although it was ready and delivered on the 30th of July. On Friday came a second courier, in consequence of a *misunderstood* expression, from which he feared the idea might go forth as if an *union of the two Churches* were aimed at—for which Germany certainly was not prepared. This time the King had written himself, in one of his nightly hours, one of his most precious effusions. . . .

An admonition not to go on too fast, closed with the words, 'Our digestion cannot yet bear strong meat. For God's sake, for the sake of the holy cause, gently!' I could only write two lines that evening to announce my explicit, and, I hoped, satisfactory explanation. . . .

Pusey: 1st September.

Here I sit in the dear house, surrounded by those grounds we walked in in the winter's gloom, but which now are clothed in all the beauty of the season and charm of English verdure, under an Italian sky and sun! . . . It is impossible for me to be *quite* happy without you, otherwise I feel to-day very happy. I enjoy air and sun for the first time since I left you, quite as much as I did at Frascati and at the Hubel.

Ritter, the great geographer, is in England, on his way to Scotland, and on his return will live in my house. Hare had just left me before I came hither. . . .

Monday morning, 6th September.—I sit here in the loveliness and loneliness of an English morning at half-past six, when of course no soul is awake. I am to start at seven, to be at home by eleven. Pusey is become more a farmer than ever, but delighted not the less in reading with me Demosthenes' noble speech, 'De Coronâ,' which he knows almost by heart.

The other day, Spörlein, the good pastor of Antwerp, my fellow-traveller, arrived, on his pilgrimage to seek comfort in the Church and faith of this country. At Oxford he went to Newman, who invited him to breakfast, for a conference on religious opinions. Spörlein stated his difficulties, as resulting from the consistorial government being in the hands of unbelievers, while in the evangelical society, which he had been tempted to join, the leading members protested against every idea of church-membership. The breakfast party consisted of fifteen young men, whom Newman invited to an expression of opinion and advice; and the award (uncontradicted) was that 'Pastor Spörlein, as a continental Christian, was subject to the authority of the Bishop of Antwerp.' He objected that by that Bishop he would be excommunicated as a heretic. 'Of course; but you will conform to his decision?' 'How can I do that,' exclaimed Spörlein, 'without abjuring my faith?' 'But your faith is heresy.' 'How! do you mean that I am to embrace the errors of Rome, and abjure the faith of the Gospel?' 'There is no faith but that of the Church.' 'But my faith is in Christ crucified.' 'You are mistaken; you are not saved by Christ, but in the Church.'

Spörlein was thunderstruck; he looked around, asked again, obtained but the same reply—whereupon he burst out with the declaration that 'he believed in Christ crucified, by whose merits alone he could be saved, and that he would not join the Church of Rome, abhorring her for intruding into the place of Christ.' One after the other dropped away, and Newman, remaining with him alone, attempted an explanation, which however did not alter the case. I repeated this lamentable story as Spörlein had told it to Hare and myself: and Pusey said it was like telling a man complaining of toothache that the infallible remedy would be cutting off his head. The story made such an impression on Hare, that it decided him to publish the notes to his sermons: and he said that if he could preach at Oxford, it should be on the text of Elijah, 'If the Lord be God, serve Him; but if Baal, then serve him.'

'Knox for ever!' exclaimed Lord Haddington, when we spoke on the subject. I say not so—this is the reaction against the one-sidedness of Knox and his followers. But certainly, rather Knox than Papacy in its worst appearance! O! this is heartrending.

Letter to Kestner.

[Translation.] Pusey: 3rd September, 1841.

I must begin with thanks for your newly-proved kindness and friendship to my good Henry. I hope on the 19th to be present in the Cathedral of Salisbury, at his ordination as Deacon. How gratifying it is, that he should share in the solemnity just in that place, under the worthy consort of a being whom I love and have loved as a daughter, and who has granted, and still grants, to me a daughter's affection!* It is a fine compensation to us old men, that the very loss of youth enables us to assume a paternal relation (so suitable to the masculine character) towards women. Is it not so?

I have contrived for myself a few holidays, and revel in the incomparable verdure all around me, and read Demosthenes with Pusey. But the last eight weeks were no time of rest—never have I worked more, and never in matters more weighty. . . .

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* These lines had scarcely been written when the lovely and beloved being here spoken of, the 'darling of each heart and eye,' Mrs. Edward Denison (born Louisa Ker Seymer), was called away from the best lot of earth to the higher life after which her nature aspired.

Bunsen to his Wife.

15, South Audley Street: 22nd September.

My Dearest,—I have no good accounts from our dearest Louisa's excellent Bishop (of Salisbury), who has kindly written to me three times in the last week.

I am preparing for a decisive step. I shall write by the courier, who is to depart next Friday, to my paternal friend General von Thile, that I feel the duty of endeavouring to provide a home for my family, and consider the present moment as favourable; that the mission to London was an auspicious *conclusion* to twenty-three years' diplomatic service; but my returning to Berne, except for the purpose of fetching home my family, appeared to me unsuitable. It would be in the meantime my endeavour to become possessed of a country abode, so as to go thither for a fixed residence next May, with a retiring pension. I deemed the moment favourable for such a communication of my plans and requests, when having succeeded in carrying out His Majesty's intentions, and having received his most unqualified commendations, my course of action could not be misunderstood. This will place the King and myself in a good relative position, and prove to all who desire not to have me in Prussia that I intend not to intrude myself into his service.

Sometimes it appears to me impossible that the King should commit the seed that I have sown to other watching than my own; but nobody can escape the influence of the atmosphere by which he is surrounded, and the effects of the air he breathes: least of all a King. If free, I may perhaps serve him ten times better than if not. I shall finish the letter when I return from Lord Aberdeen. . . .

P.S. 23*rd September.*—Louisa is no more on this earth. An hour ago I received Mrs. Webber's few lines, scarcely legible. All seemed going on well—when yesterday afternoon a fainting fit brought her to her rest. So she writes

Wednesday night—it was then no delusion—it must be really the sleep of death. Oh! lovely and beloved angel! may we all come where thou art! . . .

I have sent my letter to Thile. Keep the copy to yourself: it will be a decisive one. O how I hate and detest diplomatic life! and how little true intellectuality is there in the high society here, as soon as you cease to speak of English national subjects and interests; and the eternal hurricane, whirling, urging, rushing, in this monster of a town! My stay in England in 1838–39 was the poetry of my existence as a man: this is the prose of it. There was a dew upon those fifteen months, which the sun has dried up, and which nothing can restore. Even with you and the children life would become oppressive under the diplomatic burden. I can pray for our country life, but I cannot pray for a London life, although I dare not pray against it, *if it must be*. . . .

Sunday morning, 6th October.—Last night, at Sir Robert Peel's, I had a deeply-felt conversation with Gladstone, who knew and venerated her who is gone. . . .

O what is life, if it were not a passage to eternity and bliss! Our feelings are not commensurate with this inch of existence.

God bless you and preserve you, and the dear precious children, prays your more than ever devoted and attached,
—C. B.

To the Same.

30th September, 1841.

. . . I thank God, that you as entirely feel as myself, that I for my honour's sake cannot return to Berne, except to fetch you: and that you look upon the highest prize in the lottery of Prussian diplomacy as a *pis-aller*, as I do. . . My whole nature longs more than ever after the repose of eternity, the contemplation of things divine, and casting away of all others. . . .

I fear the King combines not yet cause and effect sufficiently in his government. Great preparations are made, the world is in expectation, and the time flies past. . . . To what purpose are ideas, but to be realised? To what can thoughts serve, but to be brought into execution? . . . Never in the history of the world was a great destiny twice offered to the same Prince,* and it would be self-deceiving to reckon in this present century upon deceiving the hopes of a nation, or lulling them to sleep. . . .

I have seen Court Granville (now Vicar of Alnwick, Northumberland), and he pleased me so much that I entered into a conversation with him, after which I liked him still better. Since then I have heard from Mrs. Vernon (the Lady of the Manor in his parish of Mayfield), that he is exemplary and indefatigable in the care of the population confided to him, and has changed the condition of the parish in the four years he has been labouring in it. Yesterday I saw Ilam and Dovedale—what lovely valleys! that of Dovedale has the character of those of Northern Italy and the Adige, or properly the South Tyrolese. I could have kissed the ground at Ilam, in the thought that your mother was born there. The vicarage of your uncle Bernard Port is charming. . . . I met Mrs. Ram and Lady Jane, and shall visit them to-morrow; calling by the way at Mayfield, on Mrs. Vernon (a true deaconess and nursing sister), and with her go to Court, who is worthy of the name of Granville.

A letter from Rugby, whither Bunsen proceeded from Wootton Hall on his return to London, is full of the animated interest with which he contemplated the parish of Dunchurch, renovated materially and spiritually under the influence of the Rev. John Sandford (since Archdeacon of Coventry), with whom his son Henry (whose Ordination had just taken place) was privileged to reside for a time as curate, in order to enter fully into the sphere of duty which he was soon to exercise in his own parish.

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* And yet, a great destiny *was* offered to this Prince a second time.

The aspect of the parish of Dunchurch confirmed in Bunsen's mind his predilection for the Church of England, and his satisfaction in beholding his son's entrance upon duties which constituted a privilege rather than an obligation, within the limits of the one Christian community whose early Reformers had laid upon conscience no band more stringent (in the instance of the 'burning question' of Bible interpretation) than to accept as a fact that 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation.'

If in the case of Bunsen 'love waxed cold' in subsequent years to the English Church system it was because constant inspection and observation proved a test too rigorous not to detect imperfection and deterioration. The ideal which he had formed to himself, and admired before he was an inhabitant of the country, he admired to the end, and only deplored that 'man should have brought in many inventions' where under Divine influence the fabric had been 'made upright.'

Bunsen to his Wife.

London: Monday, 12th October.

. . . On my return home I found a letter from Sir Robert Peel, of which I enclose a transcript. I had written to him, having failed to receive a note which I knew he had sent to me (which to-day has come to hand, returned from Wootton), adding a few words of my feeling as to his distinguished reception of Cornelius, with allusion to the words he had used in Parliament ('that great and noble Germany') on the last night of the former Ministry. To this I owe a letter, which alone would have been worth a journey to England. The warmth of the expressions is such as one is not accustomed to in him. I shall send it for the King to see on his birthday.

Sir Robert Peel to Bunsen.

Whitehall: 10th October, 1841.

My dear Mr. Bunsen,—My note merely conveyed a request that you would be good enough to meet Mr. Cornelius at dinner on Friday last.

I assure you that I have been amply repaid for any attention which I may have shown to that distinguished artist, in the personal satisfaction I have had in the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He is one of a noble people, distinguished in every art of war and peace. The union and patriotism of that people spread over the centre of Europe will contribute the surest guarantee for the peace of the world, and the most powerful check upon the spread of all pernicious doctrines injurious to the cause of religion and order, and that liberty which respects the rights of others.

My earnest hope is, that every member of this illustrious race—while he may cherish the particular country of his birth, as he does his home—will extend his devotion beyond its narrow limits, and exult in the name of a *German*, and recognise the claim of *Germany* to the love and affection and patriotic exertions of all her sons.

I hope I judge of the feelings of every German by those which were excited in my own breast (in the breast of a foreigner and a stranger) by a simple ballad, that seemed however to concentrate the will of a mighty people, and said emphatically,

They shall not have the Rhine.

They will not have it—and the Rhine will be protected by a song, if the sentiments which that song embodies rvade, as I hope and trust they do, every German heart.

You will begin to think that I am a good German myself

—and so I am, if hearty wishes for the union and welfare of the German race can constitute one.

Believe me, most faithfully yours,

ROBERT PEEL.

Bunsen to his Wife.

London: 15th October.

. . . On October 31 the Consecration is to take place —the title will be, 'Bishop of the Church of St. James at Jerusalem,' in which all parties are understood.

To the Same.

Killerton: Sunday morning, 24th October.

Here I sit in delicious sunshine, inhaling the mild air, and experiencing the charm of the magically-southern Devonshire; in front having the prospect of a hill, the slope of which, down to the garden, next the house, embosomed in flowers, is covered with fine evergreen oaks, and two grand cypresses, rising out of the dark foliage and rounded crowns of the others. We had an equally fine day for our arrival, and found Pusey and the Inglis's. From Gladstone I have received a long and eloquent letter, but making difficulties. I must talk the whole well over with him this week;—also get the articles finished for the Archbishop; and come to an entire understanding with Sir Stratford Canning; lastly, Julius Hare will come on the 27th. Gladstone writes, 'I know from the questions I receive on this subject, that the novelty and (as yet) dimness of the scheme has made it act powerfully on the nerves of my countrymen; you must give us the benefit of guiding us with a gentle and a steady hand.'

London: Tuesday.—Peel will grant a steamer to convey the new Bishop to Joppa, with his entire staff, from sixteen to twenty souls. Lord Ashley applied to Peel, and I to Haddington, who has interested himself warmly in the matter as a friend. This is another cause for great thankfulness! The Newmanites continue their condemnation of the whole plan.

London: Sunday noon, 31*st October*.—Here I stand at my desk, instead of being at church, having yesterday been obliged by a feverish cold to keep my *bed* and my *fast*, and to-day to remain within; and just now a parcel has arrived with the King's command, 'to compose for the Syrian churches a form (taken out of the provincial *Agenden* or Orders of Worship) for Sunday use; for festival days, however, to take that appointed for the evangelical congregation on the Capitol.' How can I describe to you my feelings! The work dearest to me of all that I ever designed or executed is to be saved and transported to the Hill of Zion at the moment when efforts are making to tear down the tranquil sanctuary on the Capitol. You can feel this with me, beloved! I cannot write more to-day.

London: Thursday, 4*th November*.—Important days have elapsed since I last wrote. Gladstone had been invited to become one of the Trustees for the Jerusalem Fund; and this led to a correspondence with me and with the Bishop of London. He is beset with scruples; his heart is with us, but his mind is entangled in a narrow system. He awaits salvation from another side, and by wholly different ways from myself. Yesterday evening I had a letter from him of twenty-four pages, to which I replied early this morning with eight. We shall have a conference to-day or to-morrow.

The Bishop of London constantly rises in my estimation. He has replied admirably to Gladstone; closing with the words, 'My dear sir, my intention is not to limit and restrict the Church of Christ, but to enlarge it.' He shows me a degree of kindness such as I hope will prove the foundation of a relation for life. He is the man of the Church in the present moment—wherefore 'a reconstructive reformer.'

Friday, 5*th November*.—To-day I have been from nine to eleven with Gladstone, weighing and considering his anxious scruples; then, till half-past eleven, with the Bishop of London; then on the railway to Croydon, with the Archbishop at one o'clock, to obtain his decision as to the *name* of the Bishop, in order that the warrant may be made out this very evening; then to Gladstone, to fetch his ostensible letter; from thence to London House and to the Foreign Office, where all was despatched in five minutes, with the help of Lord Canning; Lord Aberdeen was induced to state as within the compass of the Bishop's title, Syria and Chaldea, Egypt and Abyssinia (that is, in so far as souls should there be found desirous of belonging to his diocese); then again to London House, and at last back to my room, to read despatches and letters; and now I must dress to dine at the Royal Society with Sir Robert Inglis, from six to half-past seven; then to Exeter Hall—Spohr's 'Last Judgment.' The 5th of November for ever!

Saturday, 6th November, nine o'clock, evening.—This is the calm eve of the great, serious, solemnity of the Consecration; the stars are brightly shining, after a day bright and clear.

The admission of the Augsburg Confession has kindled such a flame, that a letter was addressed to the Archbishop saying, 'It is yet time to stop; if your Grace does *not*, I and my friends will join the Church of Rome.' To have overcome the scruples of Gladstone is a wonder! The clear purpose of the Puseyites to unite with Rome has caused England to incline towards the Protestant Churches.

Bunsen to his Wife.

London: Thursday, 5 o'clock, 18th November.

My Beloved!—The lot is fallen.

Lord Aberdeen had invited me to a conference to-day, at two o'clock; when he proposed to me just what I should have desired to request, that the Consul-General (Hugh Rose) should be directed to accompany Bishop Alexander to Jerusalem, and the vessel, therefore, should touch at Beyrout. (I had confidentially suggested this to Lord Canning, and he had prepared the matter.) Further, Lord Aberdeen desired me to pronounce whether the Bishop had best depart at once; and then he communicated to me despatches respecting the Druses, in a manner so confidential as to surprise me. When I was taking leave he said, 'Well, we can congratulate ourselves that we are to keep you!' I assured him of my ignorance of any such decision, and he revealed to me thereupon that by the last courier, a week ago, the King had caused a communication to be made through the Ministry, that in the wish to appoint an envoy to London such as should entirely answer the inclinations of the Queen, he had chosen the form ('indeed quite unusual,' said Lord Aberdeen) of laying before her three names for choice. 'Your name was of the number, and we have asked for you. I thought that Schleinitz must have communicated this to you.' I thereupon informed him that I had requested the King to allow of my resignation, &c.; we came into further conversation, and parted as if we had been ten years intimate.

Thus it is decided; for, as you know, I had always resolved to follow the King's decision; naturally, under the condition of his granting me the means of subsisting without a weight of care, and doing him honour.

Tuesday, 23rd November, half-past five, afternoon.—I am just come from Prince Albert. Well may we exclaim, what next? The Queen requests that the King will come hither the middle of January, to *stand godfather to the Prince of Wales at his baptism.* She wishes that he should come in person, and, in short, has set her heart upon it. The Prince of Wales was shown to me by his father; and all possible gracious demonstration was made towards myself. I hope the King will come. I shall write directly.

Bunsen to his Wife.

London: 24th November, 1841.

See in the enclosed what affection is shown me here, and help me to pray that I become worthy of it. The goblet is beautiful: [a carved cocoa-nut, chased in silver, with the inscription—'From Lord Ashley, as a memorial of labour and zeal in common interests.'] . . .

Of course I could not write to the King of the nomination, as the whole matter (according to Count Maltzahn's communication to Schleinitz) was to be kept a secret from me, as well as from Count Dönhoff at Munich, and Count Arnim at Paris, the two competitors. But when I write again to the King, the day after to-morrow perhaps, some mode will occur to me of telling him what I know. At any rate, as to that which to me is the principal matter, your journey hitherward, I see no uncertainty, except it should prove a total impossibility. . . . . This is the highest prize in the lottery—in the eyes of the world. You are witness that I have not stretched out my hand towards it. . . .

Never was a choice, in the case of an Envoy, more honourable, considering who the persons are with whose names mine was associated. Lord Aberdeen's expression to Schleinitz was, '*Nous désirons garder ce que nous avons.*' Schleinitz is willing to remain as Secretary, which is an immeasurable gain to me. I have further announced to the King, that the baptism of the Prince might be delayed till the 14th February, should he promise to come; the Queen desires not that he should send a representative, but that he should come in person (and she is right), and I have used urgency as much as can be; the plain English being, that all—the Queen, Bishops, Ministers, and nation, will take it ill, will not forgive it, if he does not come.

London: Monday, 6th December.—The King has written to me immediately after his return from Munich: 'My heart draws me to the baptism of the Prince of Wales; but the deep mourning, inward and outward, of my poor Elise, and the cold season of the year, keep me back. Till the Queen has returned from Dresden I can say nothing. May God direct in this also! Meanwhile do you remain in England. God be with you!—F. W.' This was written on the 29th; on the evening of the 30th Abeken will have arrived with my strongly worded despatch.

London: Thursday, 9th December.—The King *does* come! and, if necessary, in the middle of January. I am to go in an English man-of-war to fetch him, probably to Rotterdam. The articles are signed, to my entire satisfaction. . . .

To Mrs. Waddington.

Windsor Castle: Tuesday, 28th December, 1841.

My dearest Mother,— . . . I am at Windsor Castle—near the place where you lived in youthful years (although the house has disappeared, I make out the spot from your description)—I am there, where I daresay you wished I might come when you gave me your Fanny, and, thank God! I am here without having sought the position; on the contrary, after having begged leave to retire from public life. Thus I can feel thankful to be here, and I hope I am so. Never was a reception more distinguished than I have here met with. I had my audience at eight o'clock, just before dinner; I was directed to conduct the Duchess of Kent to her place opposite the Queen, and then to place myself on the Queen's right hand. I had been told by Brunnow, that I had no chance of a place but by the side of the Duchess, or of Prince Albert. In obeying the Queen's command, I thought of what the Popes say when receiving peculiar honour—'Non mihi, sed Petro'—'Not to me is this offered, but to St. Peter:' well aware that it is the King's present high position which has raised mine: wherefore I can really enjoy it much. The Queen is quite different from the representation I had heard of her; speaking with much animation, encouraging conversation, relishing fun. We passed a cheerful evening; in playing at cards with the Queen, I won a *new shilling* of Her Majesty's especial coin, which Fanny shall have to keep.

Nothing documentary having been found to explain the cause of the lengthened delay and indecision of the King as to Bunsen's definitive position, it is only possible to offer conjectures, which can but vaguely refer it to the conflicting influence of the various currents of opinion, all opposed from various motives to the establishment of Bunsen in any office which should fix him within the circle of the King's habitual associates. The King himself had probably a strong inclination to contrive a sphere of activity for Bunsen at home, which should secure the possibility of intercourse such as His Majesty had always found peculiarly to his taste, and in which he had taken more pleasure than ever on the late occasion, when he had detained Bunsen much longer on the way to London in May, than would have been necessary for the business in hand. But such purposes had been regularly frustrated as soon as formed, by the real and actual difficulties of the case, as well as by the jealousies of the powers existing. The capabilities of Bunsen for a ministerial position were undisputed; but no one knew better than the King that he was unfit to enter into a bureaucratic system; in short, to be foisted into the existing fabric: a fact which Bunsen (as his letters show) was apt to forget at times, but of which he ever and anon became convinced.

The King devoutly desired improvement, reform, renovation, but could only conceive of such as should in every point proceed from the dictation of the Crown, and would, as little as his late honoured father, have conceded the exercise of a free hand even to the favoured deputy to whom he might commit the carrying out of his plans. The evidence of facts, and the positive testimony of Baron Bülow (the late Envoy) as to Bunsen's peculiar qualifications for succeeding him in the transaction of affairs with England, combined with the King's desire to favour the man of his choice, pointed to the vacant post of honour, the appointment to which had been further complicated by half-promises to two diplomatists of high standing.

But although the object of many persons would have been attained by an exile, however honourable, from the King's person, yet the prospect of such a distinction and such a triumph was too intolerable to those who had so long laboured to perpetuate Bunsen's condition of depression, not to cause another effort to be made against him, by insisting with the King that in so aristocratic a country as England to depute a person without the advantages of birth or rank, as his Minister and representative, would be most unsuitable for His Majesty, and towards Queen Victoria almost an offence. Thus was the King brought to the singular and unprecedented course of offering a choice of three names to the Queen: and her unhesitating selection of Bunsen would seem to have been almost as much a surprise to the King as to those advisers who, in the desire to defeat the triumph of Bunsen, had but added brilliancy to it. There is even some ground for the supposition that the choice was not what the King intended and anticipated. His feelings were gratified by having done so much for Bunsen as to put the great diplomatic prize within his reach; but he would have preferred his being, as it were, restored to his disposal, to be placed (it is not known how or where) closer to himself.

The determination expressed by Bunsen in a letter to his wife, to make conditions, and only give way to the King's will (if it should be to place him in London) 'in case he would enable him to live free from care'—was ill carried out, owing to two of his own marked peculiarities—an unconquerable aversion to having to insist, in pecuniary matters, even upon what was just and right—and an incapacity of contemplating a large sum in prospect as being otherwise than inexhaustible.

It is necessary to comment upon Bunsen's mention of a plan of retiring from public life and settling upon a country property, lest he should be suspected of using arts to influence the King—a practice entirely foreign to his character. It was a project most seriously entertained, and which filled many a page in his letters—falling in with his habitual desire to be independent of all business claims, and to devote his whole time and powers to his projected works and to his family. That it remained unexecuted was not matter of regret, for a country life would never have been endured by Bunsen for a permanence. He delighted in it when measured by single days and hours during the fine season: but the intercourse of minds, the conflict of opinions, was the element of life to him, and accustomed as he had been to the high tide of European interests in Rome and at Berlin (and afterwards in London), the comparative slack-water of smaller centres of intellectual activity would have been at all times, and in a greater degree as years rolled on and experience increased, inadequate to his mental demands.

A remark in his letter of September 22, when, comparing the present moment with the year 1834, he qualifies the earlier period as 'beset with difficulties, among others that wretched one, of pecuniary needs,' must be noted as characteristic. An immediate pressure removed, the evil was supposed to be gone for ever! Only once in the course of his diplomatic life had he enjoyed the comfort of feeling quite at ease in the matter of expenditure, and that was at Berne,—not because the country was inexpensive, nor because the government allowance was large, but on account of the simplicity of the mode of life, and the absence of all demands on the part of society, then remarkable in that centre of Switzerland. But Bunsen's spirits revived, and admitted not of any gloomy anticipations in the new phase of existence to be entered upon in the year 1842.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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